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FOR AUSTRALASIA



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SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT
NEW ZEALAND AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTURY

JANUARY-1901

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YOUR SIGHT.

CARTER & WERNER

YOUR SPECTACLES.

OPTICIANS, 86 ELIZABETH ST., MELBOURNE; 171 DIAMOND ST., BALLARAT.
YOUR SIGHT THOROUGHLY TESTED, and your Spectacles and Price-sets made to measure. SIGHT TESTING by C. H. F. Wernie ;
by Examination Diploma of Fellowship Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers, London.

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[Registered as a Newspaper for transmission through the Post.]

SUPPLIED TO
H.M. THE QUEEN

Schweppes Soda.

AND H.R.H. THE
PRINCE OF WALES.

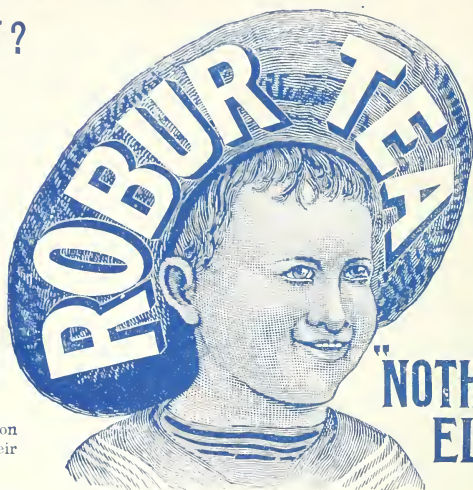
HAVE YOU TRIED IT?
NO!
THEN YOU OUGHT!

We do not
Endeavour
To influence you
By what we could
Ourselves say,
We simply
Ask you to

READ THE FOLLOWING

Testimony of the Leading Experts on
Food Products in these colonies; if their
opinions will induce you to try it,

THE TEA WILL DO THE REST.



"THE LEAF OF THE TRUE TEA PLANT."

Government Analyst, Vic., reports

Melbourne, 30th May, 1893.

I hereby certify that I have made an analytical examination of "Robur" Teas taken from stock, and found them to be of superior character, strong and rich in extract, of very pure flavour, and well blended. From the results obtained I can recommend these teas to public confidence.

C. R. BLACKETT.

Laboratory, 369, Swanston-st., Melbourne,

21st June, 1900.

After a lapse of a period of seven years I have again (in my private capacity as Analyst) examined samples of "Robur" Tea taken from stock by myself, and endorse my formerly expressed opinion of same. I found the Tea in packets identical with that in tins.

C. R. BLACKETT, Analyst.

Public Analyst, Melbourne, reports

From my analytical and microscopical examinations I am enabled to testify that the "Robur" Teas are of excellent quality, pure, strong, and fragrant. The samples I operated upon were selected by me personally from a large stock, representing between twenty and thirty tons.

JOHN KRISTE, Public Analyst.

Public Analyst, N.S.W., reports

A careful chemical analysis of each of the four samples of "Robur" Tea, marked "Special," No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, show them to be strong and rich in extract, free from adultera-

FOUR
GRADES,

viz.,

Special.

No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 3.

tion, lead, and impurities; the aroma and strength are directly in the order given.

W. A. DIXON, F.I.C., F.C.S.

Government Analyst, W.A., reports

I have carefully tested and analysed the three samples of "Robur" Tea you sent me, and find, under the microscope, that they consist of the leaves of the TRUE tea plant, and by analysis that they contain a high percentage of extract, and are free from artificial colouration and other adulterants, while the infusion proves that they are excellent in flavour and aroma.

BERNARD H. WOODWARD,

Government Analyst.

N.B.—The method of packing in stout 1 lb. tins is especially advantageous for this colony, and ought to commend itself to all those travelling in the bush, for the tins preserve the quality and prevent the danger of lead poisoning which might result from the use of that metal.—B.H.W.

Government Analyst, Queensland, reports

I, the undersigned, Government Analyst for the Colony of Queensland, do hereby certify that I received samples of "Robur" Tea and have analysed the same, and declared the result to be as follows:—"The "Robur" Tea is the genuine leaves of the tea plant; it is exceptionally rich in extractive matter, and of the highest standard for purity and strength.

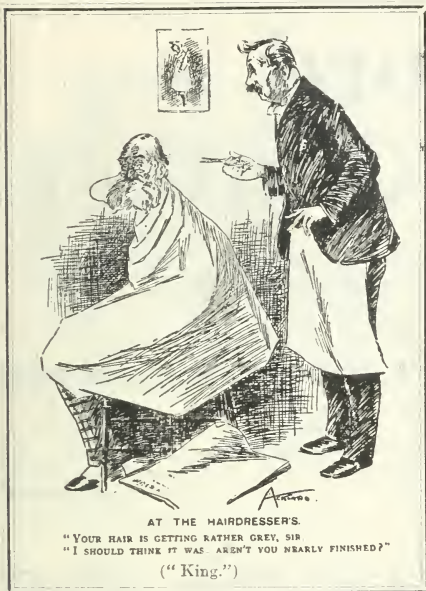
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HUNDREDS OF TONS SOLD ANNUALLY

In TINS and ODOURLESS VEGETABLE PARCHMENT PACKETS.

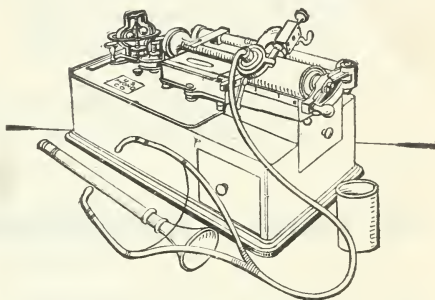
Ask your Grocer to get it for you if he has not already got it in stock.

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HOME PHONOGRAPH	...	£9.
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Edison Records Echo All Over the World.

A PERFECT FOLDING TURKISH BATH CABINET

Should be in every Home for Dry Air, Vapour, Medicated, or Perfumed Baths.

COMPLETE FORMULA FREE.

Superior Quality.

25/-

Beneficial in all cases of
Nervous Troubles, Debility, Sleeplessness, Obesity, Lagrippe, Neuralgia,
Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Blood and Skin Diseases.

IT WILL CURE A HARD
COLD with one bath, and prevent Fevers, Pneumonia, Lung Troubles, Asthma, etc., and is really a household necessity. With the Cabinet can be furnished for 3s. 6d. extra.

A Head and Face Steaming Attachment

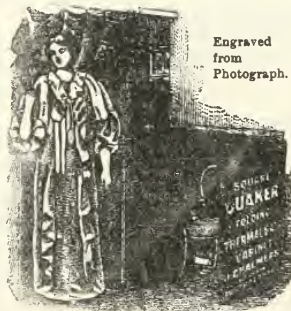
in which the head is given the same vapour treatment as the body. Makes clear skin, cures and prevents pimples, blotches, blackheads, skin eruptions and diseases. Invaluable for colds in the head, Asthma, Catarrh, and Bronchitis.

We furnish a splendid alcohol stove complete with each Cabinet free of charge.

There is no Man, Woman or Child whom Turkish and Vapour Cabinet Baths will not Benefit.

SEND FOR BATH PAMPHLET, POST FREE, OR CALL AND SEE THE BATH.

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FRAMEWORK strong, rigid, of best steel and galvanised.

EIGHT UPRIGHTS support it.

DURABLE COVERING MATERIAL, very best, anti-septic cloth—Rubber-Lined.

CURTAINS open on top for cooling off.

LARGE AND ROOMY INSIDE. Plenty of room for hot foot bath, and to sponge, towel and cool the body while inside.

FOLDS FLAT like a screen to 1-inch space.

WEIGHS complete only 10 pounds. EASILY CARRIED.

Prize Word Contest.

Open to Australasia Only.

CONTEST CLOSES FEBRUARY 28, 1901. . . .
Don't Send any Money—We have No Use for it.

EARN A HANDSOME LADY'S GOLD WATCH

By a few minutes' thought.

From the letters of the words "**I eat Quaker Oats for Breakfast,**" form as many English words as you can (proper names excepted), and forward the result to the address below so as to reach them on or before February 28, 1901. You can have as many tries as you wish, but each try must be accompanied by **Six Pictures of the Quaker** cut from the front of six packets of QUAKER OATS. The person sending in the highest number of words receives

FIRST PRIZE, A HANDSOME LADY'S GOLD WATCH, VALUE £15

(Full jewelled, hunting case, keyless, stem winding and setting).

The Second Prize £5 in Cash, Third Prize £3,
Fourth Prize £2, Fifth Prize £1, Sixth Prize 10s.,
Seventh Prize 5s.,

In their respective order, according to the number of words in the lists forwarded.

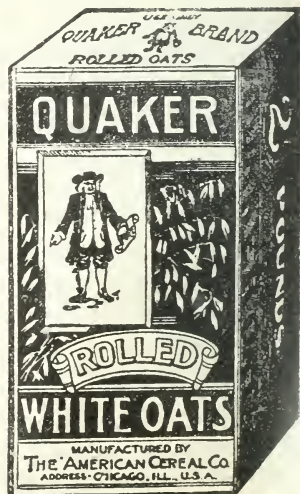
All letters must be marked "**Quaker Word Contest,**" and addressed to **Messrs. Gollin & Co.,**
172 Clarence Street, Sydney, New South Wales.

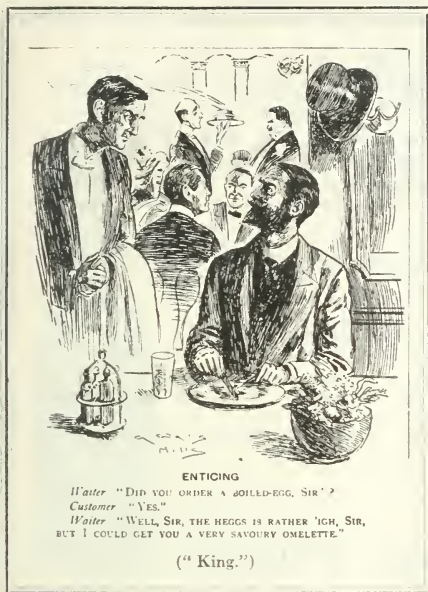
Quaker Oats are without an equal in the world for **Quality, Purity and Flavour,** and we desire all to know of its wonderful food value.

The British Government sent 500,000 packets to the troops in South Africa, and many a Tommy Atkins can testify to its value both in the field and hospital.

In the event of a tie for the first prize (which is extremely improbable), the award will be made to the list showing greatest care in compilation. In all other prizes in the event of a tie the next prize will be added, and the amount equally divided.

THE PERFECT FOOD FOR OLD AND YOUNG.





ESTD. 1766. **WALPOLES'** ESTD. 1766.

BEING MANUFACTURERS

OF

IRISH DAMASKS AND LINENS,

GOODS ARE SOLD AT

MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

ALL ORDERS VALUE £20 SENT CARRIAGE PAID

TO PORT OF LANDING—

AND A PORTION OF CARRIAGE PAID ON ALL ORDERS OVER £5 IN VALUE, AS BELOW:

VALUE OF GOODS	.. £5 0 0	£10 0 0	£15 0 0
PART CARRIAGE	.. 0 5 0	0 7 6	0 9 0
DELIVERED AT PORT OF LANDING FOR	£5 5 6	£10 7 6	£15 9 0

WRITE FOR PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES SENT FREE

OF
**IRISH TABLE DAMASK, HOUSEHOLD LINENS,
 CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, SHIRTS, COLLARS, ETC.**
ALL GOODS HEMMED AND MARKED FREE OF CHARGE.

WALPOLE BROS. LTD.

16 BEDFORD ST., BELFAST.

LONDON, DUBLIN AND WAKINGSTOWN.

A. BRONNER, Specialist,

AUSTRAL BUILDINGS, 117 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE (Victoria),

RANKS FOREMOST IN

**Treatment of Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, Heart Defects,
 Diseases of the Digestive and Abdominal Organs,
 Prostate Gland, etc.**

His rational treatment of **Debility**, general and local, proves successful where all other treatment fails.

**Treatment by Correspondence where possible. Pamphlet sent gratuitously.
 Correspondence invited.**

EXTRACTS FROM CERTIFICATES.

THE VERY REV. DEAN MCKENNA, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, writes, 6th July, 1898: "I hope that this certificate will bring Mr. Bronner's skill under the notice of the public generally."

MR. H. R. REID, J.P., Chairman of the Melbourne Steamship Co. Ltd., and formerly President of the Chamber of Commerce, writes, February 23, 1900: "From PERSONAL experience I can testify to the skill and knowledge of Mr. Bronner of this city. He has been very successful in his own special department, and the VARIOUS TREATISES he has just published CANNOT FAIL TO DO GOOD."

MR. D. V. HENNESSY, J.P., and Councillor of the city of Melbourne, writes, February 23rd, 1900: "I have known Mr. Bronner for eight years, and have personal knowledge of many cures he effected in cases of a very bad type, and am of opinion that his NEW TREATISES WILL BE A GREAT BOON TO MANY SUFFERERS."

MR. BRONNER'S TREATISES (COPYRIGHT) FOR SELF-TREATMENT, £1 EACH.

No. 1, a TREATISE ON ACNE.

No. 2, a TREATISE ON ECZEMA.

No. 3, a TREATISE ON CHRONIC INDIGESTION, HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, and on INFLUENZA.

(When ordering state if for Male or Female.)

MR. BRONNER'S TREATMENT OF INFLUENZA differs entirely from the general treatment. Through his remedy, an absolutely non-poisonous one, the system of the patient is rendered immune—that is, unfit for the existence of the bacillus.

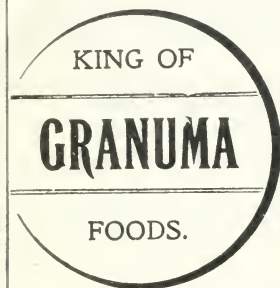
MR. BRONNER offers to the public this remedy, which has always proved successful in the most virulent and complicated forms of Influenza, at the price of 4/- a bottle, Post Free in Victoria, and 4/6 in other colonies.

☞ No household should be without it in case of emergency.

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IS THE KING OF PORRIDGE FOODS.

*The Food of Health, Strength and Beauty.
It Builds Up Bone, Flesh and Muscle.*

JAS. INGLIS & Co., Wholesale Agents.

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**ELECTROPLATERS,
SILVERSMITHS,
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For Repairs to Plate,

Biscuit Boxes, Toast Racks, Cruets, Soda Stands, Teapot Stands, Tea and Coffee Services, Cake Baskets, Butter Dishes, Entree Dishes, Meat Covers, Menu Stands, Spoons and Forks.

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Manufactured or Repaired,**

Shields, Challenge Cups, . . . Wreaths, Epergnes, Flower Stands, Bronzes.



"Sparklets"

"You shake the Bottle. Nature does the rest."

AERATED WATERS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900. 5 GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

Bottles and Sparklets
in two sizes (large
and small).

Bottles last indefi-
nitely.

ABSOLUTE SAFETY.
PERFECT PURITY.
GREAT ECONOMY.

The new Toggle Cork
Bottles are Invaluable
and a further economy
where more than one is
required.

"The carbonic acid gas is very pure. The system is safe."—"Lancet," Sept. 29th, 1900.

ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC., KEEP

Patentees and
Sole Manufacturers,

"Sparklets"

AERATORS, LIM.TED, BROAD STREET AVENUE, LONDON.



ALSTON'S STEEL WINDMILLS

PATENT

Patent
Steel
Water-
Troughs.

Manufactur-
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porter of all
Requisites
for Watering
Stock,
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The Cheapest,
Simplest, and
Most Durable
MILL
Manufactured.

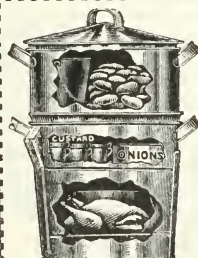
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Medals.
Hundreds of
Testimonials.

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Catalogues Free
on Application.

Specially adapt-
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Water Supply.



Address, **JAMES ALSTON,**
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Study Health, . .
Fuel and Economy

BY USING THE

**PEERLESS
STEAM
COOKER.**

THE only contrivance that Cooks by Compressed
Steam, hermetically closed, retaining in the food
the whole of its delicious flavours and nutriment
without the slightest intermingling of flavours.
Highly recommended by the Medical Profession
as the only really Hygienic principle of Cooking.

The same heat that boils the Kettle will
cook a whole family meal.
No roasting fires. No heated kitchen.
No crowded Stove.

A DOOR TO THE AUSTRALIAN HOUSE-WIFE.
SUPPLIED IF DESIRED WITH A BODY OF POLISHED COPPER
WHICH LASTS A LIFETIME.

SIZES AND PRICES ON APPLICATION.

THE PEERLESS COOKER CO.,
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Have far and away the Largest Sale
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C.B. CORSETS set off good figures to perfection. Even indifferent figures are endowed with grace and symmetry by wearing C.B. CORSETS.

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WHEREVER EXHIBITED, HAVE ALWAYS TAKEN
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KNITTING
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MANGLES
With Wringers.

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30 DAYS' TRIAL.

WE grant every purchaser of our ELECTRIC BELTS and APPLIANCES a trial of Thirty Days before payment, which is fully explained in our "ELECTRIC ERA." Our



Electric Belts will cure all NERVOUS and other DISEASES in all stages, however caused, and restore the wearer to ROBUST HEALTH.

Our Marvellous Electric Belts give a steady soothing current that can be felt by the wearer through all WEAK PARTS. REMEMBER, we give a written guarantee with each Electric Belt that it will permanently cure you. If it does not we will promptly return the full amount paid. We mean exactly what we say, and do precisely what we promise.

NOTICE.—Before purchasing we prefer that you send for our "ELECTRIC ERA" and Price List (post free), giving illustrations of different appliances for BOTH SEXES, also TESTIMONY which will convince the most sceptical.

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Monthly.

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Yearly.

THE WORLD'S EMBROCATION. THE FARMER'S TRUE FRIEND.

Solomon Solution

A Household Necessity. Should be in Every Home.

INVALUABLE FOR

Healing Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Aches, Pains, etc.

A MARVELLOUS CURE.

259 Swanston St., Melbourne, May 21, 1900.
MESSRS. S. COX & CO. Dear Sirs,—I hope you will pardon me for not writing you before. I assure you it is not a matter of ingratitude, but I have waited until I had thoroughly tested the efficiency of your Solution. As you are aware, I have suffered for years with ABSCESS, and though I have used scores of remedies it was not until I applied your Solution that I obtained anything like relief. I can never be too thankful that Providence brought in my way the gentleman who recommended your invaluable Solution. I am never tired of introducing it to my friends. Not only have I used it for abscess, but in cases of cuts with brass rule, neuralgia, burns, rheumatism, etc.; in fact I am never without a jar both at home and at the office. Should anyone doubt my word send them to me. I will convince them. Yours gratefully,
JOHN S. POWELL.

Price: 2/6 and 5/- per Jar. (Postage 6d.)

Obtainable everywhere, or from the Patentees and Sole Manufacturers,

SOLOMON COX & CO., 422 BOURKE ST., MELBOURNE.

Write for descriptive pamphlet and testimonials; free by return mail.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

NASAL CATARRH, BRONCHITIS,

OR ANY

NOSE, THROAT OR EAR TROUBLE?

IF SO, you will find

RAMEY'S MEDICATOR



The BEST REMEDY you
can obtain.

Price of Medicator (beautifully nickelled) and four months' Medicine, only 10/- (post free).

Pamphlet free on request, or send order at once. Address:

HOME CATARRH CURE CO.

231 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE.



NOT SO MIGHTY.

Guest (in hotel dining room): "Are you the head waiter?"

Feeder: "No, I'm the proprietor." "Why don't you get his handlebars straightened?"



A CITY SIMILE.

Country Kid: "That's the best cow we've got."

City Kid: "Why don't you get his handlebars straightened?"

CEREBOS SALT

Used instead of common salt, on the tables of Her Majesty The Queen, T.R.H. The Princess of Wales and The Duchess of York; all "Society" Houses, and most high class Hotels in England.

DAINTY, DRY,
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Sold by Grocers and Stores

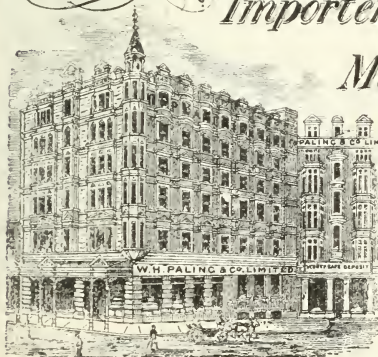
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BEARD & CO.
AND
COLLARD & COLLARD PIANOS

Importers of Pianos, Organs, Music
AND
Musical Instruments.



Sole Agents for: Steinway, Faurich, Uebel & Lachlester, Carl Ecker, Victor & Bellinger Pianos, Estey Organs, Boosey's Band Instruments, &c

338 George Street, Sydney
ESTABLISHED 1853.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE,

... THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR ...

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION,

Has the Largest Sale of Any Chest Medicine in Australia.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of **Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest**, experience delightful and immediate relief, and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a complete cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the Throat and giving Strength to the Voice, and it **neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic nor Consumption to develop**. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a complete cure is certain.

⊙ Beware of "Coughs"! Remember that every disease has its commencement, and Consumption is no exception to this rule.

BAD COUGHS.

THREE CASES COMPLETELY CURED BY ONE BOTTLE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

A SUPPLY SENT TO A RELATIVE IN ENGLAND.

SEVERE COLD, WITH LOSS OF VOICE, CURED BY HALF A BOTTLE.

Llenwellyn, Katunga, Victoria.

Mr. Hearne,

Dear Sir,—I am very much pleased with the effects of your Bronchitis Cure. Last winter three of my children had very bad coughs, and one bottle cured the three of them. The housemaid also had such a severe cold that she entirely lost her voice, but half a bottle cured her. I always keep it in the house now, and recommend it to anyone requiring medicine of that kind.

I now want you to send at once four bottles to England to my mother, who is suffering greatly from bronchitis. The address is enclosed.—Yours gratefully.

JOHN S. MORTIMER.

The relative in England, who is eighty years old, also Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

WAS A GREAT SUFFERER.

HAD NOT WALKED FOR TWELVE MONTHS.

ALWAYS WALKS NOW, AND IS QUITE WELL.

FEELS STRONGER THAN SHE HAS DONE FOR YEARS.

8 Watson-street, Burton-on-Trent,
Staffordshire, England.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Geelong.

Dear Sir,—Your letter and Bronchitis Cure to hand quite safe. I am sure you will be glad to know that your Bronchitis Cure has quite cured me. I was very glad when it came, as I was suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis at the time it arrived. I had sent for my own doctor, but had not had one night's rest for a week. I started taking the Bronchitis Cure three times a day, as directed, and was very much eased at once. At the end of a week I only took it twice a day, and then only every night for a week, as I was so much better when, thanks to the Lord for adding His blessing, I was quite well, and walked into town and back without feeling any fatigue. I had not done that previously for twelve

months—always went in the 'bus—as walking caused me such pain and distress in the chest. I always walk now, and never feel it, and I am stronger than I have been for years. I thank my son for his great kindness in sending the medicine, and am, dear sir,—Yours very truly,

M. MORTIMER.

Extract from a letter, since written by the same lady to her son, Mr. John S. Mortimer, Llenwellyn, Katunga, Victoria.

HER DAUGHTER HAD BEEN ILL.

SPITTING UP BLOOD.

THE DOCTOR SAID NOTHING MORE COULD BE DONE.

CURED BY HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

The extract runs as follows:—As for myself, thank the Lord I am feeling stronger than I have for years. I had an attack of bronchitis in November, but Hearne's Bronchitis Cure was again successful. I feel quite well, and walk into town feeling quite strong.

I must ask you to send me six bottles more of the medicine, as I wish to have a supply in the house. I have tried to get it made up here, and let my chemist have a bottle to see what he could do. He tells me this week he can make nothing out of it; he never saw anything like it before, so there is only one thing for me to do—to send for more. I have never kept in bed one day since I commenced to take it; I used to be in bed a fortnight at a time always, and after that for months I was as weak as I could possibly be, and was always taking cod liver oil, so you will see at once it is quite worth while sending for it such a long distance. Something more I must tell you. Charlotte has been very ill since I wrote you. Her cough was so bad. She never had a night's rest, and was spitting up blood very much. The doctor told her husband that there was nothing more he could do for her, so on the Sunday I sent her half a bottle of the Bronchitis Cure, and told her to try it, and if she did not use it not to waste it, but send it back again. She had such confidence in her doctor that I thought she would not try it. On the Wednesday I sent over again, and she was much better, the night's rest was very good, and cough and bleeding from the lungs better. She sent for another half bottle, and on the following Sunday sent over to say that she was quite cured, and did not require any more medicine. So you see what good it has done, and she wishes to have some with my next supply.

Prepared only, and sold wholesale and retail, by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Small sizes, 2/8; large, 4/6. Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Forwarded by post to any address when not obtainable locally.

"SEMPER EADEM,"
WHICH, LITERALLY TRANSLATED, MEANS "ALL THE SAME."

THIS IS WHY THE LION BRAND

THE LION BRAND.

I defy all
to
approach
it.



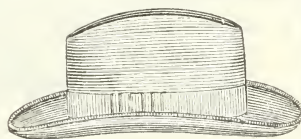
CONFECTIONERY IS SO POPULAR.

Only the Finest Ingredients used.

They are the Greatest Favourites with the Children.

Manufactured only by JAMES STEDMAN, 451 Clarence St., SYDNEY.

The New Terai. The Original Tropo.



THE NEW TERAI,
10/6 and 12/6.



ORIGINAL TROPO,
Sun and Rain Proof,
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CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS

brings health, comfort, and enjoyment of life to all who have experienced its beneficent laxative and purifying properties. It has given complete satisfaction to millions, and has met with the general approval of the medical profession, because it acts simply and naturally upon the liver, kidneys, and bowels, without weakening them, and is absolutely free from every objectionable quality and substance. Too mild and gentle in its action to be classed as an ordinary purgative, it is nevertheless prompt and unailing in the permanent cure of Habitual Constipation, Torpid Liver, Biliousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nausea, Depression, Sick Headache, Stomachic Pains, and all disorders arising from a debilitated or irregular condition of the liver and stomach. This painless remedy is specially prepared by a process known only to the California Fig Syrup Company, and its palatability and other exceptional qualities have made it the most popular remedy known. It acts in harmony with nature; it is alike beneficial to the babe and the mother, to the invalid and to the strong robust man, when bilious or constipated, and is therefore the best of family remedies.

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A WONDERFUL CURE. VITADATIO AGAIN!

SUFFERED FROM CANCEROUS GROWTH FOR
FOURTEEN YEARS—THREE LEADING SYDNEY
DOCTORS FAILED TO CURE HER.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

Woolahra, September 11, 1900.

Mr. S. A. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—I feel it my duty in the interests of humanity to let you know what VITADATIO has done, and is doing, for me. I have been a martyr to suffering for the last fourteen years with a Cancerous Growth and Ulcerated Stomach, and Bleeding Piles, and Swellings in the Legs and Feet. Nine years ago I was examined by a leading Sydney doctor. He told my mother that I was suffering from a Growth in the Abdomen, and would never be any different. He operated upon me, and in three months I was as bad as ever. He again operated, with the same result. Then I entered the Prince Alfred Hospital, and was there for six weeks, and the doctors all told me that they could do nothing for me whatever, and that I was suffering from Gastric Ulcer in the Stomach. I left there incurable, and in a very weak state. Then I interviewed another leading Sydney doctor. After examination he said I was suffering from a Cancerous Growth, and he could do nothing for me. Not being satisfied I called to see another leading doctor. He put me under a powerful galvanic battery until I was black, and said it was done to shake the growth down, and it was some time before I was brought round to my senses again. He sent me home in a cab, and told me if I had to call in a doctor not to send for him. Then I was for twelve months under the treatment of a well-known Sydney herbalist. I received some benefit, but the treatment did not effect a cure. Of late years I have suffered terrible agony, and my body swelled to an enormous size. I gave up all hopes of ever being cured. I have spent hundreds of pounds in medicines and doctors, to no benefit. A few weeks ago a particular friend of mine advised me to take VITADATIO, saying that it would cure me. I took his advice, and I am very glad that I did so, for, to my surprise, after taking three large bottles pieces of white skin came away from me like whites of eggs, and have continued to come away ever since. I have lost 12 lbs. in weight since the Cancer began to come away. I can now go about and walk any distance without any trouble, which I was unable to do previously to taking VITADATIO.

I consider that it is a wonderful medicine, and in my opinion is worth £1 per bottle, and cannot be made too widely known.

I shall be glad to give any further information re my case on application for my address at the Institute, 45 and 47 Bourke-street, Melbourne, or at the Paddington Agency, 377 Oxford-street, Paddington.

[Note.—The writer of the above wonderful testimonial is a professional nurse, and does not wish her name to be published in the newspapers. Full information can be had as stated above.]

CANCEROUS GROWTH PRONOUNCED INCURABLE.

Helensburg Railway Station, N.S.W., July 19, 1900.
Mr. S. A. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—About eighteen months ago I was turned out of the Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, as incurable, suffering from a cancerous growth attached to my spine, and I was told that I could not live longer than a month at the outside. The agony was so great that I could only lie on my face and hands, and I wished death to come and release me from my misery. I could do nothing whatever for myself, and could not stand on my feet. I felt that I must have further advice, and interviewed the Doctors at the Women's Hospital, Crown-street, Surry Hills. I was told there that nothing in this world could be done for me. I did call there at the end of the month, and after examination I was told that it only was a matter of time. I also interviewed a leading Doctor in Penrith, and he told me a second growth had formed, and that nothing could be done, and that I would soon know the worst. I had been advised to try VITADATIO, which I am glad to say I did, and have continued with it up to the present time. After taking it for some time I improved, and pieces of white skin came away from me. I began to gain in weight, and am now able to go about without any trouble, and do all my work. I have every reason to believe that, by continuing the medicine, I will be soon as well as ever I was. I will be pleased to answer any questions about my case.

HANNAH ADAMS.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR VITADATIO. GALL STONES AGAIN CONQUERED.

21 Clifton-street, Balmain, October 17, 1900.

Mr. S. A. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—I feel it my duty in the interest of humanity to let you know the great benefit I have received through VITADATIO. I have been a martyr to gall stones for a long while. I was treated by a medical doctor every day. I was unable to go out of doors, thus being unable to follow my usual occupation. The doctors failed to cure me. I was in extreme pain, vomiting and purging. My life was a burden to me. One day, in picking up a paper one of your handbills was in it of a lady who had been cured of gall stones, the symptoms of the patient being similar to my own. I thought I would try it. A bottle was brought to me. It acted like a charm, and in a few days I was out of bed, free of the pain. I took three large bottles, and can honestly say I am cured, through this wonderful medicine. I cannot find words to express my gratitude to you for the good your medicine has done for me. My friends, seeing the good it has done me, have started taking it, and all seem to praise it to the utmost. Dear Sir, I give you full consent to do whatever you like with this testimonial, and I hope to see it in print as soon as possible, for the sake of the poor unfortunates who may be suffering as I was. I will be only too glad to offer you my services at any time.—I remain, yours sincerely, T. BYRNES.

Witness to Signature: H. Ward, 316 Darling-street.

I hereby certify to the above being true in every particular, being a mate of Mr. G. O. McCready.

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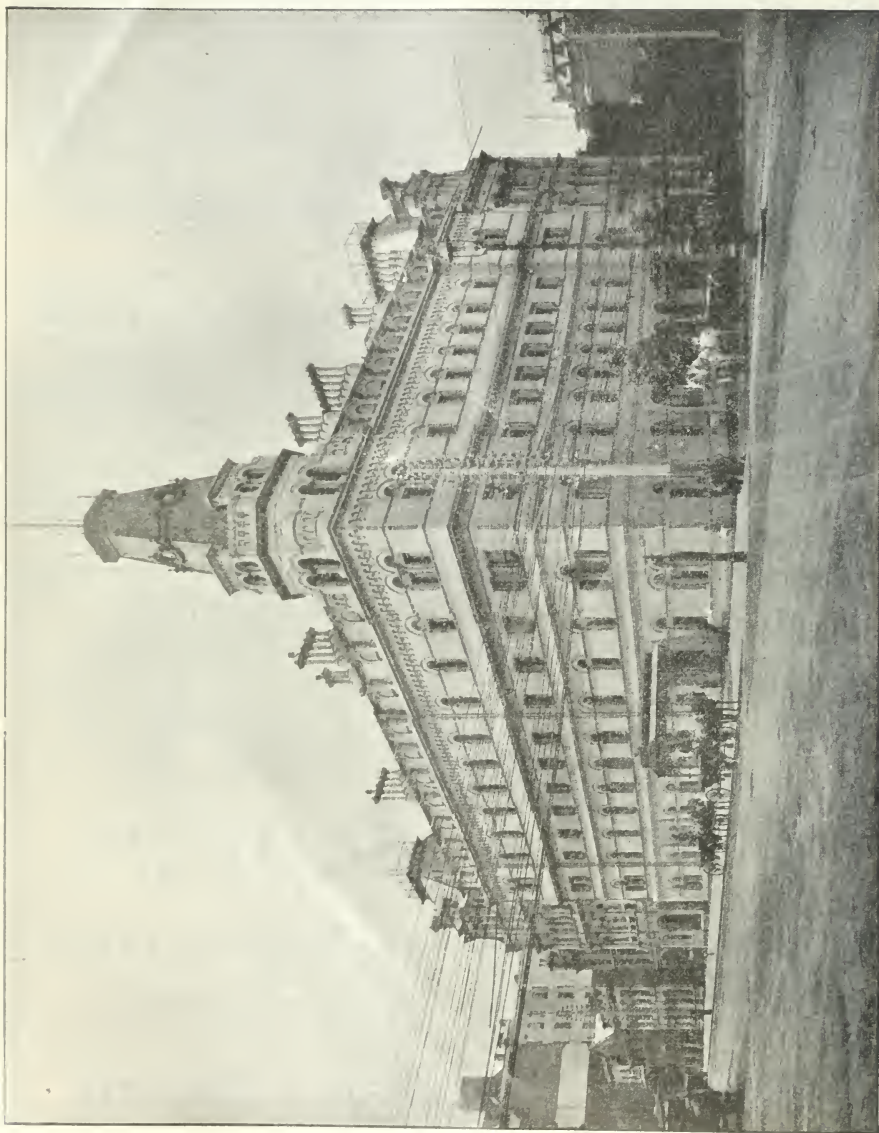
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Corporal: "Confined in the guard-room, mum."

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ONE SMALL BOTTLE
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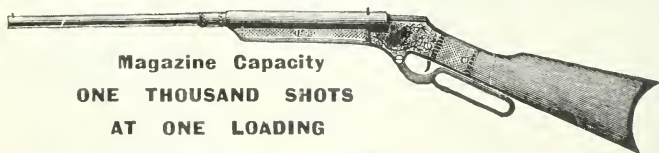
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c/o THE GLOBE WATCH COMPANY LTD.,
 105 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

At the close of the competition the envelopes will be opened, and the prizes will be awarded to the senders of the first fifteen correct replies examined. Competitors must distinctly understand that we do not promise a prize to every competitor who sends in the correct solutions, but only to the senders of the first fifteen correct replies examined. It is quite possible that a competitor who gives all the words correctly may yet fail to secure a prize.

S	R	I	F	T
E	O	L	D	A
R	E	Y	S	A
T	S	F	I	L
K	E	S	A	T
V	L	E	I	A
Y	R	P	T	A
H	A	I	F	T

P.S.—If I do not win the money prize, and am so fortunate as to win a consolation prize, please send me a.....

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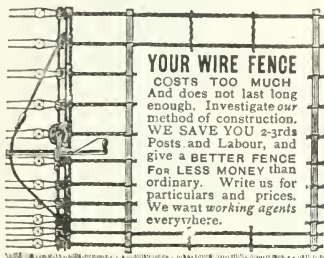
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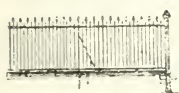
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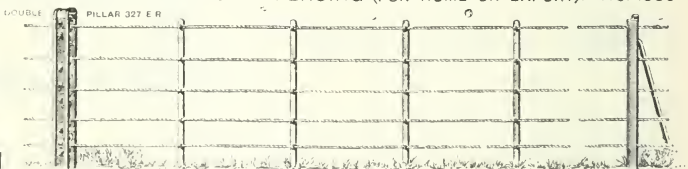


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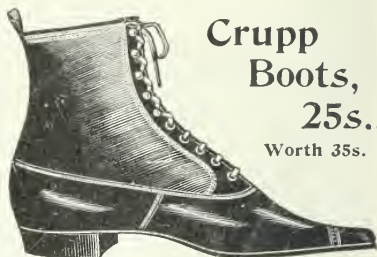
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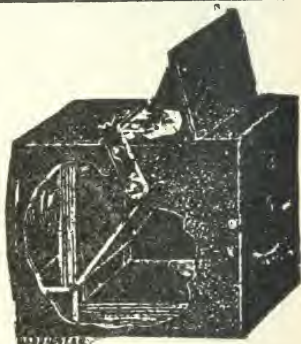
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English Editor: W. T. STEAD. Australasian Editor: W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

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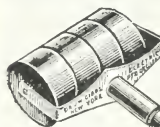


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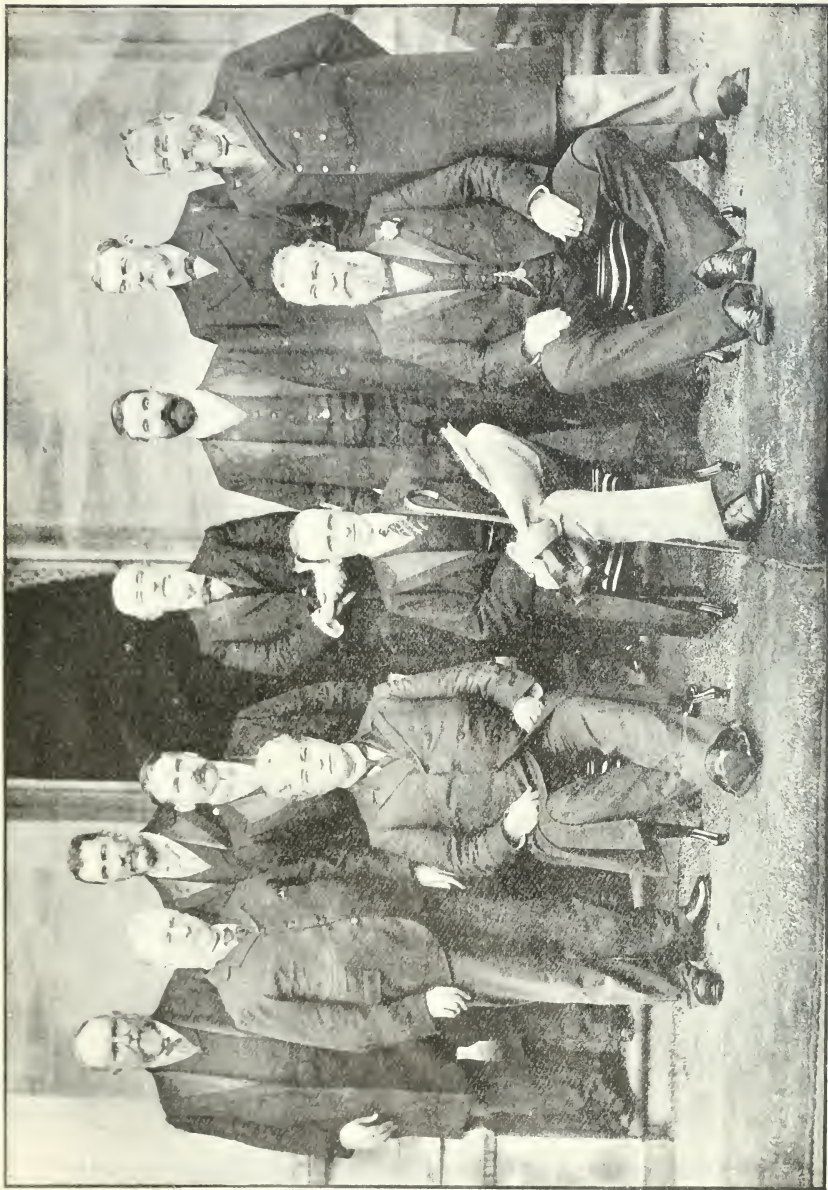
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FOR AUSTRALASIA.

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VOL. XVIII. No. 1.

JANUARY 15, 1901.

PRICE, NINEPENCE.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

The Sydney Festivities

For scale, for beauty, for grace of colour and glory of sound, for artistic completeness, Australia has witnessed nothing like the Commonwealth Celebration in Sydney; and probably will see nothing to equal it for another century. And no one could decide which was more beautiful—sea and city in the daytime, gay with flags, filled with the murmur of mighty crowds, bathed in the dazzling sunlight; or sea and city at night, when the long streets burned with electric fires, and the bay was a darkly azure floor on which ships were drawn in outlines of flame; while on the lawns and flowerbeds of the beautiful Domain 10,000 points of electric light were gleaming amid the grass, so that it seemed as if the very stars had fallen out of heaven and turned the turf into a mosaic of shining star-dust. Sydney, in brief, for the space of a week was turned into a city of enchantments.

An Enchanted City

A sea of admiring ink has, of course, been expended in describing the whole scene, and we select a single passage from one of the press accounts—taken from the somewhat cynical columns of the "Bulletin"—as giving with vividness and literary force a picture of the scene:—

Steeple, domes, parapets, all were rimmed with fire. The Post Office tower was a contour of light drawn with a pencil of flame against the sky. The Domain was a sea of glitter, beyond which the moon looked sickly and dim. From the Palace Garden fence, across the irregular line that marked a regular sea of heads, was to be seen a concave stage, a tiny affair fresh from a

toy-shop, upon which gyrated and danced tinier puppets. Sometimes one puppet waved its arms in the stifling air, and sounds of music arose from the other puppets below. In the fierce, steely glare from the great arc lamps every movement was visible. Then, too, the Milky Way had fallen into Hyde Park avenue, and lay there, glittering with all the colours of the rainbow. Down Macquarie-street North, draped, and draped with the Dutch flag, opalescent lights glowed like pearls set amidst red and blue sparks till the fairy



"Advertiser," S.A.]

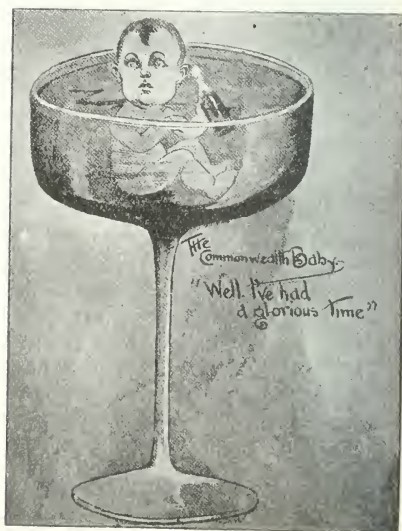
"LAUNCHED."

street culminated in the arch at Government House gates, glowing with soft golden lights. But the picture of pictures was in Palace Garden. There the flower-beds were outlined with coloured lights. Away beyond, on glittering waters, rode ships of fire. Governor Phillip's statue towered up, and streamed with spray. The figures were mere shadows in the luminous darkness, but the spray was real, and it swayed, and drifted, and turned many hues, and fell with a murmuring sound on the recumbent figures beneath. Up in the sky blazed a crown of silver light, sprinkled with ruby sparks. Its beams lit up the outline of the dome of the Colonial Secretary's office, and across it all ever and again drifted thin, shadowy clouds of smoke from the electric-light engines. These high, pale drifts lent a suggestion of immense height and grandeur to the picture—a picture from the Austral Nights which far outshone anything in the Arabian tales. There are a few things in life worth remembering, and the memory of the fountain, the iridescent spray, the dome and the crown of light with the dim, beautiful landscape beneath, as seen from Palace Garden, is calculated to light up Eternity—if, as we pray, there's any scarcity of illumination there.

The human element in the great pageant was, perhaps, more wonderful than anything else. The crowds were vast: a sober estimate is that 500,000 spectators watched the procession from the Domain to Centennial Park. Such a crowd would have appeared vast in London or New York; in an Australian city it seemed overwhelming. And it may be doubted whether any other city in the world could have shown exactly such a crowd. There was not a ragged woman, nor a barefooted child, nor a drunken man to be seen. And the vast multitude seemed to govern itself. It was cheerful, patient, intelligent; courteous to women, paternally gentle to little children. All larrikins had, somehow, vanished, or had been mysteriously transfigured, by the magic of a great occasion, into decent and intelligent citizens. A crowd has manners of its own; and, judged by its bearing on Commonwealth Day, the great multitude in Sydney was the best-mannered crowd the race has yet produced! It was not merely that the scale and completeness of the far-stretching decorations soothed every sense into a delighted content. The sense of taking part in an historic event, the greatest the continent has yet seen, seemed to lift all spectators up to a certain dignity of bearing which was very notable.

The Procession People of English blood, on the whole, do not lend themselves easily and gracefully to spectacular functions. They cannot march in procession without a half-ashamed conscious-

ness of looking foolish. What may be called the collective sense of humour is not seldom fatal to histrionic effects on a large scale. But somehow in Sydney the whole proceedings had a touch of classic completeness. The crowds in the balconies might have been Greek citizens, sitting in some mighty hill-hewn amphitheatre, gazing on a drama by Aeschylus or Sophocles. The procession struck, of course, very diverse chords of feeling. The helmeted Life Guards; the Fusileers with their tall busbies; the Indian Contingent—sturdy Ghoorkas from Nepaul, stately Sikhs from North-west India, Rajputs and Mahrattas—what a fine stroke of political imagination it was that sent the representatives of these warlike, dark-browed, and historic peoples to add an Oriental feature to the function which commemorates the birth of an Australian nation! Then came the men of the kilts, with their free high step moving to the keen music of the pipes. The men of the Black Watch thrilled the crowd with the suggestion of Magersfontein. But kilt and tartan and bonnet and pipe stirred yet



"S. A. Critic."]

The Commonwealth Baby: "Well, I've had a glorious time."

more ancient memories for many of the spectators. "As the kilted men swung by" (runs one newspaper description) "with the high step learned on the northern moors, there were unwonted dew in the eyes of many a Scottish man and woman, to whom the kilts brought visions of heather-clad hills and the tinkling burns of bonnie Scotland, and of the solitudes over which 'the whaup is crying.'"

**National
Character**

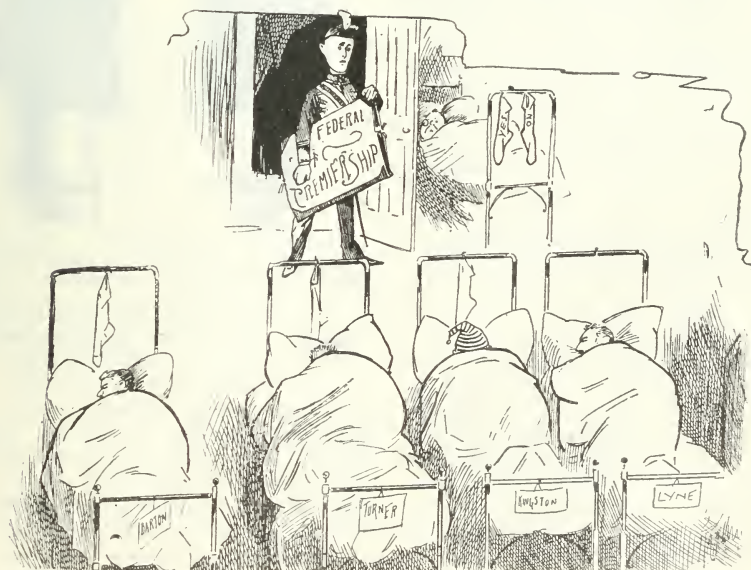
The whole function was admirably planned and admirably executed, and will be long remembered as a triumph of skill and organisation.

The spectacle, indeed, was, in a sense, a revelation of national character. The Australian, it is said, will be an "Italianated" Englishman; an Englishman, that is, with quicker artistic sensibilities in his blood and brain—a sense of colour and form borrowed from the brighter sunshine under which he lives—than his ancestors, nourished amid northern fogs, knew. Certainly, the stately and beautiful function in Sydney is a proof of high artistic capacity in the city which created it. Not Florence nor

Venice could have surpassed Sydney. And the capacity for orderly self-restraint shown by the crowd, too, is a suggestion of fine moral qualities. The Sydney celebrations, no doubt, involved great cost; but the money was well spent. No one can accurately estimate the long-enduring results of such a scene. It will become a shining tradition, and colour the popular imagination for years. It was a revelation of Australia to itself!

**The
Next
Pageant**

Melbourne has to attempt a rival function in May next, when the Federal Parliament opens, and the Duke and Duchess of York arrive. Melbourne has pride, energy, and cash in abundance; and it will spare no pains and grudge no cost to outshine Sydney. The rivalry of these two great cities at this point will be watched with half-amused interest by all Australia. Melbourne men, when their pride is concerned, are hard to beat; but in this case they are badly handicapped. Nature did almost more than art for the Sydney celebration. Melbourne has no dreamlike bay, running into



"Bulletin."]

THE FEDERAL PREMIERSHIP.

Governor Hopetoun: "Why, they've all hung up their stockings!"

the very heart of the city streets; it has no fairy realm like the Domain, almost within call of the roar of business; and it has no Centennial Park. An illuminated fleet off Williams-town would be invisible from Collins-street. The Melbourne journals are anxiously endeavouring to discover some beauty spot in their city which might compare with those Sydney possesses; but the search is somewhat melancholy. One desperate suggestion is that the West Melbourne Swamp should be temporarily glorified in order to make it a rival to the Sydney Domain! Melbourne has one advantage. Its wider streets will make possible arches of greater span and more daring upward leap than those erected in Sydney. When Melbourne takes off its coat and sets seriously to work to glorify itself in preparation for the Federal Parliament, no doubt some surprising things will happen!

**The
Federal
Cabinet**

We discuss sufficiently elsewhere the first Federal Cabinet; but it may be noted here that there was unexpected and needless difficulty about its formation. No one doubts that Lord Hopetoun began with a blunder. The newspapers, English and Australian, say, indeed, that His Excellency acted in "a strictly constitutional manner" in sending for Sir William Lyne; but in saying this they are only tricking themselves with a phrase. There is certainly nothing in the Constitution which required Lord Hopetoun to send for the wrong man instead of the right man. Sir William Lyne spent a week in trying to form a Cabinet; and his failure is due to the resolute loyalty of two men to Mr. Barton. Sir George Turner would have joined him if Mr. Deakin had kept him company; and Sir William Lyne could have dispensed with Sir George Turner if Mr. Holder would have accepted office. Both Mr. Deakin and Mr. Holder, however, were firm; and, after a week's delay, Sir William Lyne abandoned his task, or rather had his commission withdrawn. For there is little doubt that he submitted in general terms his list to Lord Hopetoun, and was told that the absence of certain names from that list was fatal to it. Lord Hopetoun's blunder not only caused delay: it seriously deflected the course of events.

It gave Sir William Lyne a place in the Cabinet instead of Mr. Wise, and probably put Mr. Kingston there in place of Mr. Holder. Mr. Holder, it is understood, acted with great magnanimity, waiving his own claims and making absolutely no conditions on his own behalf; and he was apparently treated with imperfect—if unintended—courtesy by Mr. Barton. He was not even consulted as the other Premiers were; though this, it seems, was due to an unhappy accident. But gratitude in politics is a rare, or even an almost non-existent, virtue!

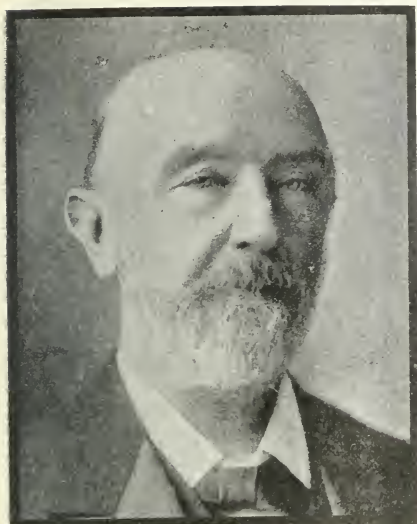


"Bulletin."]

The Premier of New South Wales congratulates the Commonwealth Minister for the Interior.

**A Small
Cabinet**

It is plain that a Cabinet of seven is too small for the Commonwealth. The two greater States claim two representatives each. This leaves only three portfolios for the other four; and Tasmania, to its own disgust, has had to be content with an honorary representation in the Cabinet. It is pretty clear that one of the early reforms of the Constitution will consist of an increase in the number of its Ministers, and an increase, too, in the sum set apart for Ministerial salaries. The Commonwealth must not be a mean paymaster.



Johnstone, O'Shannessy. photo.j

THE LATE SIR JAMES DICKSON.

The death of Sir James Dickson is a moving example of the irony of human history; or, at least, of the vanity of human wishes. He had

**Sir James
Dickson**

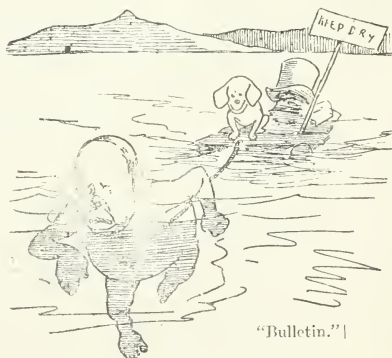
just been knighted, and had accepted the great post of Minister of Defence for the Commonwealth. He was present at the Commonwealth celebrations, but within a few hours from being sworn in, amid the cheers of a mighty crowd, he was dead. He left Brisbane on his way to Sydney to what he believed was the crowning triumph of his life. Within a week his dead body was brought back with the melancholy solemnities of a State funeral. "What shadows we are," wrote Burke, when his only son lay dead, "and what shadows we pursue!"

One notable feature of the Commonwealth celebrations was the welcome accorded by the crowd to Mr. Reid. Louder cheers ran before him, and pursued him, than were evoked by almost any other figure, save that of Lord Hopetoun, in the great procession. Mr. Reid has no office assigned to him in the Commonwealth, but he will undoubtedly be one of its

Mr. Reid

most active political forces. The ancient duel betwixt Free-trade and Protection must be fought out once more in the Federal elections and on the floor of the Federal Parliament; and Mr. Reid is the protagonist of the Free-trade cause. There is no single figure his match in the opposite camp. The battle of Protection will be fought ably enough by the newspapers; but Mr. Reid has no rival on the platform. In Victoria, the stronghold of Protection, the farmers, on the whole, are in revolt against that creed. It has not, they say, kept its promises. It has given them dear machinery and clothes and not given them high prices for their produce. They are now warned that if low duties prevail in the Federal tariff any deficiency in the Federal revenue must be made up by a property tax, which would hit the farmers badly. But a high protective duty stops all revenue; and in this event a property tax of ruinous severity must be laid upon the farmers! Mr. Reid contends for a purely revenue tariff, in which Protection shall only be an incident; and Mr. Barton promises, in general terms, a halfway tariff which shall please both parties. But Mr. Kingston is Minister of Customs; and Strathfield's motto of "Thorough" represents his temperament. A tariff "compromise" shaped by Mr. Kingston, it may be safely asserted, would be a very one-legged thing. On the whole, a big fiscal fight lies before the Commonwealth.

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MR. REID SETTING OUT ON HIS FREE-TRADE CAMPAIGN.

A Fine Book

The Commonwealth has already its legal textbook, a solid volume, made thick and slab with legal learning and an elaborate index: a book which is a monument to the industry of its authors, Sir John Quick and Mr. Garrahan, and which is certain to find a place in the library of every public man and institution within the Commonwealth. "The Annotated Constitution of the Australian Commonwealth" is really an inadequate title to the volume. The book includes almost as much history as law; the history of colonisation generally, of the Australian colonies in particular, and of the whole great process by which the goal of Federation has been reached. For the general reader and the politician, the book has great merits; while as a legal textbook for the Constitution it will have a permanent value. The volume is enriched with references to legal decisions, and with utterances of famous jurists, which explain and justify in detail the provisions of the Constitution. New Year's Day brought honours to both authors of this volume; but the knighthood conferred on Dr. Quick has special significance. He does not belong to the official circle to which such honours are usually confined. The distinction has been earned by the great and long-continued service he has rendered as a private citizen to the cause of Federation.

**America
in the
Pacific**

The new Pacific service betwixt San Francisco and Australia, via New Zealand, is in operation. This means bigger ships on the route, shorter sea transit, and more frequent mails; and to this service the United States pays a subsidy of £60,000 a year for ten years. But Brother Jonathan never gives a dollar without expecting 4s. 2d. worth of consideration in return. All the steamers on this line are to be American boats, capable of being turned into cruisers in time of war. Moreover, Hawaii is now part of the United States, and the American navigation law applies to it. That law forbids any foreign-owned ship carrying goods or passengers betwixt American ports. Honolulu is now in that category. Hitherto the boats of the New Zealand line have shared the traffic betwixt Hawaii and San Francisco: now these

boats are squeezed out. America is securing many points in the Pacific. One of the finest harbours in the South Pacific, Pango-Pango, is under the Stars and Stripes; so is Guam; so is part of Samoa. Under the American navigation laws, English steamships will be absolutely excluded from the trade of these ports. If the American navigation laws are to be stretched over the whole Pacific, that sea will become merely an American lake. Unless the United States Government proves reasonable, the colonies, in self-defence, will have to transfer their whole support to the Australian-Canadian line, which runs to Vancouver. Even orthodox Protectionists in Australia and New Zealand are inclined to quarrel with "protection" when it is applied to themselves from the outside in this heroic fashion.

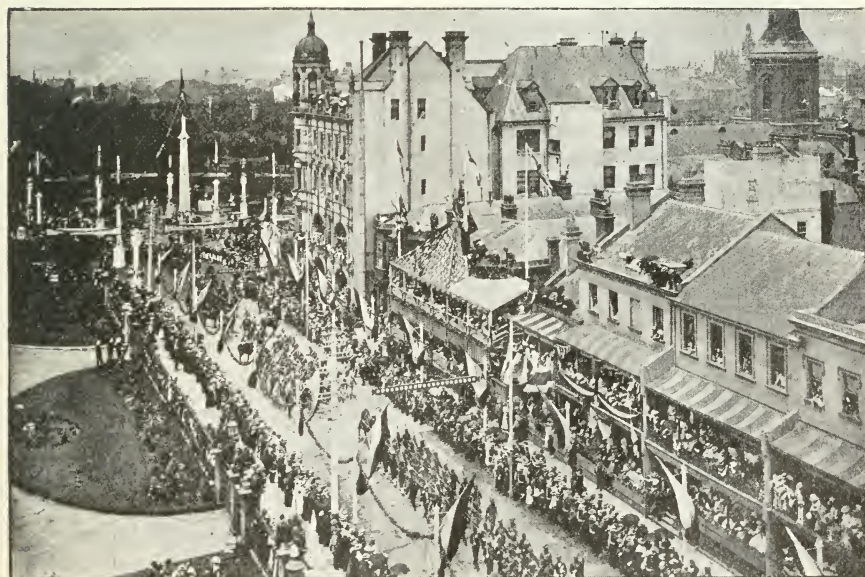
**The Penny
Postage**

New Zealand has shown characteristic energy and courage in postal affairs. On January 1 it adopted the universal penny postage system, and now a business man in New Zealand can send a letter to any part of the British Empire for that modest sum. Mr. Ward cabled to Australia asking the various State administrations there to reciprocate. But the State post-offices have ceased to be provincial, and are yet not under the control of the Commonwealth; and no one had the courage or the authority to accept Mr. Ward's proposal. A penny will carry a letter from London to any part of the British Empire—save Australia! Measured by cost of postage, Melbourne or Sydney is more than twice as distant from the centre of the Empire as Wellington or Auckland! Sir John Forrest, it may be suspected, is too strong and able a man to permit such a state of things to exist, and he will certainly not be content to see the Commonwealth fifty years behind New Zealand in a matter which affects both the commercial interests and the social life of the whole community. It will cost the Commonwealth £20,000 a year to establish the penny post within its own bounds; the universal penny post would mean a loss of some £300,000 a year. These are large figures; but the whole question deals with large issues. It is certain that Australia will not be content to lag behind the whole civilised world in this respect.



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MARTIN PLACE.



Crown Studios.]

PROCESSION ENTERING MACQUARIE PLACE.
THE SYDNEY COMMONWEALTH FESTIVITIES.

N.Z. and Federation

Mr. Seddon was present at the Commonwealth celebrations in Sydney, and drew to himself much public attention and respect. He was, of course, eagerly interviewed on the subject of the relation of New Zealand to the Australian Federation. A New Zealand Commission is to visit the Commonwealth in April or May next, and take evidence, and report on the question of whether New Zealand should join the Federation, or whether, pending such union, a reciprocal treaty betwixt New Zealand

New Zealand Commission. Meanwhile, Mr. Barton says, significantly, that he is not disposed as a matter of business "to give New Zealand the benefits of Federation without her undertaking any of its liabilities."

Returning Soldiers

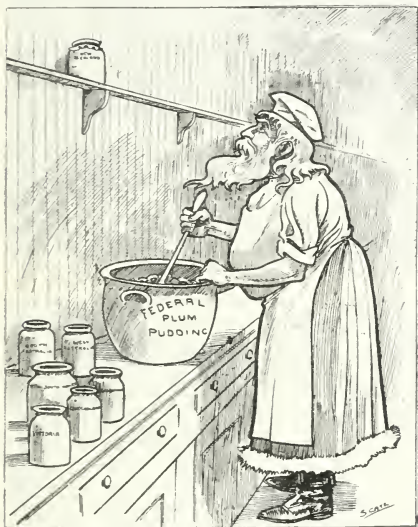
The colonies have welcomed back during the month one shipload after another of returning soldiers from South Africa. The men come back, sometimes because their length of time entitles them to it; but many because they are inva-
lided. In nine cases out of ten, however, the voyage has restored them to health, and they land in a state of perfect efficiency. The furnace of battle through which they have passed has left its mark upon them. Their helmets are battered; their khaki uniform is stained into strange tints; their faces have acquired new gravity. Bronzed, alert, and hard, they look models of soldierly efficiency. They bring back to Australasia lessons learned in the stern school of actual war which ought to be of the greatest value.

A New Contingent

Meanwhile their places have to be filled, and the contingents in South Africa kept up to the full strength; and accordingly a fifth contingent is being enrolled. If the impulse which created the first contingents had been a mere effervescence of idle sentiment, it would have exhausted itself by this. The business has lost the charm of novelty. The hard and perilous nature of the service is thoroughly understood. In that fine address he delivered before leaving South Africa, Lord Roberts described the experiences through which "my gallant and devoted comrades," as he called them, had passed:—

The service which the South African force has performed is, I venture to think, unique in the annals of war, inasmuch as it has been absolutely almost incessant for a whole year, in some cases for more than a year. There has been no rest, no going into winter quarters, as in other campaigns which have extended over a long period. For months together, in fierce heat, in biting cold, in pouring rain, you, my comrades, have marched and fought without halt, and bivouacked without shelter from the elements. You frequently have had to continue marching with your clothes in rags and your boots without soles (time being of such consequence that it was impossible for you to remain long enough in one place to refit).

When not engaged in actual battle you have been continually shot at from behind kopjes by invisible enemies, to whom every inch of the country was fami-



"N.Z. Graphic."]

MIXING THE FEDERAL PUDDING.

Father Christmas: "Now, what is there so very superlative about that lot that it's not to be mixed up in the duff?"

and the Commonwealth can be established. Mr. Seddon, in his speech at Sydney, argued that the 1,200 miles between Wellington and Sydney were 1,200 reasons against Federation; but, he declared, a service of powerful and swift steamers would practically abridge that distance and reduce the number of those geographical reasons against union. He is prepared to join in partnership with Australia to establish such a line. A commercial treaty, too, would, he thinks, give both parties to it manifold advantages. Everyone will wait for the report of the

liar, and who from the peculiar nature of the country were able to inflict severe punishment while perfectly safe themselves. You have forced your way through dense jungles, over precipitous mountains, through and over which, with infinite manual labour, you have had to drag heavy guns and ox-waggons. You have covered, with almost incredible speed, enormous distances, and that often on very short supplies of food.

You have endured the sufferings inevitable in war to sick and wounded men, far from the base, without a murmur, and even with cheerfulness. You have, in fact, acted up to the highest standard of patriotism, and by your conspicuous kindness and humanity towards your enemies, your forbearance, and good behaviour in the towns occupied, you have caused the Army of Great Britain to be as highly respected as it must henceforth be greatly feared in South Africa.

Service under these conditions is the prospect which lies before the Australian lad who volunteers for South Africa. Yet the notable thing is that the rush of volunteers for the fifth contingent is quite as great as that for the first. There are ten men clamouring to go for every one that can be taken. The Victorian proportion is 400 men, and there are 4,000 applications; and roughly the same proportion obtains through the whole of Australasia. The love of adventure, no doubt, counts for much in this; but the sense of patriotic duty, it may be hoped, counts for even more.

**Lord
Hopetoun's
Salary**

It was unfortunate, perhaps, that almost the first proposal made on behalf of the new-born Commonwealth was that its Governor-General's salary should be doubled. The proposal was ill-timed and ill-managed. It did not apparently reach all the States; it was rejected in the Victorian Parliament, and passed only in the New South Wales Assembly. Lord Hopetoun is a rich man; but that is no reason why the Commonwealth should not bear all the expenses attached to his office. Lord Hopetoun, it is argued—pending the evolution of a Federal capital—must maintain two establishments, one in Melbourne and one in Sydney, and his salary ought to be expanded in the same ratio. Melbourne, however, does not see the necessity of this. Lord Hopetoun, the Melbourne press contends, should have his headquarters in the same city with the Federal Parliament. In any case, why should Victoria contribute anything to the cost of maintaining a residence for Lord Hopetoun in Sydney? On this logic, and to avoid coming into conflict with the Constitution Act, the Victorian Parliament rejected the proposal to raise Lord

Hopetoun's salary from £10,000 to £20,000. The incident is unfortunate. Mr. Arthur Galton writes an amusing article in the "National Review" to prove that the ordinary salary paid to an Australian Governor is ample if only Government House kept to its proper functions. He complains that a habit of indiscriminate and almost indecent hospitality has established itself, while a Governor, in addition, is overburdened with absurd and unnecessary functions. "A Governor," says Mr. Galton, "is often invited to do what no country municipality or township would venture to ask from its Mayor or member. I have known a Governor asked to patronise a country sewing club with a dozen members, and to visit steamers and town halls which had been repainted." Mr. Galton's dissertation on the ethics of Government House hospitality is very entertaining; but his general conclusion that, under a wiser hospitality, the ordinary official salary will be found sufficient, may be heartily welcomed.

**Socialist
Law**

Victoria is steadily extending the area brought under the operations of its Factory Act. One trade after another is being captured and put under the government of a combined Board, on which employers and employed are represented, and by which all questions of wages and hours are settled. If the system is applied to any industry, it ought logically to be applied to all; and in this way all the industries of the State will pass out of the sole control of their owners, and be managed by joint committees of masters and workmen. This is, of course, an industrial revolution with far-reaching and, as yet, unguessed consequences. It is clear that the employers, at least, do not like the change; and the general public is beginning to discover reasons for discontent. It is impossible to increase the cost by which an article is produced without increasing, at the same time, the price at which it is sold. This seems a very elementary truth; but it is dawning, with the effect of an unpleasant surprise, on the general public. The price of meat in Melbourne has been raised a halfpenny a pound all round; and the master butchers explain that this is due in part to a rise in the price of stock,

but is chiefly due to the operation of the Factories Act. Under this Act, they declare, the hours of their employes have been decreased 20 per cent., and their wages increased 30 per cent., and the public must pay. The same result will be reached in other trades. Acts of Parliament do not change natural laws. A Parliamentary regulation which required a hen to lay a certain number of eggs per week, or an acre of land to produce a given number of bushels of wheat, would be absurd. And the profits of a trade can no more be increased by Act of Parliament than the quantity of milk to be extracted from a cow, or the wool to be shorn off a sheep's back.

Fiji

An interesting debate on the islands and people of Fiji has been held before the Colonial Institute in London, a paper on the subject being read by Mr. Morgan Finucane, the medical officer of the colony. Mr. Finucane shows that all the material interests of the colony grow; but—fatal exception!—the population shrinks. Here is an archipelago of eighty islands, with happy physical conditions, and under anxiously paternal government. Yet the population is dying fast. When we annexed Fiji, twenty-six years ago, its native population was 160,000; it has dwindled to 98,000! Civilisation, somehow, has proved more deadly to the Fijians than their native savagery. There must be some evil force at work; but all the experts differ as to what it really is. In the debate referred to, the experts were unanimous on one point—the excellent moral and social results yielded by Christian missions. Education, Sir William Macgregor said, “was still completely neglected by the Government, but the Wesleyan Mission was providing a primary education practically for the whole people without contribution of land or money from the Government. This would seem to beat the education record anywhere.” That is a testimony from a quite authoritative source which is worth remembering.

Rival Claimants

The Commonwealth celebrations were marked by the usual disputes as to precedence. Cardinal Moran and the Anglican Primate, each

armed with a prayer, contended who should offer it to the Divine Being. English precedents are in favour of the Cardinal, as he is a “Prince of the Church,” and princes come before Bishops. The Sydney committee decided in favour of the Primate, whereupon Cardinal Moran, and the other Catholic clergy, refused to take part in the procession and sat with dignified reserve amongst the Roman Catholic children in front of St. Mary's. A place was assigned to these two dignitaries in the van of the procession, the representatives of the other Protestant Churches were invited to walk in its rear; whereupon they, too, stood out. There is, unfortunately, no clear principle upon which the delicate question of precedence amongst the religious bodies can be settled. Cardinal Moran, by rank in his own Church, claims to come first; but this would give a Roman Catholic dignitary the place of honour in what is substantially a Protestant community. The Protestant Churches generally demand that the religious bodies should rank according to numbers of adherents; but this would give a Wesleyan minister the first place in South Australia, and to this the Anglicans object. In South Australia the question is settled by leaving out the representatives of the religious bodies; and if the ecclesiastical strife proves obstinate this plan may be adopted elsewhere. But this is to be regretted, if for no other reason than that a great State function in which religion and the Churches found no place would be a very imperfect reflex of the whole community. Perhaps a little more religion amongst the religious bodies would solve the difficulty. They might reasonably be expected to show a magnanimous indifference to questions of place and precedence. All the Churches are, of course, equal before the law; but that “equality” scarcely requires that their representatives should walk abreast in a state function. Good manners and religious principles alike seem to require that the representatives of religion should compete with each other in generosity and courtesy rather than in the loudness of their contention for precedence.

A Sterile Race
Official statistics seem to prove the existence of an ominous feature in the family life of Australasia. The birth rate shrinks, and shrinks fast and steadily; and much perplexed debate is being held over the circumstance. Taking the figures for each group of five years in the last forty, the number of births per 1,000 of population has throughout been on the down grade: 41.92, 39.84, 37.34, 36.38, 35.21, 34.43, 31.52, 27.35. The last figure is for the four years 1896-9, and is the most ominous of all. For the year 1899 the rate was only 26.84. In New South Wales, according to Mr. Coghlan, the decline seems worst of all. Comparing the births with the married women of child-bearing ages, the rate had decreased from 30.01 per 100 married women in 1884 and 28.64 per 100 in 1888 to 20.12 per 100 in 1898, or a decline of one-third in fifteen years. The population of the United States has grown in a century from less than 5,000,000 to over 75,000,000; it has doubled during the last thirty years. The enormous immigration, in part, explains this growth; an immigration which, considering its curiously mixed elements, Australasia certainly does not covet. But if increase of population from without be excluded, the rate by natural increase in Australasia is lower than in the United States. In France the birth rate is barely at the level of the death rate. A little further shrinkage in births, and France would be a dying nation! It is both curious and ominous that Australasia seems to be losing the prolific quality of the great Anglo-Saxon family to which it belongs, and is drifting in the direction of sterile France.

Old Age Pensions
Victoria has committed itself to a big scheme of old age pensions before it has quite determined what the cost will be or how that cost is to be provided. Parliament sanctioned the setting aside of £75,000 to provide pensions to all needy persons over sixty-five years of age, at the rate of 10s. per week, and it was calculated that under this scheme there would be 6,000 pensioners. The scheme came into force on January 1, and already there is an army of 18,000 applicants, or three times as many as

Ministers reckoned upon! It is plain that in Victoria—as in New Zealand—the politicians have very imperfectly gauged the scale of cost to which an old age pension scheme will expand.

The Federal Poet
Much poetry—good, bad, and indifferent—was evolved by the joint arrival of the twentieth century and of the Australian Commonwealth. Nothing finer, however, has been produced than the “forecast” which Mr. Brunton Stephens published in 1877, with its noble opening verse:—

She is not yet; but he whose ear
Thrills to that finer atmosphere
Where footfalls of appointed things,
Reverberant of days to be,
Are heard in forecast echoes,
Like wave-beats from a viewless sea—
Hears in the voiceful tremors of the sky
Auroral heralds whispering, “She is nigh.”



MR. GEORGE ESSEX EVANS.

The prize of £50 offered by the New South Wales Government was, however, won by Mr. George Essex Evans, of Toowoomba, Queensland. We give two verses from the prize ode:

Freeborn of Nations, virgin white,
Not won by blood, nor ringed with steel,
Thy throne is on a loftier height,
Deep-rooted in the Commonwealth!
O thou, for whom the strong have wrought,
And poets sung with souls aflame.

Born of long hope and patient thought,
A mighty name—
We pledge thee faith that shall not swerve,
Our Land, our Lady, breathing high
The thought that makes it love to serve,
And life to die!

Crown Her—most worthy to be praised—
With eyes uplifted to the morn;
For on this day a flag is raised,
A triumph won, a nation born;
And Ye, vast Army of the dead,
From mine and city, plain and sea,
Who fought and dared, who toiled and bled,
That this might be—
Draw round us in this hour of fate—
This golden harvest of thy land—
With unsewn lips, Oh consecrate
And bless the land!

LONDON, Dec. 7.

The Tsar's Illness

Lord Brougham, on a famous occasion, was said to have circulated a report of his death, in order that he might read the obituary notices which promptly appeared next day in all the papers. The Emperor of Russia has had a somewhat similar advantage last month, thanks to an attack of typhoid fever, which compelled Europe to contemplate the possibility of his disappearance. Not until then did Europe adequately realise how much it owes to Nicholas II. The practice of ordering prayers in churches for specific objects has gone out of

fashion, partly from the growing scepticism of the age and partly because it is seldom that Christendom is sufficiently earnest about any one subject, save the attainment of material comfort, to pray about it. If, however, the general sentiment had found expression in the old channels, there is not a Church in Christendom—Greek, Roman, or Protestant—which would not have put up prayers for the recovery of the Emperor of Russia. The mere thought that his malady might have a fatal issue was a nightmare to the Cabinets of Europe. Fortunately, his illness ran a regular course, and he is now convalescent. When he is well enough to cast his eye over the comments of the Press of the world, he would be more than human if he were not to experience a certain complacent pride in seeing how universally mankind recognised his worth, and his value to the world.

Count von Bulow's Debut

After the mission of President Kruger and the illness of the Emperor, the chief Continental event has been the debut of Count von Bulow. The new German Chancellor made his first appearance in his new office at the opening of the Reichstag, and has had a most favourable reception. The Reichstag was inclined to be irritable on the ground that the



Crown Studios.]

THE LIFE GUARDS PASSING GERMAN ARCH ON COMMONWEALTH DAY.

Emperor had taken action in China without consulting the representatives of the German people, as he was bound by the Constitution to have done. Count von Bulow, remembering the proverb about the soft answer which turneth away wrath, apologised for the infraction of the Constitution, and even asked for a bill of indemnity from the offended deputies. It is so unusual for a German Chancellor to apologise or ask for indemnities that the Reichstag forgave him on the spot, and he gained more in a moment by conciliation than he could have done by a month of bullying. He also did his best to defend and explain away the astonishing speeches of the Kaiser. The "No Quarter" speech was tacitly admitted to be indefensible, but it was excused on the ground that the Kaiser was suffering from the ungovernable emotion occasioned by the news of the killing of his Ambassador and the report that the whole of the Legations had been massacred. The German War Minister, who was subjected to a very salutary dressing down by Herr Bebel, informed the Reichstag that if the Chinese were being massacred, it was a punishment for the crimes and for the atrocities committed by the Huns upon Europe several centuries ago! Since the French Revolutionists set out to punish the Pope for Caesar's crimes, nothing quite so ridiculous has been heard in our time. Despite all their questioning, neither Herr Bebel nor any of the other Deputies could extort from the Government any explicit answer to their challenge to produce the orders given to the German soldiers in China by the commanding officer.

From the Amur, in Manchuria, come melancholy stories of the massacre of the Chinese by the Russians, who at first appear to have been panic-stricken lest they should be kept out by the Chinese. All men, when confronted with the alternative to kill or be killed, prefer to kill: and the Russians, alarmed by the Chinese rising, appear to have killed some thousands of yellow men. The greatest destruction of life seems to have taken place at Blagovestchenk, where the most astonishing stories have been current as to the cold-blooded fashion in which some thousands of Chinese were slaughtered by the Cossacks. These stories appear to have been greatly exaggerated. What happened, so far as can be ascertained from the conflicting accounts, was that a body of some 6,000 Chinese, whose presence in Blagovestchenk was regarded as a peril to the Russians, who had only a handful

of soldiers to defend them, were ordered to cross the river. They were put on board rafts, some of which were overcrowded, and sank in the stream. The Chinese, on the other bank, thinking that it was a hostile force advancing to attack, opened fire upon the unfortunate fugitives, so what with the river and the bullets of their own countrymen, the destruction of life was very great.

From the correspondent of the "Novoe Vremya" it would seem that the Russian soldiers killed out the Chinese inhabitants in several other villages. These stories may be exaggerated, or they may be false; but, in any case, they call for prompt investigation, and should it appear that the troops have got out of hand, it may be expected that stern punishment will be exacted for their misdeeds. Not only would such a course be demanded by humanity, but the Russian Government would be singularly blind to its own interests not to afford the other nations an example of the severity with which a central Government can punish the unauthorised excesses of its subordinates in distant provinces.

At home the month has been chiefly devoted to a chorus of lamentation on the part of Conservative Unionists over the reconstituted Cabinet. Liberals, as a rule, have said little; but we have only to turn to the chronicle in the "National Review" to see how bitterly disappointed have been the hopes of those who imagined that Lord Salisbury would profit by his victory in order to put his Cabinet upon a business-like footing. It is complained that, instead of diminishing its numbers, he has added a new Minister to the Cabinet, and so brought its total to twenty. As Mr. Bryce says, it is now almost as large as a public meeting. Such a body is obviously a very different governing committee from all previous Cabinets of the Queen's reign. We are now witnessing a new evolution of government by Cabinet. The large outside Cabinet is merely a deliberative body, to which are submitted confidentially the decisions of the inner Cabinet or executive before they are published to the world. The inner Cabinet sits in the larger Cabinet, but as an executive it is distinct. The real Cabinet consists of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Lansdowne, with the possible addition of the Duke of Devonshire.

Another topic which has been much discussed has been the preponderating representation ac-

**Russia's
Opportunity**

**The Re-
constituted
Cabinet**

**Massacre
in
Manchuria**

**"The Hotal
Cecil."**

corded to members of the house of Cecil in the new administration. Lord Salisbury is Prime Minister; one nephew is Leader of the House of Commons, and First Lord of the Treasury; another nephew is President of the Board of Trade; a son-in-law is the First Lord of the Admiralty; and his son, Lord Cranborne, has been appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the most important post outside the Cabinet. No one denies the influence of heredity, and everyone is willing to admit that Lord Salisbury's family is the most distinguished in Great Britain; but men are asking anxiously whether one family can be so pre-eminently distinguished that one-fifth of the Cabinet must be chosen from its ranks, while all the other families in the Kingdom must share sixteen seats between them. On the other hand, it is contended that Lord Salisbury is not justified in penalising his relatives merely because of their relationship to him. The country has a right to the services of distinguished men, even although they should be handicapped by being related by blood or marriage to the Prime Minister of the day. This, no doubt, is true; and there is, therefore, not very much substance in the growl at the promotion of Mr. Gerald Balfour, who has deserved much better of his country for his services as Irish Secretary than is generally recognised.

The Policy of the Irish Party

Mr. T. W. Russell, who has the Protestant farmers of Ulster at his back, has shaken the dust off his feet against the Government because they are not prepared to carry out his great compulsory scheme for the buying out of the Irish landlords. This is but one sign among others of the coming trouble in Ireland. Mr. George Wyndham, who was appointed Chief Secretary without a seat in the Cabinet, will probably be more in evidence next session than any other member of the Ministry. Unfortunately, however, for the Irish cause, the Nationalist majority appears to have decided to begin its operations by a culpable blunder. Before it was announced that Parliament would meet on December 3, they had summoned a National Convention in Dublin for the purpose of expelling Mr. Healy from the ranks of the Parliamentary party. When the announcement was made that Parliament would be summoned, the leaders of the Parliamentary party decided to go on with the Convention, and refused to come to Westminster. This, they imagined, would enable them to display their indifference to their duties in the Imperial Parliament, their contempt for the

predominant partner, their protest against the Boer War, and their determination to make short work of Mr. Healy. In reality, no policy could be more directly calculated to defeat its end. If it is carried out, Mr. Healy will be the only Irish Nationalist in the House of Commons. He will be, for the time being, the Member for Ireland, the man who alone expresses the Nationalist feeling on a subject which is much nearer to the Irish heart at this moment than the reform of the Land Laws. Mr. Healy, therefore, will regain at a bound everything that he lost at the General Election. They may root him out of the Parliamentary Party in Dublin, but he will have established himself much more firmly as an indispensable member for Ireland than he has ever been before.

Lord Rosebery's Inaugural

Lord Rosebery has seldom spoken better than in the inaugural address to the students of Glasgow University on the occasion of his installation as Lord Rector; and the concluding passage reached a height of fervid and majestic eloquence upon which he has never before ventured, and of which no other living Briton is capable. Speaking of the Empire, he said:—

How marvellous it all is! Built not by saints and angels, but the work of men's hands; cemented with men's honest blood and with a world of tears, welded by the best brains of centuries past; not without the taint and reproach incidental to all human work, but constructed on the whole with pure and splendid purpose. Human, and yet not wholly human—for the most heedless and the most cynical must see the finger of the Divine. Growing as trees grow, while others slept; fed by the faults of others as well as by the character of our fathers: reaching with the ripple of a resistless tide over tracts and islands and continents, until our little Britain woke up to find herself the foster-mother of nations and the source of united empires. Do we not hail in this less the energy and fortune of a race than the supreme direction of the Almighty? Shall we not, while we adore the blessing, acknowledge the responsibility? And while we see, far away in the rich horizons, growing generations fulfilling the promise, do we not own with resolution mingled with awe the honourable duty incumbent on ourselves? Shall we then falter or fail? The answer is not doubtful. We will rather pray that strength may be given us, adequate and abundant, to shrink from no sacrifice in the fulfilment of our mission; that we may be true to the high tradition of our forefathers; and that we may transmit their bequest to our children, aye, and, please God, to their remote descendants, enriched, and undefiled, this blessed and splendid dominion.

His Practical Suggestions

The address, as a whole, was a very useful dissertation concerning the obligations of Empire and the impossibility of maintaining it unless we put our best foot foremost, and realise the fact that we can no longer afford to play around and amuse ourselves. The new century summons us to a struggle for existence

which will be much more serious than anything that we have hitherto gone through. Lord Rosebery said many wise and weighty things concerning our duty both in relation to education, commerce, and statesmanship, specially mentioning with approval the German plan of appointing a commission to hold an inquest upon any trade that was in a sickly condition. Lord Rosebery suggested that it would be well if our schools and universities paid less attention to Greek and more to modern languages; but the real difficulty, as Mr. Birchenough points out in the "Nineteenth Century," is not so much our defective apparatus for teaching, as the lack of any appetite for learning or any enthusiasm for acquiring the weapons necessary for success in life.

His
Political
Position

Lord Rosebery's address has naturally stimulated the desire of many Liberals to see him once more in the place which he abandoned.

This seems a misreading of the significance of his utterance. Lord Rosebery is in advance of his party, in many very important things so much in advance that his position is much more that of a Cobden than that of a Gladstone. Unfortunately, he has not Cobden's energy, perseverance, and self-sacrifice. He has got hold of two or three doctrines not less important than Free-trade. He grasps them firmly, but beyond emitting at long intervals an eloquent discourse, he takes no steps to rouse the public to the necessity of immediate action. This creates the impression that he is not in earnest about it. If he were, he would start some kind of modern counterpart to the Free-trade League, and stump the country. In dealing with Bulgaria, Mr. Gladstone descended from the altitude of a Prime Minister, and became a Cobden for the nonce; and the way in which he worked up the Eastern Question from 1876 to 1880 was an example which Lord Rosebery would do well to follow. Unfortunately, Lord Rosebery was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and unless he is in harness (as he was at the Foreign Office), there is little dogged, persistent continuity about his appearances in public.

Wanted: an
Effective
Opposition

One of the most significant passages in his speech was that in which he bemoaned the lack of supremely

capable administrators. Both in diplomacy, and in almost every other department of national life, he declared that if the number of capable men were multiplied by forty, the supply would still be unequal to the demand. There is, no doubt, a lack of supreme governing capacity in many departments of State; but where is there any such exhibition of failure at the top as in the leadership of the Opposition? Under our system, the Opposition is as essential to good administration as the Diplomatic Service, the Army, or the Navy. Yet, owing to the hopeless disintegration which followed the defeat of the last Liberal administration, the Opposition is left practically leaderless. It may not be Lord Rosebery's fault, but it is certainly his misfortune that his Premiership should have been immediately followed by the general debacle. The first and most urgent want of the country at this moment is neither capable Ambassadors, able Generals, nor Viceroy of genius. It is the lack of an effective Opposition. Hence, when the Lord Rector reads his admirable lecture to the British merchants, he provokes the response, "Physician, heal thyself." Certainly, no British commercial firm could be run in the way in which the present Opposition is managed, without being bankrupt in twelve months.

Poison
in
the
Powder

One of the sensational incidents of last month has brought forcibly home to the minds of the masses the extent to which their health and their lives have passed into the keeping of the chemist. The failure of an analytical chemist to discover the presence of arsenic in the sulphuric acid used for manufacturing the glucose and invert sugar extensively used in brewing, has for a moment created a panic among the beer-drinkers of Manchester and the neighbourhood. Over seventy deaths have occurred, while nearly 2,000 persons have shown traces of arsenical poisoning. Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the teetotalers look on with grim and saturnine complacency, for, as Sir Wilfrid says, alcohol is only a slower poison than arsenic, and anything which discourages the consumption of alcohol tends, in the long run, to the health of the community.

"WHY I INTRODUCED PENNY POSTAGE INTO NEW ZEALAND."

By the Hon. J. G. Ward, Postmaster-General of New Zealand.

TO APPEAR NEXT MONTH.

THE FIRST FEDERAL CABINET.

The Australian Commonwealth has been promptly equipped with that first condition of constitutional existence—a Cabinet. Till thus endowed, it was merely a political corpse. It could say nothing, plan nothing, do nothing. For the new Commonwealth is not a State after the Continental pattern. It is a child of that Mother of free nations, the English Parliament. It can work only by parliamentary methods. And though, after the charac-

teristic British fashion, a Cabinet is unknown to British law, and has been created by the nature of things, and not by Act of Parliament, it is the necessary complement of the Parliamentary system. If it may not be described as discharging the office of a brain, a will, a voice, for Parliament, yet it certainly has the functions of humbler but equally necessary organs. It is hands and feet to Parliament. It is the organ by which Parliamentary debates and resolutions are translated into action. And in this case, it may be added, as the Commonwealth Parliament is still unborn, the Cabinet of the Common-

wealth is charged with duties of special scale and importance. So, fittingly enough, in the great function of Commonwealth Day, five minutes after the Governor-General, who represents the Crown, had taken his oath of office, Mr. Barton, who represents the people, took oath as the first Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, and the members of his Cabinet followed in due course.

On one amongst the cluster of names forming that first Cabinet the eclipse of death has already fallen—a dramatic example of the irony of human affairs. Sir James Dickson reached the great prize of his life at the very moment when his life ended, and a long-enduring pathos will cling to his name. But the whole group of names which make up the first Australian Cabinet will be historic. They will have a place in the story not merely of Australia,

but of the Empire. For they are the names of men called to a quite unique task.

A Great Task.

Usually it is impossible to date the birth of a nation. Its roots are in the shadowy and immemorial past. It grows; and its political system grows with it, as the skin grows with the body it covers, or as the carapace of a lobster grows with the body it defends. Each organ is the product of a want, and is not provided till the want demands it. But here is a political system which comes into existence on a given tick of the clock! Here is a full-grown constitution which has to be set going on a

given date, and provided with a complete set of machinery. It must evolve its own methods, open its own bank account, determine in a hundred details its own form of administration. Mr. Barton and his colleagues inherit nothing; they must create everything. They have no precedents, either to embarrass them or to guide them. They have, in a word, the advantage



Johnstone O'Shannessy, photo.]

THE RIGHT HON. E. BARTON.

Prime Minister, and Minister for External Affairs



EUROPE (OMITTING RUSSIA) AND AUSTRALIA.

(Scale, 400 miles to the inch.)

and the disadvantage of a clean slate, and they must not only write on it the first syllables of national history; they must settle the first principles of political—or rather of administrative—grammar.

Taken, again, by the mere geography over which their authority and their task extend, the members of the Federal Cabinet have a great vocation. Mr. Barton is the supreme political head of a continent, with an island equal to two Hollands thrown in. He must take into the scope of his calculations six colonies, and twice six climates. Australians continually forget the scale of their own geography, and continually need to be reminded of it. In New South Wales alone three kingdoms like Italy might be packed, and three Spains in Queensland; while, by the help of its Northern Territory, South Australia could find room for four countries like France, and West Australia could afford hospitality to four Austrias. We must think and talk in numerals of high power when we deal with Australian geography! All the states of Europe, big and little—if Russia be omitted—could be packed within the four seas of Australia, as the map we reproduce shows. And Mr. Barton's office of Prime Minister stretches over this vast area. Mr. Deakin is the representative of law over a territory equal to that of the United States, if the barren wastes of Alaska are omitted. Sir John Forrest has to weave six distinct postal systems into the web of one administration. Mr. Kingston has not merely to knit together the custom-houses of a continent; he has to evolve a common fiscal system out of six separate and hostile tariffs. Sir William Lyne has to suddenly expand his intellectual horizon until it stretches from the Leeuwin to Brisbane, from Cape York to the southern cliffs of Tasmania. Whoever takes Sir James Dickson's office must provide for the military defence of an area equal to that of all Europe.

A Clean Slate.

But if the task is great, so is the opportunity. As we have said, the new Cabinet inherits nothing, not even a set of precedents. As a compensation, its members have a large freedom. Their sole political asset consists of a sheet of printed paper, on which is contained the new constitution. For the rest, "the world is all before them where to choose," with Providence and common-sense as their guide. They are free to learn by the successes and failures of the six colonies. Each colony has been trying its own methods of solving, or failing to solve, its own political and administrative problems. Their separate experiences are now to be pooled. If a colony has any bit of machinery proved to be specially valuable—like, for example, the Public Accounts Committee of the Parliament of Victoria—this can be adopted. Or if any given feature of

administration has proved costly, or weak, it can be avoided. And for this business of appropriating all the varying administrative successes of six colonies and crystallising them into a single system, the members of the Cabinet are singularly competent. They, at least, know their facts thoroughly. What Mr. Barton does not know of New South Wales, or Mr. Deakin of Victoria, or Mr. Kingston of South Australia, or Sir John Forrest of West Australia, is certainly not worth knowing. The result ought to be the evolution of the best administrative system within the four corners of the British Empire.

A Group of Strong Men.

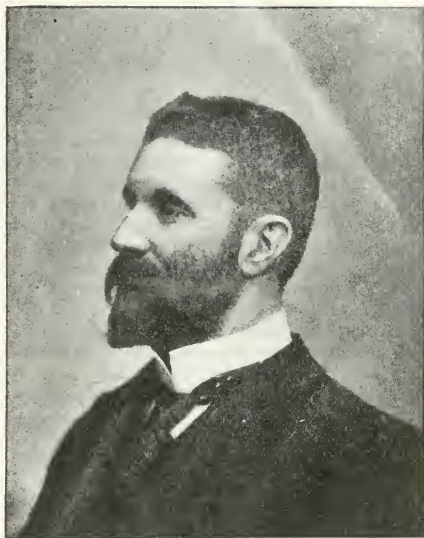
But what of the individual men who must attempt this great task? It may be said in advance and with reasonable confidence, that they have an eminent fitness for the great duties they must attempt. The "Nineteenth Century" is maintaining a rueful debate on the question as to whether the British Empire is, or is not, at the present moment being managed by "amateurs." It is certain that the Australian Commonwealth at its first stage will not be administered by amateurs. The first Federal Cabinet is a cluster of singularly able men, versed in affairs, and accustomed to govern. They are men in the prime of life, who have learned their business of statesmen not from books, or in the cloistered atmosphere of a University, but under the discipline of experience, and by contact with the actual facts of the world. There is not a weak man in the team, nor an old man. Sir John Forrest is the oldest of the team, and he is only fifty-four; Mr. Barton is fifty-two; Mr. Kingston and Sir George Turner are both fifty-one; Mr. Deakin is forty-five. The average age of the Cabinet is fifty; that of the British Cabinet is fifty-seven. The Federal Cabinet, it is clear, is young enough for energy, and yet old enough for sense and experience. Physically, indeed, the Cabinet—now that Sir James Dickson has been snatched away by death—would rank high. At least four of its members—Mr. Deakin, Mr. Kingston, Sir William Lyne, and Sir John Forrest—would, in mere stature and bearing, make Life Guardsmen. Mr. Barton, in brief, is at the head of a Cabinet of Premiers. At least only two of its members—Mr. Barton himself and Mr. Deakin—have not hitherto held that office. But taken as a whole, the members of the Cabinet have served an apprenticeship to administration in every department of Ministerial life. The strength of the individual members of the Cabinet may, indeed, be a source of peril to the Cabinet itself. Mr. Barton has to drive a team made up of six leaders! All the members of the Cabinet are strong-willed: some are self-willed. Almost all are born fighters. All are accustomed to govern other people. Mr. Barton's task in controlling such a team is scarcely to be envied!

Mr. Barton.

If we take the men by their individual characteristics, they make up a singularly interesting and impressive group. Mr. Barton himself would be a commanding figure even on the great stage of the House of Commons, and in some respects he does not suffer by comparison with the statesmen of the Empire. His portrait—the spacious brow, the steady eyes, the strong and generous lines—is one which in any group arrests the gaze. Yet the face itself, with all its comeliness, suggests some of Mr. Barton's limitations. The contours are rounded and soft. There is no hint of granite or of steel in the face. Mr. Barton is commonly accused of being slothful; but his sloth, like that of Charles James Fox, is the idleness of a strong nature. Behind the sloth lies the capacity for sudden and great exertion. Mr. Barton, indeed, has something both of the merits and the limitations of Fox. He has not Fox's gift of oratory; but, like Pitt's great rival, he is large brained, genial, social; with a great capacity for being idle, but, like all able and lazy men, with a great power of application when roused. If the occasion is large, and the responsibility great, Mr. Barton can, for a time, at least, not only work like smaller men; he can outwork them! But he is not a fish to swim in shallow waters. He is happy amongst large things, and is apt to be inert amongst trifles. Yet trifles in politics, as in other realms, have sometimes great importance. Mr. Barton might have been a brilliant scholar, a great lawyer, a fine Judge. He chose to be a politician. His pocket has not gained by the choice, but his fame may gain. Nature intended him to be a Judge, a Speaker, a philosophical thinker of easy-going habits. He was Speaker of the New South Wales Assembly at thirty-five, and was, perhaps, the best Speaker Colonial Parliaments have yet produced. He has weight, impressiveness, dignity; and his dignity is shot through with a fine geniality. There is no note of austerity in Mr. Barton, any more than there was in Fox, and there is almost as perilous a geniality. Mr. Barton has certainly not the gifts of a contentious politician. It is usual to say of him that he is too soft and easy-going for the rough and tumble of political life. Harder men will outwear him. Mr. Barton is still in the prime of life; yet it is doubtful whether five years hence he will be a working force in Australian politics. He may have taken refuge in the dignified repose of the Chief Justice of the Australian Commonwealth!

Mr. Deakin.

Mr. Deakin, again, is a man of fine presence and manifold gifts. He has the orator's voice, the orator's power, and, perhaps, the orator's limitations. A great mastery of words is sometimes a peril to



Elliott and Fry, photo.]

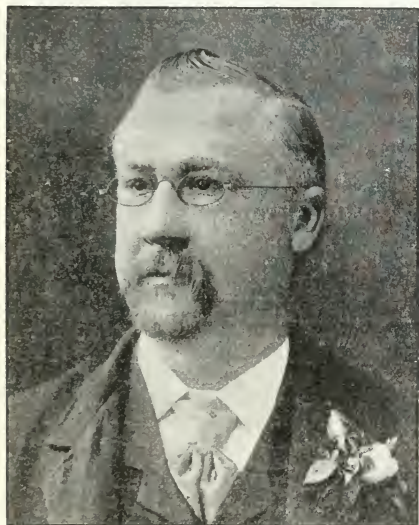
THE HON. ALFRED DEAKIN,
Attorney-General, and Minister for Justice.

its possessor. Energy in such a case is apt to evaporate in mere words. And there is an invincible—though sometimes unjust—tendency in the world at large to think that a man who talks well can do nothing but talk. Englishmen do not like their leaders to be too fluent, or too melodiously vocal. The orator, they think, will be busy in weaving eloquent periods when he ought to be doing grim and silent work. Whether Mr. Deakin will show himself a great administrator in his new office remains to be seen. He certainly is a man of exceptional gifts, and would be a brilliant figure in any Parliament. He is the one literary man in the Cabinet. What was the last book Sir George Turner read, or Sir William Lyne, the labouring imagination is quite unable to guess. But Mr. Deakin knows literature. He knows not merely history, and the whole literature of politics. He knows poetry. He is a diligent novel-reader. His "chief recreation," according to "Who's Who," is reading. He is described as "a book-lover of catholic tastes—metaphysics, poetry, religion, and belles lettres." Mr. Deakin is a man with imagination and ideals; and imagination in public affairs has a great office. An able man without it may be a politician; he cannot be a statesman. Mr. Deakin has had a fine training in practical administration. He has filled a dozen great offices, and has failed in none of them. His personal qualities make him a very lovable

man. He is chivalrous, generous; with a healthy scorn of meanness, and a Sir Galahad-like standard of honour and of public duty. Mr. Deakin has, in addition, something of the magnetic quality of a born leader.

Sir George Turner.

Sir George Turner is almost, if not quite, the luckiest politician in Australia. He only entered Parliament in 1889. He became Premier five years afterwards; and eleven years after his first successful election he is a Privy Councillor, and the Treasurer of the Australian Commonwealth. What are the qualities which explain a success so easy, so early, and so continuous? Sir George is certainly not a great statesman, nor a great speaker or debater. He has no imagination; little or no initiative, and not a very high degree of political courage. Danton's "Toujours l'audace" by no means represents Sir George Turner's political



Johnstone, O'Shannessy, photo.]

THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE TURNER,
Treasurer.

temper. His critics say that he is not a financier, but only an accountant; but this is unkind. Sir George has the qualities, and the limitations, of a good family lawyer. He is prudent, cautious, and "safe;" as frugal as John Gilpin's wife, and with the same sort of frugality, detailed, domestic, not to say petty. This sort of frugality, it may be added, is a somewhat rare quality in colonial politics, and is the more precious because of its very rarity. Sir George, too, has the faculty of plod-

ding industry in its highest form. It is the industry, so to speak, of the coral insect, and with as little imagination or vision in it. Let no man despise this gift! Does not the coral insect build the reef upon which the great Pacific rollers expend themselves in vain, and above which—though only when the coral insect itself is dead—the coconut palms lift high their fronds, and ripen their fruit! Sir George Turner's limitations are obvious. His lack of initiative makes him an opportunist. He drifts. Other men must invent the policy; Sir George will carry it out with tireless industry. He can become, indeed, the diligent, plodding, and, in a sense, conscienceless agent of any party that happens to capture him; and this, it may be added, not from ignoble motives. He is intensely practical, and knows that the first business of an administrator is to get things done. He would have asked Wellington's question, on a famous occasion, "How is the Queen's Government to be carried on?" He has a financial conscience, and waste or extravagance is a pain to him, exactly as it is to a good housewife. In the striking photograph of Lord Hopetoun and his Cabinet, which we reproduce, let the figure of Sir George Turner be studied: the short, ill-fitting coat, evidently slop-made and cheap, the almost worse-fitting trousers, the boxer hat, the half-boyish set of the head. An unkind critic is tempted to say it is the one common-place figure in the group. A common-place man of commonplace virtues! But "common-place" virtues have their homely merit. Brown bread satisfies the healthy palate longer than pastry does! And Sir George Turner is a sort of "brown-bread" politician, homely, unpretentious, satisfying.

On the whole, Sir George Turner—frugal, diligent, with the caution of a lawyer and the common-sense of a man of business—has some, at least, of the qualities which go to make up a good Treasurer.

Mr. Kingston.

Mr. Kingston is, perhaps, the most complex and incalculable man in the new Cabinet. He has a strong will, an ingenious and restless brain, a temper capable at once of a strange vindictiveness and of fine generosity. He is in many respects a curiously versatile man. His father, Sir George Strickland Kingston, was for nearly twenty years Speaker of the South Australian Assembly; and the son of such a father might be expected to shine in the qualities of order, decorum, dignity. Mr. Kingston can display all these qualities when occasion requires it; and he can suddenly jettison them all, to the astonishment of mankind! He was, for example, a perfectly dignified and efficient President of the Federal Convention; and he once proposed to fight a duel in the open street with a



Johnstone, O'Shannessy, photo.]

THE RIGHT HON. C. C. KINGSTON,
Minister of State for Trade and Customs.

political enemy! An austere decorum, a nicely balanced dignity, are certainly not Mr. Kingston's familiar and characteristic qualities. He is a dynamic, not to say explosive, man; a bitter fighter who fights to win, and fights to the end, and will catch up any weapon, and fling any epithet, while the fight rages. And the fight for him never ends till he has wiped his feet on his foe. Yet he can be magnanimous when the fight is over. What impels him is not so much the gall of the vindictive man as the instinct of the fighting man. But he is also a keen and loyal ally, and would no more betray a friend than he would spare an enemy. And he has his reward; his enemies dread him, his friends delight in him, and stick to him. "I will always support you," somebody told Lord Palmerston once, "when I believe you to be in the right." "What I want," Palmerston answered, gruffly, "is friends who will support me even when I'm wrong." That is the sort of support Mr. Kingston expects—and gives. He will never betray a friend, and never spare an enemy—while the fight lasts, that is. Mr. Kingston is not afflicted with too keen sensitiveness; and when a decision has to be reached, he will brush his way to it with a fine scorn of scruples, and a fine contempt of indecision. He is a thorough democrat; yet it may be doubted whether a certain intellectual contempt for the crowd, whose

prejudices he can cleverly and audaciously tickle, does not lurk at the back of Mr. Kingston's brain. He has fine qualities of courage, and a fine gift of initiative, and would be a man of power in any sphere. Mr. Kingston and Sir George Turner are a curious contrast to each other. If they could be mixed together, and the product divided, the result would be an improvement to both men.

Sir John Forrest.

Sir John Forrest is an Australian by birth, like all the other members of the Cabinet, and is an Australian by sympathy in every fibre of his brain and in every drop of his blood. Intellectually there are two types of Australians. Mr. Deakin represents the quick and vocal type, with a gleam of the sun's brightness in speech and face and brain. Sir John Forrest is of the heavier, the more silent, and, perhaps, the stronger and more enduring type. Certainly he is a strong man—big-bodied, big-brained, with something of Bismarck's clumsiness, and also something of Bismarck's strength of speech. He has had an almost unique career. In 1869, when only 22 years of age, he commanded the exploring expedition in search of the remains of Dr. Leichardt. His exploring expeditions in 1870 and 1874 were memorable for their scale and results. And to public life Sir John brought many of the gifts of the explorer. He is a practical man,



Johnstone, O'Shannessy, photo.]

THE RIGHT, HON. SIR JOHN FORREST,
Postmaster-General.

who sees facts as they are; patient, plodding, persistent; never idle, yet never in a hurry; who trudges through the journey of to-day, and will trudge as tirelessly to-morrow, and in the end will vanquish space, and, in spite of heat and cold and weariness and hunger, get to his goal. Sir John Forrest is not a scholar; but he is by no means an uneducated man. He had a certain amount of scientific training; was a competent and practical surveyor, and conducted the trigonometrical survey of great areas in Western Australia. Like Wellington, Sir John Forrest is "rich in saving common-sense." If he is slower than some other men, he makes fewer blunders. He was the first Premier of Western Australia, and is the only Premier that colony has yet known. A Cabinet of which Sir John Forrest is a member will certainly not want business sense or practical sagacity.

Sir William Lyne.

Sir William Lyne found no place in the mental plan of Mr. Barton's Cabinet as it first shaped itself in that gentleman's brain. His place in the Cabinet is, in a sense, an accident. Yet it is an accident which delights large classes in New South Wales. Sir William is not an agile man, either mentally or physically. He has no more imagination than an oyster. His intellect is of the parochial type. Sydney is the limit of his horizon. For that insignificant portion of the human race that happens to live outside the boundaries of New South Wales Sir William Lyne may have much pity, but he has small respect. But the parochial mind, it must be remembered, pleases at least the parish in which it dwells; and it is a fact that many people in New South Wales feel a little bit safer because Sir William Lyne is a member of the Cabinet. Within his own horizon Sir William Lyne sees things clearly, and perhaps no other Australian politician has gained so much by what may be called the education of affairs. Sir William Lyne is no speaker. He is no diplomatist. But he has a strong will; he is a shrewd judge of men; he administers a department with the common-sense of a business man, and he has a sagacity in council which will make him of real value to his colleagues.

We do not discuss here the two honorary members of the Cabinet, Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Lewis. Both are able and successful men, and both are entitled by their intellectual gifts to a place in the Cabinet. There is genuine and widespread regret that Tasmania has only an honorary representa-



Johnstone, O'Shannessy, photo.]

THE HON. SIR W. J. LYNE,
Minister of State for Home Affairs.

tion in the Cabinet; but seven men cannot be put into six places.

Taken as a whole, then, the first Federal Cabinet is one of which the Commonwealth may be proud. From the literary and scholastic point of view, its claims, perhaps, are modest. There is only one bookish man in it—Mr. Deakin; Mr. Barton has the capacity and the instincts of a student, but he only trifles with literature. It is, as he himself describes it, his "recreation." But in that education which no University can give, and for which no knowledge of books is a substitute—the training yielded by the drill of actual business, the knowledge which is born of experience and contact with the actual facts of the world—no other Cabinet in the Empire is richer than that of which Mr. Barton is the head. A cluster of practical men, familiar with administration, accustomed to govern, ripe in business knowledge, familiar with every detail of political life, known throughout the length and breadth of the six colonies, they are eminently qualified for their task.

BETWIXT TWO CENTURIES.

By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D

II.—A CENTURY OF WAR.

"Now fair befall our England
On her proud and perilous road,
And woe and wail to those who make
Her footsteps red with blood!

And when the storm has passed away,
In glory and in calm,
May she sit down i' the green o' the day,
And sing her peaceful psalm!
Now victory to our England!
And where'er she lifts her hand
In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
God bless the dear old land!"

—Gerald Massey.

Christian history begins with a cluster of divine syllables, of which "Peace on earth" are the sweetest and most familiar. But, somehow, not much of the music of that august prophecy is audible in the world's ear to-day. The nineteenth Christian century has been, in some respects, the most stormy and tumultuous in the long procession of centuries. It has seen more bloodshed during its progress, and witnesses, at its close, the sea burdened with mightier fleets, and the land shaking with the tread of vaster hosts, than the earth has known at any other point of civilised time.

A Procession of Wars.

The first fifteen years of the century saw the great tragedy of the Napoleonic wars. From Marengo, fought June 14, 1800, to Waterloo, June 18, 1815, stretches a red chain of mighty battles, such as, in number of combatants and scale of slaughter, can hardly be paralleled in history. The mere names of the battles—Hohenlinden, Trafalgar, Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, Aspern, Wagram, Talavera, Albuera, Borodino, Leipsic—make up a catalogue of tragedies. The Peninsular war was a mere episode in that struggle; the retreat from Moscow an interlude; the sieges of Badajos and of St. Sebastian trivial incidents in it. There have been wild guesses as to the actual cost in blood and treasure of the Napoleonic wars as a whole; but it is impossible to translate such a flaming chapter of history into terms of frozen arithmetic. The killed and wounded at Borodino alone amounted to 78,000 men; and Borodino is only a single red syllable in the long story.

After Waterloo came what is known as the Long Peace—a peace broken by the Crimean War of 1854-55. But even through the forty years' peace runs, with hardly a break, a crimson thread of war. Only twelve months after Waterloo, Lord Exmouth was bombarding Algiers. A little later Greek and Turk were wrestling together in battle; and Lord Codrington, at Navarino, on October 20, 1827, destroyed the Turkish fleet, and gave freedom to Greece. Then followed a cataclysm of wars—wars not on a great scale, perhaps, but spiteful, bloody, and fierce. Russians fought against Turks, Poles against Russians, Egyptians against Turks. The Carlist wars in Spain; wars in China, in Afghanistan, in the Punjab; war between the United States and Mexico; between Prussians and Danes; between

Austrians and Italians; between Russians and Hungarians. Then, following the Crimean War, came the Indian Mutiny, red with slaughter, black with treachery, fierce with hate, but brilliant as a proof of the fighting quality, not only of the British soldier, but of the British civilian. Next came the Italian war, marked by such great battles as Majenta and Solferino, in which the French overthrew Austria, and gave Italy a new place amongst the nations.

If we pass by such minor struggles as the Chinese war of 1859-60, the harmless splutter betwixt Spaniards and Moors in the latter year, the dazzling exploits of Garibaldi in 1861, we come to the most gigantic and bloody civil war in all history, the struggle betwixt North and South in the United States. That war destroyed slavery under the Stars and Stripes; it welded the United States into a compact and enduring unity, refuting, with the iron logic of the sword, the right of individual States to secede. But the price paid for these great gains can hardly be expressed in arithmetic. The scale of the Confederate losses will never be accurately known; but the ascertained deaths from sword and disease are officially reported by the War Department in Washington at 349,944; while the money cost of the struggle, direct and indirect, is computed at 8,000,000,000 dollars!

After this comes the South American war, the Seven Weeks' war—short in duration, swift in incident, huge in cost, and which gave to Prussia the leadership of Germany.

In 1870 comes the Franco-Prussian war, which began with Saarbrück on August 2, 1870, reached its swift and dreadful climax at Sedan within four weeks, and then straggled on, through slaughter and suffering, to the surrender of Paris, after a four months' siege, on January 30, 1871. The war gave to Prussia a new place amongst the nations. But it cost Napoleon III. his crown and empire; it cost France, in killed, wounded, prisoners, and deaths from sickness, 654,000 men. Its money cost to France can hardly be estimated. The war indemnity exacted by the victorious Germans amounted alone to £200,000,000; and to this has to be added the loss of two great provinces.

The war betwixt Russia and Turkey in 1877-78 has not the far-reaching historical results of the Franco-German war; yet when has the world seen fiercer fighting than, say, that round the earthworks of Plevna; in the Shipka Pass; or in the long 12 hours' battle in the valley of the Lom? Of the Afghan war, the Zulu war, the war between Chili and Peru, the first Transvaal war it is needless to dwell; but the bare recital of these facts is sufficient to prove that, whatever may be the merits of the wonderful nineteenth century, it has no claims to be regarded as a century of peace.

It is possible for an enterprising humourist, no doubt, to extract some grim amusement from this red tale of war. In the Crimean war, for example, the French, on an average, fired 500 bullets for every man they hit; the English fired 700. The Russians, who must have fired mostly into space, actually took 910 bullets to hit a man. So villainous was the shooting on all sides!

Even with the arms of precision used in the Franco-German war it was proved that out of every 400 bullets fired 399 hit nothing. But "the butcher's bill" for the century is gigantic. Mullah calculates that "the wars of ninety years down to 1880 cost 4,470,000 lives, and £3,047,000,000."

English Wars.

English wars, however, more closely concern English readers, and these, it must be confessed, stretch in one exasperated splutter throughout the century, rising once or twice, at least, to wars of great scale. In India war has been the normal condition of things, peace the accident. We have fought and conquered, in turn, the Ghoorkhas, the Pindarees, the Afghans, the princes of Scinde, the fanatical Sikhs, the Burmese, and then, by way of change, we fought our own native army! We fought with Turkey to secure the independence of Greece; and we bombarded Acre to maintain the Turkish rule in Syria. We have fought three times with China. The present war is the fourth time British soldiers and pig-tailed warriors have met in battle. By way of interlude we lent Gordon to the Manchu dynasty to save it from destruction at the hands of its own subjects.

We have had four Kaffir wars; a microscopic war with Persia; an Abyssinian war—which cost much gold but very little blood. We need hardly count our Maori wars; our wars with the Ashantees or with the Zulus—though this brought us one memorable disaster; our first Boer war. The war that crushed Arabi Pasha and preserved Egypt and the Canal for civilisation was a brilliant bit of work. Our performances in the Soudan involved much hard fighting, one dramatic expedition up the Nile, and the tragedy of Gordon's death at Khartoum. But until Lord Kitchener brought his iron will and ice-clear, as well as ice-cold, intellect to bear on the conflict we reaped no laurels on the hot sands of the Soudan. And the closing days of the century find us at war on two continents. We are fighting for the cause of civilisation in China; we have just closed a brilliant little frontier war in Ashantee; and in South Africa are bringing to an end a war which, if not the greatest in scale, is one of the most picturesque in its incidents, and memorable in its political results, in British history.

The Peace-loving Englishman.

All this, it must be admitted, is a very ample war record for "a nation of shopkeepers;" a people whose imagination is supposed to be destitute of the Imperial note, and who ask from the rest of mankind nothing but to be let alone! The typical Englishman is, no doubt, of a domestic and peace-loving character. But it must be confessed he has some of the qualities of Job's war-horse; he "sniffs the battle from afar"! He does not want to fight; but if any fighting is going on he likes to assist at it, if only as a spectator. And if anybody insists on picking a quarrel with him—say by interfering with his trade, or meddling with his flag, or oppressing any of his vagrant children—then John Bull will fight in frank, good-tempered fashion, but with a hardening doggedness, a straightforward, much-enduring courage, which, in the long run, outwards and vanquishes the more fiery valour of other races. "It's dogged as does it" may be taken as John Bull's principle in war.

The Type of English Wars.

About English wars during the century, however, certain general characteristics are clear. They have changed in type. Dynastic wars have passed away. Wars of conquest are unknown. British territory, it

is true, has enormously expanded as a result of war; but it is certain that any war undertaken nakedly for purposes of conquest would shock the British conscience, and wreck the Cabinet that proposed it. The English frontiers run so far; they touch savagery at so many points; they march with wild tribes for such vast distances that a perpetual splutter of strife is almost inevitable. Where order and lawlessness, civilisation and savagery clash together, the ring of steel on steel, the crackle of angry musketry-fire, is sure to be heard. Many of Great Britain's little wars are mere affairs of police. But they are incessant; and so it comes to pass that the British army, as a permanent characteristic, always includes in its ranks more men and officers who have seen actual battle than the army of any other civilised Power.

Many of the wars of Great Britain during the century have been of a distinctly unselfish, not to say generous, character. We fought at Navarino to give freedom to Greece. We bombarded Algiers to suppress piracy. We invaded Abyssinia to deliver a cluster of captives. We fought in Egypt in the interests of civilisation. We waged a long and bloody conflict in the Soudan to protect the world from a new outbreak of Mohammedan fanaticism. We cannot pretend that our Indian wars were always unselfish, but they were never voluntary on our part. They were forced on us.

A Stupid War.

Some of our wars may be contemplated ruefully, if only for their amazing stupidity. The Crimean war stands in this category. We put 100,000 men in the field; we added £50,000,000 to the national debt; we fought Alma and Inkermann; we endured the terrible winter of 1854-55, and we sacrificed the lives of over 22,000 gallant men. And all for what? The cynic might say merely for the sake of securing to a community of ignorant and unwashed monks the privilege of having a key of their own for the great door of the Church of Bethlehem; or, a still more wonderful end, for the sake of preserving for a couple of million of Turks the sacred privilege of oppressing 8,000,000 Christians. But historical insight is not usually the gift of a cynic. The Crimean war was but one episode of that great Eastern Question which has so long perplexed the wisdom and disturbed the politics of Europe.

Yet the war in the Crimea added some thrilling traditions to British military history. The ride of the Six Hundred up the shallow valley of Balaklava will be told as long as the English tongue is spoken. And not the great breach at Badajos, not the bloody hillside at Albuera, witnessed a more amazing valour than the mist-clad and rocky slopes of Inkerman, where a little over 3,000 British soldiers, caught unawares, without leadership and almost without ammunition—counting those actually holding the ridge—sustained for hours the attack of nearly 40,000 Russians, with a great strength of artillery. The distracted fighting of that wild scene is exquisitely illustrated by a familiar story of Pennefather. Cathcart brought up the Guards and the Fourth Division to where Pennefather was doggedly holding his position against overwhelming foes. Cathcart asked where he could best help him. "Get in anywhere," said Pennefather cheerfully. "There's lots of fighting going on all round."

But after the reader's blood has been stirred by reading the story of the splendid endurance and fighting qualities of the British soldiers in the Crimea, the war itself, when set in the cold light of reason, is one of the most stupid in history. There was no statesmanship in its origin, and no generalship in its conduct. Have we not been told, indeed, how, when in the British Cabinet the despatch was read which com-

mitted England to the strife, every member of the Cabinet, except the reader, was sound asleep!

Great Disasters.*

In the fighting of the century for British troops are some great and memorable disasters. What is more tragical than the story of the retreat from Cabul in 1842? The British army, 4,500 strong, struggled through the wild Khyber Pass, the red flame of Afghan muskets flashing almost incessantly on flank and rear, the white snow falling from the black wintry skies above. Through cold, and hunger, and fatigue, and the pelting of hostile bullets, the unhappy column struggled on day after day. Only four Europeans broke finally through the pass. Three were slain within four miles of Jellalabad; and a solitary survivor—Dr. Brydon—bloody with wounds, gaunt with hunger, almost blind with weariness, struggled to the gate of that city, the sole survivor of an army! Brydon, it is curious to remember, lived to share the horrors of the siege of Lucknow, in the Mutiny, where he was severely wounded. To have shared the terrors of the retreat from Cabul and the crowded perils of the siege of Lucknow was a somewhat unfair share of hard experience for a single human being!

India supplies another of the military disasters of the century in the unhappy retreat from Maiwand. Burrows, with his brigade, 2,600 strong, made a forced march of twelve miles to reach Maiwand in advance of Ayoub Khan. The Afghan general outmarched him, and fell upon the British four miles to the southwest of Maiwand. The Afghans were enormously superior in force; they had thirty guns. The British were badly placed and ill-led. Their flanks were turned, they were parched with thirst and exhausted with their march, and they had to fall back. MacLaine fought his guns till the Ghazis were at their very muzzles, but the Sepoys broke, and swept in wild flight over the gallant 66th. In the long retreat which followed, again and again little clusters of the British turned on their pursuers and died fighting, but the desperate retreat and the fierce pursuit were maintained all night, and on the following day at midday less than 1,000 men out of 2,500 reached Kandahar. It was the worst disaster to the British in India since Chillianwallah.

Isandhlwana, again, is one of the memorable disasters of British military history. Here more than 600 regulars perished. The 24th was practically destroyed, while the loss to the colonial forces was nearly as great. Never before or since have so many white men perished at the same time beneath the spears of black men.

The British Fighting Man.

But, taken as a whole, if the wars of England in the nineteenth century do not always reflect credit on the intelligence of its statesmen or the leadership of its generals, yet the fire of English courage shines in these contests from first to last, with a flame as clear as at Crecy or Poitiers or Agincourt. Sebastopol deserves to be classed beside Badajoz, Inkermann with Albuera, the winter camp above Balacava with the retreat of Moore's veterans to Corunna. The famous charge of the 23rd Light Dragoons at Talavera, for fire and

daring, as well as for folly, did not exceed the ride of Cardigan's Six Hundred on the Russian guns at Balacava. And in the war in South Africa just closing, whatever may be said about British generalship, for pluck in leading amongst the regimental officers, and for endurance and courage in following amongst the men, there is nothing finer in British records. The British "Tommy" of to-day deserves to take his stand for endurance on the march and pluck in the fighting-line with Crawford's veterans of the Light Division, or with the men who held the squares at Waterloo.

The British private has, no doubt, undergone a certain change, but it is a change for the better. He has virtues which the men of the Peninsula, the soldiers with whom Wellington said he could have "gone anywhere and done anything," would not so much as have understood. The "Tommy Atkins" of to-day, Lord Roberts has said, is "a hero on the battle-field, and a gentleman everywhere." Wellington, it will be remembered, described his troops at Waterloo as "an infamous army;" "the worst army he ever commanded." British troops, he once said, in a very bilious mood, were "the scum of the earth!" The Iron Duke was very economical of compliments; but certainly the men who behaved like heroes on the breach at Badajoz, or on the broken walls of St. Sebastian, were sufficiently remote from gentlemen when those towns were carried. They plundered, ravished, swore, and slew like savages. The "Tommy" of to-day is, at this point, more than a century in moral advance of Wellington's men.

British Generalship.

Even much-abused British generalship is not without its glories throughout the century. The great French war left us a fine legacy of military skill. Napier, who at Meane, with less than 2,500 troops, of whom only 500 were British, overthrew 36,000 Beloochese, is one of the great captains of history. He only wanted a larger field to have won supreme fame. While Gough and Hardinge were generals of the hard-fighting type, who possessed, in ample measure, that contempt for odds and joy in combat which are the characteristic qualities of the best British soldiery. And who amongst living soldiers to-day, or amongst the soldiers of the century, stands higher than Lord Roberts? Moltke, perhaps, alone amongst commanders of this generation, could compete with Roberts in science and power of combination; but Moltke would never have attempted the famous march from Cabul to Kandahar, where Roberts, violating all military rule, and cutting himself adrift from his base, marched with 10,000 men across 300 miles of an enemy's country, and did it in twenty days.

We are "a nation of shopkeepers;" and yet, with Wellington at the beginning of the century, and Roberts at the close, we may at least claim that our race has its full share of famous generals!

[Reprinted from the Melbourne "Argus" by arrangement with its proprietors.]

CHARACTER SKETCH.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY W. T. STEAD.

"Backward look across the ages, to the Beacon moments see,
That jut like peaks of some sunk continent above Oblivion's sea."—Lowell.

The Nineteenth Century has left us, and joined the procession of vanished centuries which stretch back into the infinite distance of the past. It is, therefore, possible to form some estimate of its character, to realise the Century as an entity, to speak of what it has brought us, what it has taught us, and what it has taken away. We still stand too near to it to see its effects in true perspective; but, now that it is at an end, we can for the first time speak of it as a whole. In common courtesy to a century which has been with us all our lives, we must pay it the compliment of a formal adieu.

The Difficulty of the Chronicler.

It would be curious and instructive to have a series of nineteen appreciations of the nineteen centuries of the Christian era written at the close of each, and to compare the estimate of the modern historian with the judgment of those who stood at the bier of the century whose character they endeavour to sum up. It is safe to say that in very few instances would the contemporary chronicler be in accord with those who are in a position of looking back upon the past from the distances of a thousand years. In the thirty-eighth century, the estimate which posterity will form of the nineteenth will probably differ as widely from that which we are forming to-day, as the estimate of the first century formed, let us say by Gibbon, would differ from that of Tacitus.

This is the more probable because the men of to-day, like the Century of which they form a part, are materialised and material. The characteristic of the Century, palpable and obvious to all men, is that of enormous, unprecedented, material prosperity. The greatest triumphs have been gained in the material sphere. The supreme outcome of the Century's labours is the production of a quick-firing gun, capable of pumping tons of explosive shell over four or five miles of country at the rate of twenty shots per minute. It is the Century of the locomotive, of the steamship, of the dynamo. It is a mechanical Century. The hundred years are but as a pedestal for the man with the hammer. We have lived these last hundred years in the smithy of Vulcan rather than on the heights of Olympus. It is the age of Tubal Cain. But it is not in the steamship or the railway, but "in the thoughts that shake mankind," that centuries are apt to find their best title to posthumous immortality. And it is difficult to say at this moment by what "mankind-shaking thought" the Nineteenth Century will be chiefly remembered when it is gone. Certainly it is to the realm of thought that we must go to seek for things that endure. "For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

In Europe, the Century of Napoleon—

Hence it is extremely difficult, not to say impossible, to sum up the character of the Nineteenth Century

with any degree of accuracy. All that we can do is to note what appear on the surface to the observer close at hand to be its leading characteristics, its foremost men, its more valuable contributions to the world movement, without venturing to dogmatise as to the yet-to-be revealed significance of influences, tendencies, and individualities which are at work below the surface. If mankind gives the highest place to the Religious Teacher, it must be admitted that the aboriginal savage in man asserts himself by according an almost equally lofty position to the Warrior. It is not quite true, as the poet says, that—

So, o'er-shadowing all the past,
The conqueror stalks sublime,

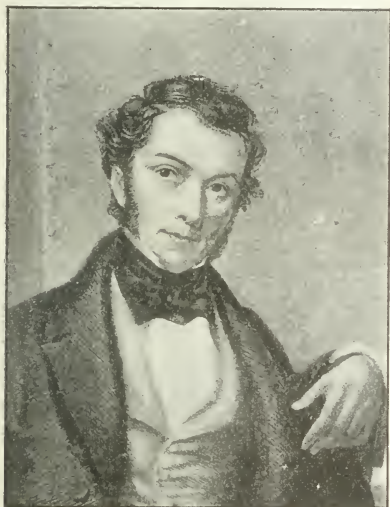
for the founders of religions are much more conspicuous than the conqueror. But the soldiers have succeeded in stamping their names in letters of blood illumined with fire upon most centuries. The Nineteenth is no exception to the rule. In Napoleon, whose career culminated and crashed in the first fifteen years of this century, we have a prodigy of war second to none in the annals of the human race. In the Pantheon of Warriors he holds his own with the foremost.

Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon—a triple incarnation of Mars—are among the demigods of mankind. The Nineteenth Century, which in its opening years saw Napoleon at the zenith of his tremendous fortunes, witnessed at its close an astonishing revival of interest in his memory. This interest manifested itself in opposite directions. In France it revealed itself chiefly in destructive and deprecatory criticism; in England and the United States there was as strong a tendency to hero worship. The Chicago boy, who went to the Invalides because he reckoned Napoleon was the smartest man the whole world produced, summed up the estimate which American periodical literature has somewhat diligently fostered. Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon in St. Helena" may be regarded as the latest illustration of the renewed interest in "The Scavenger of God."

The French Revolution torpedoed the Federalism of Europe, but without Napoleon it would have exploded aimlessly. Napoleon was at once the steel core and the driving force which directed the revolutionary explosive to its goal. The old craft was patched up after the torpedo had burst, and kept floating for some years. But Napoleon had dealt it a death-blow. It expired in 1848. Its shadow still haunts Austria, and Junkerdom, still unmindful of Jena, resents the triumph of the modern ideal. Nevertheless, it has triumphed. The principles of the French Revolution have made the tour of the world. France wrecked herself in the excess of her propagandist enthusiasm. But her sacrifice enabled her to dominate the century.

Even the great turn of the Wheel of Fortune which displaced France from the headship of Europe was largely due to the influence of the Napoleonic ideal. To the supremacy of Germany the first Napoleon con-

tributed a fact, the third Napoleon an ideal. The overthrow of Prussia on the battlefield of Jena and the restrictions imposed by the conqueror on the number of troops to be maintained under arms, led to the system of short and universal military service, which, in the capable hands of Von Moltke, became so irresistible a weapon for the defeat of Austria, and afterwards for the conquest of France. The force even more potent than the short service system in bringing about the unification of Germany was enthusiasm for the doctrine of nationality. This doctrine the third Napoleon took under his special patronage. He gave it a baptism of blood on the plains of Italy. In the hands of Prince Bismarck it was one of the most effective means that led to the proclamation of the King of Prussia as Emperor of Germany in the Palace of Louis Quatorze. Alike by direct action, and by no less direct reaction, so potent has been their influence upon



RICHARD COBDEN.

(From the "Review of Reviews" Annual.)

the history of Europe that the Nineteenth Century may, in the Old World, be regarded as the History of France and Napoleon.

—Elsewhere, of the English Speakers—

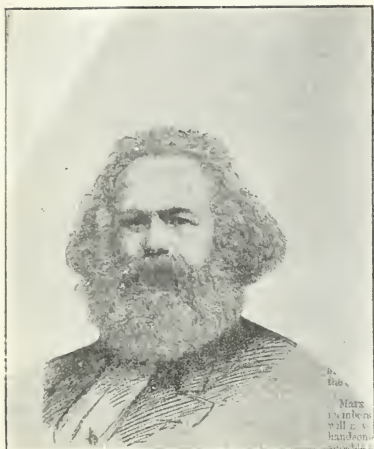
So far as Europe is concerned. But Europe is not all the world—it is indeed every year becoming comparatively a less important portion of the world. Outside Europe, the most distinctive and remarkable feature of the Nineteenth Century has been the immense development of the English-speaking race. That race, unhappily torn into two sections by the infatuated "loyalism" of the eighteenth century, has developed with extraordinary rapidity. The British Empire began the century by destroying the Parliament of Ireland. It has closed it by trampling out of existence the Parliaments of the South African Republics. From January 1, 1801, when the Act of Union came into

existence, to the present date, it has expanded its territory far in excess of its capacity for government, until now it is responsible for the protection of from eleven to twelve million square miles of territory, and for the good government of 400,000,000 of the human race. Of these teeming millions, however, 340,000,000 are coloured Helots, who are taxed and policed, but who are sternly denied any right to responsible self-government. The English-speaking, self-governing population of the Empire does not exceed 60,000,000, of whom 40,000,000 are in the United Kingdom and Ireland, say 5,000,000 in Canada, and another 5,000,000 in Australia and New Zealand. This represents the white man. The other 340,000,000 represent the white man's burden.

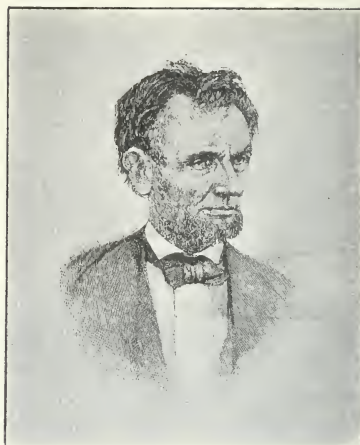
The white population of the Empire at the beginning of the century was not 20,000,000. If it now stands at 60,000,000, it has nearly trebled itself in the course of the century. This rate of increase is, however, thrown into the shade by the immense advance of the United States, whose advent as the greatest of world Powers is the most conspicuous event of the closing years of the Nineteenth Century. In 1801 the population of the United States was 5,308,000. At the last census, taken this year, the population is 76,265,000. Of these, 8,900,000 probably are blacks. The white man in the United States speaks many languages, but his children all speak English. We may take it that, excluding coloured people in both Empire and Republic, the English-speaking race is now 125,000,000 strong, who reign supreme over native races of various colours, numbering 350,000,000. The English-speaking race, therefore, has outstripped all the races of European stock. If in Europe the century is that of France and Napoleon, outside Europe it is not less conspicuously the century of the English-speaking Empire and Republic.

—and of the Russians.

There is only one other great racial phenomenon worthy to be mentioned beside the immense expansion of the English-speaking world as a distinctive characteristic of the Nineteenth Century, and that is the growth of Russia. The last day but one of the eighteenth century, the Tsar Alexander I. is said to have put forth the somewhat fantastic suggestion that, instead of deluging Europe with blood, the contending sovereigns should meet at St. Petersburg and settle their differences by single combat, their Ministers acting as seconds. The proposal had no result, but it is curious that the Nineteenth Century should have opened and closed with the consideration of proposals by Russian Tsars, devised with the avowed object of diverting war. A century ago, Russia was a comparatively unknown and barbarous region, whose total population was only 38,000,000. To-day, Russia is traversed from end to end by an excellent service of railways; in a year or two all the eastern and Australian mails will be despatched by the Siberian railway; her Tsar has taken a noble initiative in promoting the most advanced ideas both as to the prevention and the humanising of war; and her population is now 120,000,000. Nor is this by any means the most formidable factor. Russia's natural drift southward to the Bosphorus being arbitrarily thwarted by England, who cast her shield over Turkey for her own reasons, was diverted eastward. The result is that Russia to-day is continuous with Afghanistan and not many weeks' march from the border of India. She has tamed the Tartars of the Khanates, extirpated the slave trade, carried the railway within striking distance of Herat, and established herself as undisputed sovereign over the whole of Northern Asia.



KARL MARX.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.



PRINCE BISMARCK.

GREAT MEN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

(From the "Review of Reviews" Annual.)

The Awakening of Asia.

In surveying the history of a century our attention is naturally attracted by the greatest masses of men. We are compelled to think in continents. It is possible that the future historian may point to the awakening of the Eastern nations as the most important—not, perhaps, the most advantageous—piece of work accomplished in the Nineteenth Century. The awakening of Japan was an affair of yesterday. The awakening of China has but begun.

The Scramble for Africa.

After the awakening of the Far East must be mentioned the scramble for Africa. As late as the sixties African colonies were regarded as little better than an intolerable nuisance. From that time onward the process of partition proceeded at ever accelerating speed, until at this moment almost every acre in Africa is in the possession or under the protectorate of one or other European Power. The hallucination of the Atlas will probably be the subject for much amused comment on the part of posterity. For the last twenty years of the century it dominated the peoples and the statesmen of Europe. This strange malady might seem to be more natural to the people of Laputa than to the practical, matter-of-fact European public, but it has raged with unabated fury for a quarter of a century. This hallucination was characterised by a curious confusion of ideas. Its victims imagined that in some mysterious way they became happier, and their empire became stronger, if they were allowed to take a paint-brush and colour the map of other continents with the same pigment which was used to demarcate the boundaries of their own country. The spectacle of a huge portion of the African or Asiatic map being painted red, green, or blue, as the case might be, exercised a soothing effect upon their nervous vanity, and operated as a kind of exhilarating dream upon their national pride.

The Century of the Steamship.

The possibility of effecting these vast political changes on distant continents has been due to one of the most conspicuous achievements of the Nineteenth Century. The redistribution of the area of continents was rendered easy because the white man had previously conquered the sea. It is true that from the days when Solomon sent his argosies to Ophir, the sea had been the highway of travel, of trade, and of conquest. But not until this century was the subjugation of the sea complete. The wayward wind has always an element which in previous centuries constantly baffled the calculations of moderns.

The defeat of the Spanish Armada is but one of a vast number of similar great designs of ambitious statesmen which miscarried because they could not command the winds. The Nineteenth Century has not given mankind the empire over the winds. The sceptre of Eolus can be grasped by no mortal. But the century has enabled us, by the aid of steam, to be independent of wind or tide. It is difficult, not to say impossible, for the men of to-day to realise how great a change this has made, what an element of stability and certainty it has introduced into our communications overseas.

The Shrinkage of the World.

The reduction of the duration of the Atlantic passage from twenty-six days to less than six, is no small achievement for a single century. It is part of that Titanic task of effecting the shrinkage of the world, which mankind neglected until the end of the eighteenth century, but at which it has been labouring ever since. It is a curious reflection that Louis XIV., whether on

sea or on land, could not move more rapidly than Julius Caesar, or to go still further back, than Nimrod, or the Pharaohs of the first dynasty. During thousands of years no one broke the earlier records of human speed. No man could travel faster than a man could run, than a horse could gallop, or a ship could sail. But the Nineteenth Century has changed all that. The human race has become vastly more mobile. Man mounts a bicycle, and trebles his speed; climbs into a locomotive, and swoops across the country for hundreds of miles on end at over a mile a minute. At sea he has more than doubled his speed. The result is, that although space has not been abolished, everyone is nearer neighbours with everyone else. The world has become perceptibly smaller. Nations are to one another now almost as parishes were in the last century. It is true, as Mr. Havelock Ellis makes one of his Utopians remark, somewhat bitterly, when speaking of the men of the Nineteenth Century: "Although it was the custom at that time to write letters, they had no international postage; and though they were always travelling, they had no international coinage, and though nations were of more importance than we can conceive—and therefore the need of inter-communication a primary necessity—they had no international language. I do not see how you can speak of civilisation under such conditions." But that a conception like that of internationalism as a practical reality should have dawned upon the minds of men, was due to the success with which steam has been tamed and converted into the carrier of mankind.

Darwin and His Influence.

If the first part of the century was dominated by the genius of Napoleon, in its closing years the influence of Darwin was not less in the ascendant. The doctrine of evolution, with which his name is most prominently identified, may be regarded as the master dogma of the century. Its subtle influence is to be felt in every department of life. It has profoundly modified our conceptions of creation, and it is every day influencing more and more our ideas of morality. Nietzsche may be regarded as the first thinker to give the new tendency its full scope. We need not fear that mankind will take Nietzsche neat. But it seems by no means improbable that the twentieth century will be brought up in its earlier years on Nietzsche and water. The sun of the century rose, as it has set, in blood. It was the century of Napoleon and of Bismarck, nevertheless it was pre-eminently a humanitarian century.

Humanitarian Wars.

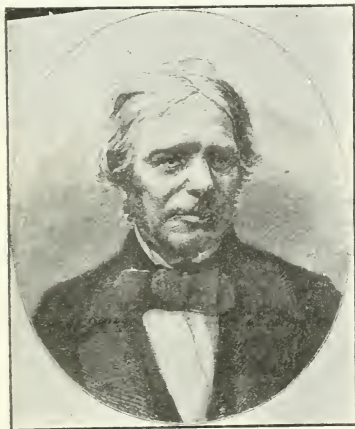
Even its wars have been largely prompted by humanitarian emotion. The war for the liberation of Greece, which brought the Russians to Adrianople, and sank the Turkish fleet at Navarino, was a war prompted by sympathy for the victims of Ottoman oppression. So, emphatically, was the war waged in 1877-78, as the result of the Bulgarian atrocities, and so, to come down to a still later date, was the American war for the liberation of Cuba. In all these cases the appeal was to the sentiment of pity and to the sentiment of justice. The waning of the force of this sentiment under the baleful shadow of the doctrine of "Might makes right, the weakest to the wall, and to hell with the unfit," was conspicuously illustrated in the abandonment of the Armenians to the vengeance of Turk and Kurd, and cynically emphasised by the cordiality with which the Kaiser on his pilgrimage to Jerusalem tarried at Constantinople to eat bread and exchange compliments with the great Assassin.

But it is not merely or even most conspicuously in wars that this humanitarian characteristic of the Nine-

teenth Century comes out in bold relief. Whatever evil deeds stand to its discredit, the Century can at least claim that it has given the death-blow to slavery.

Religion.

No survey of the history of the Nineteenth Century would be complete that did not bestow some attention to the drift of religious thought. The Century can hardly be described as par excellence a religious century. It has produced no great spiritual teacher, not even a Luther or a Loyola. In outward things the most notable achievement was the proclamation of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, which had as its counterpart on the other side the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope. The closing hour of the century is to witness a great watch-night service in St. Peter's at Rome, in which Leo. XIII. will, over the tomb of the apostles "unite two centuries in a solemn consecration of homage to Jesus Christ, the King of immortal ages."



MICHAEL FARADAY.

(From the "Review of Reviews" Annual.)

A Christ-centred Century.

Herbert Spencer's conception of humanity as an organism without personality has enabled the Christian thinkers of the latter half of the century to present the Christian doctrine in a form which may more readily commend itself to modern students of social science. They contend that, as there must have been a point in the slow evolution of man from the brute, when man first became human and acquired moral consciousness as an individual, so there was a moment in the history of the race when the New Man, or rather the new humanity, emerged, and, from being an organism unconscious of personality, acquired consciousness of unity and personality. This supreme moment, they contend, was the Incarnation. When God became incarnate man, the goal towards

which the race had travelled through a Via Dolorosa of numberless aeons was reached, and the Divine soul of the world was made manifest in Christ. As long before, the soulless brute became "man a living soul," so the race which heretofore had been an organism unaware of its personal unity was born anew with the Personality and the Soul, which was and is the living Christ of God. In Him were gathered up all the scattered rays of Deity which had gleamed through the darkness of the long past. Their source and focus, He became the Light of the World. He was revealed, what He eternally is, the Living Soul of Humanity—that humanity which, since His appearing, has shown itself as it is to-day, partly an organ responsive to His purpose, partly—perhaps preponderantly—a body of sin and death warring in all its members against the Soul which will some day bring all things to subjection unto its perfect Will. The vital religious movement of the century has been the dawning consciousness of the reality of the Christ-soul of mankind, the hope for the next century is that this consciousness will ripen more and more unto the perfect day.

The Coming Catholicism.

The foundations of the old faith have been shaken, and men's hearts do not exactly fail them for fear, but they are looking round for an impregnable rock on which to take their stand. They see clearly that a good deal of stubble and chaff and sand will have to fly before they can get down to bed-rock. Modern science has accustomed them to constantly verified and re-verified experimental demonstration of truth. The mind craves for as veritable a basis for the faith of the future. Is it possible that such a gift may be awaiting us in the century that is come? The hope that we may be on the eve of the discovery of a wider synthesis which will unveil to the wistful eye of man a real Catholicism, and display the essential unity which pervades all the religions of all the world, is in itself a prophecy of what may be in store for us. "God wills, man hopes," said the poet, and the mere aspiration after the advent of such a thing may be one of the agencies helping to bring it about. The remarkable gathering known as the Parliament of Religions, that met at Chicago seven years ago, foreshadowed the realisation of such an ideal. In the coming centuries it may be that the Parliament of Religions will loom more largely than the Ecumenical Council which decreed the infallibility of the Pope. The unity of mankind once recognised as the necessary correlative of the unity of God, and much at present chimerical becomes attainable. "One is your Father, and all ye are brethren," is the first article of the religion of the future. From that, all the rest may be deduced. Fatherhood in man alone can render possible the realising faith in the Fatherhood of God. Thus the mysterious law of wedded love, the infinite attraction of sex and its resultant in the mother and the child, is revealed as the primeval Sinai of all religions that have been, that are, or that ever will be. How dare I conclude this survey of the century and its teachings without saying once more what was given me to say years ago in Holloway Gaol, and saying it too with a conviction that grows deeper with advancing years: "Be a Christ!" In these three words are summed up the vital essence of the Christian creed, and who knows but that in the twentieth century it may be possible to advance some steps nearer to the realisation of that ideal Church—the Union of all who Love in the Service of all who Suffer?

A MASTER OF BRITISH MUSIC.

THE LATE SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

By the death of Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose name has become a household word, British music and British musicians have sustained a severe loss. No contemporary British composer can boast such a brilliant and successful career as Sullivan has had from his earliest days. With his remarkable versatility and sweet melody he has been enabled to appeal to the public in almost every form of music—in the hymn, the anthem, the oratorio, the cantata, the simple song, the opera, and orchestral music—and it has been given to no other of our native composers to provide so much enjoyment and innocent delight to so large and mixed an audience. In which form of his art he succeeded best really matters little: some are more moved by the pathos of his songs, church music, and serious work; others are inclined to believe he has achieved greater things for humanity in his tuneful light operas. According to Mr. Willeby, the magic of his music lies in its intense sympathy, its true sincerity of feeling, and probably he is right.

In a brief sketch it is impossible to do more than indicate one or two landmarks in the composer's career. The short notice in Grove's "Dictionary" is, like the "Dictionary" itself, now hopelessly out of date, but in "Masters of English Music," written a few years ago by Mr. Charles Willeby (Harper and Brothers), Sullivan is accorded the place of honour, and more recently still, Mr. Arthur Lawrence has provided us with a "Life" (James Bowden). In addition, there are one or two interviews published in different periodicals, and "A Chapter of Autobiography" contributed to "M. A. P." From these sources, it will perhaps be best to single out a few points of interest, letting the composer tell his story in his own words as far as possible.

"I Sang and Conquered."

When I was not more than four or five years old (says Sir Arthur), it became perfectly evident that my career in life must be in music and in nothing else.

My great ambition was to become a member of the choir of either the Chapel Royal or Westminster Abbey. My father did not think the education good enough, however, and opposed this wish. In vain I urged: "Purcell was an Abbey boy." "Yes," replied my father, "but Beethoven wasn't, nor was the Duke of Wellington."

I was sent to a school in Bayswater, and there worried my excellent old master until he consented to take me to see Sir George Smart, the organist and composer of the Chapel Royal. Dear old Sir George receiving me kindly, heard me sing "With Verdure Clad," in which I accompanied myself, patted me on the head, and sent me at once to see Mr. Helmore, the master of the Chapel Royal boys. I dragged my poor old master thither, was examined, sang, and promptly obtained the boon I coveted.

While still a choir-boy, Sir Arthur made his first attempts at composition—"O Israel" (song) and an anthem. In a letter written at the time, he says:—

When I had composed my anthem I showed it to Sir George Smart, who told me it did me great credit, and also told me to get the parts copied out, and he would see what he could do with it. So I copied them out, and he desired the sub-dean to have it sung, and it was sung. The dean was there in the evening, and he called me up to him in the vestry, and said it was

very clever, and said that perhaps I should be writing an oratorio some day. But he said there was something higher to attend to, and then Mr. Helmore said that I was a very good boy indeed. Whereupon he (the sub-dean, ex-officio Bishop Bloomfield) shook hands with me with half a sovereign—

Sir Arthur, it is said, always wore the coin round his neck as a talisman while composing.

First Mendelssohn Scholar.

When I was about fourteen (Sullivan continues) I heard that a competitive examination would take place at the Royal Academy of Music for a scholarship founded in memory of Mendelssohn.

There was a large number of competitors, as was only to be expected, and when I saw them I almost gave up all hope of success. However, when it came to the last day of the examination, it was announced that the scholarship lay between the oldest and the youngest of the competitors. I was the youngest. The oldest was Joseph Barnby. During that long summer day Barnby and I were put through a most searching final examination. At the close the judges reserved their decision.

"We shall make known the result to-morrow," said one of them. "The successful competitor will receive a letter, announcing that he is the winner of the scholarship."

I spent the day in a fever of excitement. Every time I heard a knock at the door my heart was in my mouth. The day wore on, but still no letter. I was begin-

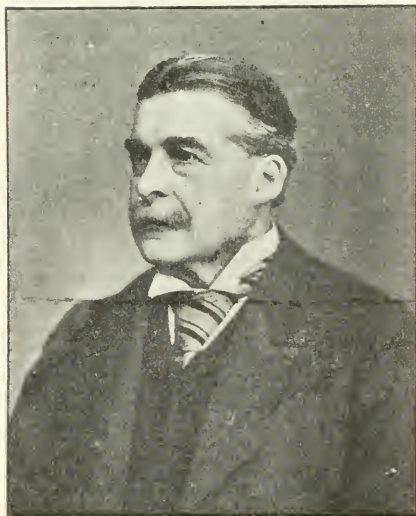


Photo by]

[Elliott and Fry.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

ning to lose hope. At last, rat-tat! The postman's knock. It was unmistakable. I crept into the hall. The maid-servant passed by me, and went to the letter-box.

"A letter for you, Master Sullivan," she said.

I took it from her, tore it open, and then—I had won it! I don't think I ever felt such joy in my life. I have that precious letter now, framed and hung on my wall, with other pleasant reminders of happy by-gone days.

It was arranged that I should continue in the Chapel Royal as my voice had not yet "broke," and pursue my studies at the Royal Academy at the same time.

I worked fairly hard, and in the following summer I received a letter informing me that in consequence of the progress I had made, my scholarship had been extended for another year. At the end of my second year at the Academy, it was again allotted to me, in order that I might go abroad and study at the Conservatorium at Leipzig.

The training I received in Germany during the next two and a half years was invaluable to me. I went to Leipzig at a very interesting time. In England, before I left, nothing was right but Mendelssohn. At Leipzig I found a bitter war waging between the admirers of Mendelssohn and those of Schumann. Besides these, there were the partisans of Wagner, who were already beginning to insist that he was the greatest of all composers, past, present, and to come.

Music in England in the Sixties.

When I returned to London in 1861, I found that musical opinion had not moved in any direction during the last two years and a half that I had been absent. Mendelssohn was still the sole representative of modern music that met with anything like cordial approbation.

Cipriani Potter was then at the head of the Royal Academy of Music. He was a fine musician, and had known Beethoven well. I came to him full of my ideas about Schumann, and Schubert, and Wagner. Cipriani Potter was terribly disappointed in me.

"I'm very sorry about Sullivan!" he used to say. "Going to Germany has ruined him!"

"But, Mr. Potter," said I to him one day, "have you ever heard any of this music that you are condemning?"

"Well—no, I haven't," replied he; "but—"

"Will you play over some of Schumann's symphonies with me? I have them arranged for four hands."

He willingly agreed, and I went to his home night after night and played them with him. At the end of three months he was a blind worshipper of Schumann. About this time, too, I made the acquaintance of George Grove, who was the secretary of the Crystal Palace, and of August Manns, the conductor of the concerts there. I showed them Schumann's First Symphony—in B flat—and they were so struck that they gave it shortly afterwards at one of the Crystal Palace winter concerts.

Well, about this time music began to go ahead, and get out of the monotonous respectability that had kept it back for some time. We made music move in England, and put life into it.

Optus I.

A bright future for Sullivan was predicted at Leipzig. The success of an overture and a string quartet which he composed at the Conservatorium, and the encouragement he received from Spohr, spurred him on to further effort. He would write something which should prove to the Mendelssohn Scholarship Committee that they had not misjudged his powers:—

My first published work was the music I wrote to Shakespeare's "Tempest," when I was eighteen years of age, and it was the performance of this work (at the Crystal Palace), a year after I returned to England, in 1862, which first brought my name before the public at all prominently. This was the great day of my life!

It was about 1872 that the Gilbert-Sullivan collaboration began. Fourteen operas are the outcome of this

partnership. Most of them are too well known to call for any comment, but it is curious to learn that "Pinafore," one of the most popular, should have fallen flat in Great Britain at first. In America it caught on at once. The music of this piece, generally thought to be so merry and spontaneous, was written during a most distressing illness. On the whole, "The Mikado" is perhaps the greatest favourite with the public; the composer's verdict was in favour of "The Gondoliers."

How the Musician Composes.

Each composer, no doubt, has his peculiar method of work, but the following account, given by Sullivan himself, of the manner in which his compositions were written, will be of interest:—

Of course the use of the piano would limit me terribly, and as to the inspirational theory, although I admit that sometimes a happy phrase will occur to one quite unexpectedly rather than as the result of any definite reasoning process, musical composition, like everything else, is the outcome of hard work, and there is really nothing speculative nor spasmodic about it.

The first thing I have to decide upon is the rhythm, and I arrange the rhythm before I come to the question of melody. My first aim has always been to get as much originality as possible in the rhythm, approaching the question of melody afterwards. Of course melody may come before rhythm with other composers, but it is not so with me. If I feel that I cannot get the accent right in any other way, I mark out the metre in dots and dashes, and it is only after I have decided the rhythm that I proceed to notation.

My first work—the jotting down of the melodies—I term "sketches." They are hieroglyphics which, possibly, would seem undecipherable. It is my musical shorthand, and, of course, it means much to me. When I have finished these sketches the creative part of my work is completed. After that comes the orchestration, which is, of course, a very essential part of the whole work, and entails some severe manual labour. Apart from getting into the swing of composition, it is often an hour before my hand is steady enough to shape the notes well and with sufficient rapidity. When I have made a beginning, however, I work very rapidly.

You must remember that a piece of music which will only take two minutes in actual performance—quick time—may necessitate two or three days' hard work in the mere manual labour of orchestration, apart from the question of composition.

The literary man can avoid sheer manual labour in a number of ways, but you cannot dictate musical notation to a secretary. Every note must be written in your own hand, there is no other way of getting it done; and so you see every opera means four or five hundred folio pages of music, every crotchet and quaver of which has to be written out by the composer. Then, again, your ideas are pages and pages ahead of your poor overworked fingers.

When the "sketch" is completed, which means writing, re-writing, and alterations of every description, the work is drawn out in so-called "skeleton score," that is, with all the vocal parts, rests for symphonies, etc. completed, but without a note of accompaniment or instrumental work of any kind, although, naturally, I have all that in mind.

Then the voice parts are written out by the copyist, and the rehearsals begin. On those occasions I vamp an accompaniment, or, in my absence, the accompanist of the theatre does so. It is not until the music has been thoroughly learnt, and the rehearsals on the stage, with the necessary action and "business," are well advanced, that I begin orchestration.

As soon as the orchestration is finished, the band parts are copied, two or three rehearsals of the orchestra only are held, then the orchestra and voices together, without any stage business or action; and, finally, three or four full rehearsals of the complete work on the stage are enough to prepare the work for presentation to the public.

A NOTABLE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

THE LIFE OF ABDUR RAHMAN, AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN.*

The "Monthly Review" recently published as an article some extracts from this remarkable book. I noticed it at the time in the "Review of Reviews," and now I am very glad indeed to have the two volumes, clearly printed on good paper and illustrated with excellent portraits of the Amir. It is not often that an Oriental sovereign writes the history of his reign while he is still in the zenith of his power. That Abdur Rahman has done it entitles him to our gratitude and appreciation. He has a very pretty wit, has the Amir, and his Oriental fashion of illustrating his story by apologues and fables is a welcome change to the Western reader. One of his illustrations is so felicitous that, although I fear it is told in order to attack the policy with which I have always been identified, I cannot resist quoting it here. Speaking of those who maintain that there is no need to be perpetually worrying about the alleged designs of Russia upon India, the Amir says:—

This reminds me of the pigeon, who, seeing a cat coming towards him, closed his eyes, thinking that if he did not see the cat, the cat would not see him. But the cat did see him, and caught him, and ate him up.

The Goat, the Lion, and the Bear.

This illustrative style is one great characteristic of the Amir as a historian. For instance, it pursues him, even into his dreams, for he says:—

There is a saying that the cat does not dream about anything but mice. I dream of nothing but the backward condition of my country, and how to defend it, seeing that this poor goat, Afghanistan, is a victim at which a lion from one side, and a terrible bear from the other side are staring, and ready to swallow at the first opportunity afforded.

The first volume, with which we need not concern ourselves here, is chiefly biographical, and the first part of the second is descriptive of the way in which he governs his country; but the latter part of the second volume is devoted to an exposition of his political ideas. We hear the bleating of the goat as he turns alternately from the lion to the bear, and wonders whether his horns will grow sufficiently sharp to enable him to keep them both at bay. Of the two, as this book is published in English, it is not surprising to find that he has most distrust of Russia; but he is by no means satisfied with England. He quite appreciates that he is much better off with Russia on the other side than he would be if he were left face to face with England, and no Russian bear on the northern horizon. The natural policy, therefore, of the goat when he addresses himself to the lion is to do everything he possibly can to foment hatred and distrust of that terrible bear who is looking over his northern frontier. Probably, if the Amir were to write in Russia, he would present us with the other side of the shield, and Russians would be edified with the exposition of the perfidy and insatiable ambition of Great Britain.

A Slice of Bitter Lemon.

In this book he even ventures to tell the English lion pretty plainly how much he is disappointed in him, especially because of our stolid refusal to allow him to send an ambassador to London; but with the address of a true courtier, he follows up this frank expression of his disappointment by one of his charming apologues. He exhorts his sons and successors not to take any serious offence on account of this refusal:—

For we must remember the story of the lover who used to get a sweet melon from the hands of his beloved every day. She used to take great pains to cut it into tiny little slices, and place it upon a costly porcelain plate, when he visited her. One day it happened that she got hold of a very bitter melon by mistake, and as she had not tasted it herself, she put it before him, as usual. The man went on eating it, without saying a word about its bitterness. When the last piece only of the melon was left upon the plate, one of his friends came in, and took it up to eat it, but finding it so bitter, asked his friend why he had not told his beloved of the bitterness of the melon. He answered that it would have been most ungrateful, after having eaten a sweet melon every day for months, to grumble about a bitter melon which he had only to eat once. This, of course, endeared him more in the eyes of his idol.

So we are evidently left to infer that England will be more than ever devoted to Abdur Rahman when she discovers with what good grace he accepted the refusal of his son's request.

Criticism of English Policy.

In his criticism of English policy in Afghanistan, he speaks some unpalatable truths. The first Afghan war, which was undertaken in order to dethrone his grandfather, was a step for which we had no justification, and it was not honest to put our puppet upon the throne against the wishes of the Afghan people. The second period of our passive policy culminated in the third Afghan war, which was undertaken because Shere Ali had received a Russian emissary.

"It is a curious thing," remarks the Amir naively, "that England did not ask Russia for an explanation of her conduct in giving protection to Shere Ali, and in interfering with Afghanistan; but they punished Shere Ali for this, though Lord Lytton himself had ordered him to write letters to General Kaufman."

Of course the Amir equally disapproves of Lord Lytton's policy of partition, and although he approves of the present policy of subsidising Afghanistan as an independent kingdom, he is disappointed to find that it is not carried out to the extent it ought to be. He ought, for instance, to have his ambassador in London. But here again he winds up the expression of his differences with another apologue. His sons and his successors, he says, must not complain:—

They must remember the story of a person who was dreaming that God offered him some pence. He said, "No, I want precious stones." Then God offered him silver coins. The man still insisted on precious stones. He was then offered a few gold coins, and he demanded more. All at once he awoke, and found

* "The Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan." Two vols. 28s. With portraits, maps, and illustrations. (John Murray.)

he had nothing at all. So, closing his eyes again, he stretched out his hands again, and said, "Give me whatever you like. I will take it and be thankful." But it was too late. He got nothing.

A Novel Triple Alliance.

What the Amir would like is to see a Triple Alliance of Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan, closely united together, with their capitals connected by railways and telegraphs, as a strong wall in face of Russian aggression. "The sooner the English Government take steps to bring this about," he says, "the better."

The Amir speaks with a tone of absolute conviction as to the certainty that Russia intends to devour Afghanistan when she can, and India, Persia, and Turkey immediately afterwards, from which it will be seen that the Amir attributes to Russia an inordinate appetite, altogether beyond the possibilities of her digestion. His policy, he says, has been dominated by this conviction. "The Afghan people," he says, "should understand that, although the Russians have left Afghanistan alone, it is only for a season," as they are waiting for his death or some other convenient time. "I am sorry," he adds, grimly, "to have disappointed my Russian friends so many times, but they must not blame me for this. It is not my fault. I cannot die to please them, death being fixed by the Divine will."

Ready for Russia.

He talks biggity, as Brer Rabbit would say, concerning his ability to defend Herat against the whole forces of the Russian Empire. He says he can mass 100,000 fighting men at Herat in the course of a week, and can stir up the whole of the Mahometans in Russian Turkestan. Considering this, Russian officials must know that it is impossible to attack Herat during his lifetime, "because I am prepared to give them a very warm reception." He has also employed thousands of men for twelve years in building a great fortress at Dehdadi for the fortification and protection of the province of Bokh. It is also mounted with the best quick-firing guns. Having fortified Herat and Bokh, Russia turned her attention towards Bakhshun borders, in answer to which challenge he acquired Kafiristan, and prepared himself to meet the Russians in that quarter also. Now that the Russians are exhibiting an activity in the direction of Persia, he is going to pay earnest attention to the south-west border, between Herat and Kandahar. "No matter in what direction the Russians move, I, being informed by my spies, send double the number of soldiers to be ready for them, whenever they come too near." The goat evidently feels it useful to advertise to the bear how very sharp are his horns, and how strong is his neck.

What England Ought to Do.

Years, however, must elapse before Russia makes any attack on her territory, but that it will come some day he is quite certain. Therefore he drops a few necessary hints as to what we ought to do in order to protect our buffer State from Russian aggression. England and Afghanistan must be firm allies, for India would become ungovernable if Russia were at Herat. He is quite sure that Russia will never attack Afghanistan so long as England is prepared to back the Amir through thick and thin. His second hint is that Russia will never stop moving forward till England steps her; and here again comes the inevitable apologue:—

When a spring of water first breaks through a small hole, it may be stopped by a finger being placed upon the hole; but it cannot be stopped by putting an elephant before it when it is too large to be stopped.

The third hint is that England must stomp up more money, more arms, and more munitions of war to strengthen the Amir and his successors. It is very interesting to note the emphasis with which he insists upon the determination of the Afghans not to allow any English to enter their country, even for the purpose of defending it against Russia. He says:—

The only time that the Afghans would willingly admit the English army into their country would be when they had been decisively and officially defeated by Russia, and could not stop her from having their country by any possible means; but as long as the Afghans can fight for themselves, they ought not, they would not, let one soldier of Russia or England put his foot in their country to expel their enemy, as it would be impossible to get rid of the army which they themselves had invited to help them, who would always have the excuse of remaining, by saying that they were keeping the country peaceful.

If Russia and England were to partition Afghanistan, the poor goat tells the lion that the bear would get all the juicy bits:—

The countries on the west of the Indo Koosh are the richest and the most fertile provinces of Afghanistan, while those of Jellalabad and Kabul, which would fall to the share of the English, are scarcely rich enough to pay their expenses.

His fourth suggestion is that we should promote the Triple Alliance of which I have already spoken, and the fifth is that England and Afghanistan should both work towards making their subjects rich and contented, keeping an army sufficient to oppose the advance of an enemy, "just as taking a tonic is better than taking medicine after falling ill." By way of a friendly hint to the rulers of India, he tells them that the Russians are much our superiors in promoting intermarriage and social intercourse between themselves and their Oriental subjects. The Anglo-Indians and the Indians in India are always aloof from each other.

The Afghan Wasps.

I must finish this brief notice of this interesting and amusing book by quoting the Amir's honest advice to the Russians, which he offers them "as their true friend," being under heavy obligations to them, and owing them a debt of gratitude. He tells them that if the attempt were made to invade India, the result would be the ruin of Russia, and is sure to end like the following story:—

A man was very thin, and his wife was anxious that he should become a little stouter. This man was very fond of playing with wasps' nests, though his wife had often told him not to do so. It happened one day that the irritated wasps attacked him, and stung him most fearfully. When he reached home he was quite swollen, and stout and full in the face. His wife, who was very pleased at this change in his appearance, all at once, asked him how he had managed it. He answered that he had been bitten by wasps, and that he was in terrible pain. His wife began to pray: "O Lord, make the pain go, but let the swelling remain!" But, unfortunately, the contrary was the result; the swelling soon went down, but the blood-poisoning remained. This will be the end of Russian attempts to invade India: that they will not be able to take India, and the pain and sufferings of the terrible war would remain to add to their sorrow.

Perhaps more to the point is his pregnant remark that if Russia attempted to acquire Afghanistan, "she would be under the same disadvantage as was Henry I. of France at the time of the war between France and Spain: if too large an army was sent, the men would die from scarcity of food; and if they sent too small an army, it would be conquered by the enemy."

OUR FEDERAL FLAG COMPETITION.

A PRIZE OF £50 OFFERED.

[We re-publish the terms of our offer for the most successful design for a Federal Flag. The judges must make their award when they visit Melbourne at the time of the opening of the Federal Parliament. The date of this event is not yet fixed, but it is clear it cannot take place until the end of April or the beginning of May. We are able therefore to extend the time for sending in designs up to March 31, 1901.—Ed. "Review of Reviews for Australasia,"]

THE coming Australian Commonwealth will need a Flag, and many efforts are already being made to evolve a graceful, characteristic, and effective national symbol; a Flag which shall at once express kinship with the Empire and yet be characteristic of the new and great political entity which has come into existence.

A Melbourne journal, the "Evening Herald," offered a prize of £25 for the best design for a Federal Flag, and we reproduced on our Covers of the October and November numbers the design of the Flag which won that prize.

But the competition which evolved this Flag was purely local, and the competition was fettered by the conditions that the Federal Flag must include both the Union Jack and the Southern Cross. A flag, perhaps, which omitted these symbols might have small chances of success; yet it seems unwise to fetter the competition with any such absolute limitations.

The proprietors of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" offer a prize of £50 for the best design for a Federal Flag; the competition to be open to the whole of Australasia.

The following gentlemen have very courteously consented to act as judges:—

SIR WILLIAM LYNE, Premier of New South Wales.

HON. ALAN McLEAN, ex-Premier of Victoria.

HON. F. W. HOLDER, Premier of South Australia.

HON. ROBT. PHILP, Premier of Queensland.

HON. W. H. LEWIS, Premier of Tasmania.

RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN FORREST, K.C.M.G., Premier of West Australia.

The Premiers of the six federating colonies will of course constitute a jury of unrivalled impressiveness and authority, and the Flag they choose will have an excellent chance of fluttering high for generations to come as the symbol of the Australian Commonwealth!

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

The following are the conditions of the competition :—

Each competitor must forward two coloured sketches of his design—one for the merchant service and one for naval or official use (one in red, that is, and one in blue)—and not less than 6 inches by 3 inches in size.

All designs must be endorsed on the cover "Commonwealth Flag, and addressed to the Business Manager of the "Review of Reviews," 167-169 Queen Street, Melbourne.

Each design must bear a motto or nom de plume, and must be accompanied by a sealed envelope, bearing on its face the motto or nom de plume with which the design is signed, and enclosing the name and address of designer.

Designs must be sent in not later than March 31, 1901, and the award will if possible be published in the April number of the "Review of Reviews."

The award of the judges, or of a majority of them, will be final, and no appeal against it will be permitted. The prize of £50 will not be awarded to any design which in the opinion of the judges, or of a majority of them, is not superior to the successful design in the Melbourne competition reproduced on our Cover. But a consolation prize of £10 will, in that event, be paid to the designer of the Flag judged to be the best amongst those sent in.

The right to publish any design submitted, whether it takes a prize or not, is specially retained by the proprietors of the "Review of Reviews."

The appeal here made is to the artistic imagination and designing skill of the seven colonies. It ought to have the effect of giving birth to a Flag which will hold a proud and long-enduring place amongst the Flags of the civilised world.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

The Question of Army Reform.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR OFFICERS.

The masters of our public schools have much to answer for in the spoiling of our officers, according to Dr. Miller Maguire's paper in the "National Review" on the military education of officers. He begins by ascribing the abolition of purchase and other army reforms to the moral effect of Sedan and the other victories of Prussian education over French ignorance. He deliberately affirms,—

On the whole, a large proportion of our young officers, auxiliary and regular, were in the seventies, as they are again, since the depreciated standard of the past few years, by far the most ignorant persons of their social class in Europe, Japan, our Colonies, or the United States. I am sorry to say that not less than fifty per cent. of our military candidates in 1874 and in 1899 were not eligible, by reason of ignorance, for situations in any city office, and would not be employed in any leading shop in any capacity above that of porter or sweeper.

The shock of German successes introduced a change. From 1872 till 1884 cadets on entering Sandhurst were very well taught indeed, and were rapidly gaining on German cadets:—

Simultaneously with the movement for the mental elevation of officers, the classes of population from which came the greater proportion of private soldiers were brought under the influence of obligatory primary education.

How the Clock Was Put Back.

But in 1884 the public schools, alarmed at the success of "crammers," whose pupils were defeating the public schoolboys in army examinations, and afraid of the menace to Greek and Latin composition and pure mathematics, in the stress laid by army examinations on English literature, history and science, put back the clock. Lord Salisbury opposed—and acquiesced. Dr. Maguire proceeds:—

Not only is the programme of preliminary general education for the Army behind the age, and paltry to a degree, but the constant tinkering to which it is subjected renders systematic education and good sound training impossible. It varies with the whims of the officials.

Boy-Officers, Ignorant and Immature.

Two years ago military law and tactics were excluded from the military subjects. Before this blunder was rectified war broke out:—

Ignorant and immature lads were sent off as officers, without any knowledge of the art of war, and very little practice in musketry or drill, to mutilation and death. Commissions were showered in all directions on over one thousand persons, of whom six hundred and fifty will probably prove themselves utterly unfit to

retain their posts unless the War Office slurs over palpable incapacity in order to "save its face."

THE "SYSTEM" OF PIPE-CLAY AND RED TAPE.

Captain A. G. Boscawen, M.P., having served with the Militia on garrison duty, furnishes the "National Review" with "some personal impressions of the army." He observes as a feature of the South African war that "non-regulars appear to have done as well as, and in some cases better than the regulars." It is hardly fair to lay all the blame on the stupidity of officers. The "system" is to blame. The Queen's Regulations include 70 rules as to dress, but never a single one about the actual fighting costume of the soldier. Four weeks in the year are assigned to field training and four weeks to musketry. "Yet every day the men are had out and inspected by their officers to see if they have got all their straps on!" A Militia battalion having been lately embodied, its officers were ordered three times a week to practise the sword exercise—on the very day officers in South Africa were bidden never to carry swords in action. In three months the officers of the battalion had learned swordplay and goose step, the men practically nothing at all. The writer asks for root and branch reform; complete change of personnel, civil and military, at the War Office; red tape reduced; as little filling in of forms as possible; higher pay and a free outfit for officers; for the men, training in two points—how to shoot and take cover. He has also several suggestions for improving and making practical the training of the Militia.

DISCIPLINE, NOT MARKSMANSHIP.

The most important article in the "Cornhill" for December is a reply by Colonel F. N. Maude to Dr. Conan Doyle's opinions on the reform of the Army. Colonel Maude is a resolute advocate of the old hammer and tongs method of warfare.

Discipline Decides.

He believes in discipline co-opposed to marksmanship, and thinks that the light losses of the British troops during the present war is due to the fact that the Boers had no discipline, while their individual marksmanship, as is always the case in war, was of little use. He says:—

The French are, as a nation, the worst individual shots in Europe; but in 1870, with a far inferior weapon—as regards sighting and rapidity of fire—they made far better practice against similar targets than the Boers. For instance, when the Prussian Guards blundered within range at St. Privat—by one of those ac-

cidents it is impossible ever to foresee or avoid—the French accounted for a larger percentage of men in ten minutes at 1,000 yards range than the Boers did at Magerfontein at 300 yards in half an hour. Similarly, they wiped out three batteries of the XIth Corps Artillery opposite Amanvilliers at 800 to 900 yards in less than half the time the Boers took to effect the same result on Colonel Long's battery at 400 yards. Many other similar examples might be cited, but the explanation is the same in all cases—the French possessed discipline of a sort, and the Boers had none.

The "Cover" Delusion.

The defect of the British army during the war, says Colonel Maude, was not its marksmanship, but its hesitation in advancing. All this was due to the insistency of the Press that the object of fighting was to hide yourself under cover, rather than rout the enemy. The Natal troops, who arrived in South Africa before the outcry about "cover" began, fought brilliantly under heavy losses, whereas Lord Roberts' army, who left England during the "cover" mania, were seriously influenced by it:—

Paardeberg was the blot on the whole war—that British troops put into an attack could be brought to a stand by something under three per cent. of loss was a possibility by no English soldier could ever have dreamed of; and for that disgrace I hold the avoidance of loss and use of cover theory mainly responsible. I quite understand why Lord Roberts decided not to renew the attack after the first day; he knew that once the men were snugly concealed behind the ant-heaps, no power on earth would induce them to move forward. Not because the men were cowards, but because each was firmly convinced that by taking care of his skin he was showing rare adaptability in copying the Boer model the papers had taught him to worship. The capture of Paardeberg at the point of the bayonet might have cost us 500 killed, but it would have saved us the enteric epidemic responsible for some 5,000 lives, and would, as the Boers have since admitted, gone far to diminish the tenacity of their present resistance.

The Test of Losses.

The history of centuries shows that:—

Provided there is any approach to equality in the conditions of armament, victory will fall to that side which will endure the heaviest loss without finching, and possesses the requisite intelligence to assure combined action between its units; and all tactics are based on the assumption that troops possess a certain amount of this endurance, which may be heightened to an almost incredible degree by the practice of certain exercises which we call drill, and which have nothing whatever to do with what volunteers call practical work, such as training at outposts, on the ranges, etc.

"We do not want more men, but better men," says Colonel Maude. But—

Selection by marksmanship judged by our Bisley standards would be utterly useless.

The Kind of Men the Boers Are.

IN PRISON AND IN THE FIELD.

Mrs. J. R. Green, a lady with strong pro-Boer sympathies, was fortunate in receiving a permit to visit the Boer prisoners in St. Helena. Mrs. Green made good use of her opportunity. She conversed with Boers, old and young, rich and

poor, and also with the foreigners, of whom there are many. She says:—

If we may judge of sincerity by the sacrifices men will make, they have given proof enough. All had risked in the cause of the Boers their whole possessions and their life. The foreigners were men whose words deserved attention. Not one of them, it must be remembered, was a mercenary. Not one had been a paid soldier.

Mrs. Green is much impressed by the sincerity and the simplicity of their religious faith:—

I have read and heard, as we all have, a cheap and vulgar mockery of the Boer religious services. But no observer can go to the Sunday gathering of the camp, and sit in the very midst of the people as I did, without seeing a sight that is not laughable—old, far-seeing men "waiting still upon God;" while on some, not all, but in truth on some of the younger faces (very poor men, I thought), there was an ecstacy of rapt expectancy for "a present help in time of trouble."

"How could you face war?" I said to a trembling old man of sixty-five, who had volunteered to fight. "I prayed to the Lord," he said; "I gave myself and my family to His care." And it was wonderful to see how He strengthened us. There was not a tear. One daughter carried my rifle, the other my bandolier, and my wife (she is sixty-three) carried my bag. They were all quiet; you would never have thought I was going away. I did a soldier's duty; I did what I had to do."

Led, but Never Driven.

She also has a good word to say, and says it wisely and well, as to the impolicy of exacting an oath of neutrality from the Boers until we were in a position to give them protection. Of the general character of the Boers she says:—

I spoke to a German of some tale of suffering. "Ah, that does not matter," he said, "they can bear hardship; but kindness is the thing they need. For they are a kind people." On one point they were all agreed: "You can lead the Boer by friendship; you can never drive him." The Germans realise, too, his quite extraordinary qualities as a pioneer in settling waste lands, and the use which might be made of this by sagacious governors.

The Boers had also, in the Scandinavians, Danes, and Swedes, most loyal and understanding friends. But not more so, perhaps, than settlers of English blood gone to the Transvaal from America, the Cape Colony, and elsewhere. These were well-educated, upright, independent men, who could see with English eyes.

"A Linesman's" Eulogy.

An interesting pendant to Mrs. Green's article is the paper contributed by "A Linesman" to "Blackwood's Magazine." He speaks as a soldier, and although he says many strong things concerning the lack of veracity on the part of the Boers, and complains much about their white flag, he vehemently denounces the calumnies to which they have been subjected in the London press. He says:—

Poor Boers! Yes, you must go under, you are an anachronism, a stumbling-block, a "black patch" upon the map of Progress; but before you disappear, hear a soldier confess that this is all that is amiss with you. You are not vile, cowardly, or even more treacherous than a similar compounded olla podrida of undisciplined Europeans would be. You are not impossible. Nay, you are very possible indeed, and will, under clearer rule, emerge from the pit into which you have fallen, to plant your ungainly, useful feet upon

smelt ground again. We have beaten you, but pride in the victory should be sufficient consolation.

The "Linesman" says that individual cases of heroism are numerous, while they have shown evidence—

of collective heroism, withal, astonishing in a soldiery brought up in a school of pure individualism. Witness the staunch stand in the trenches at Pieter's Hill, under a rain of huge projectiles the like of which no soldier has ever seen before, or the dash upon Broadwood's guns at Tigerpoort, or the forlorn hope against Wagon Hill, when, if the British army had not been blessed with souls as bold, it had surely lost a division from its list, and a town from its safe keeping. The British army can ill brook such enemies being labelled "cowards."

Discipline "of the Best."

What specially calls for his admiration is the marvellous manner in which the Boers have held together under the crushing blows of the closing period of the war. He says:—

There are not many instances in history of an army sustaining misfortunes so many and so grievous, and yet remaining an army. When we consider the composition of Botha's force, the perfect freedom of his men to come and go as they please, the certain safety for them if they basely go, the certain peril if they stoutly stay, that they stay and present front after front, endure smashing after smashing, is to my mind a spectacle as admirable as it is marvellous, and to a British soldier—who wants to get home—exasperating! The discipline that can do these things must be of the best, for meanwhile an article of the creed is jogging every conscience; the farm is going to rack and ruin, and another month's idleness for the plough means that most awful of catastrophes, a cropless spring.

A Political Crowner's Quest.

THE POST-MORTEM OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

"Who killed Cock-robin?" seems to be a question which may appropriately be asked just now, when the country, in an hour of crisis, finds itself confronted with a dead Opposition. How comes it that the Opposition, as an organised force in English politics, has given up the ghost? Two specialists are called in by the editor of the "Fortnightly Review" to give evidence to the jury, and, as usual with specialists, they contradict each other. According to a Liberal (without adjectives), the fault is entirely in the leaders. The Party, as Dean Swift said of himself and of oak trees, has gone rotten at the top.

The real trouble is at the top, in the disintegration, and, it must be said, disloyalty among the leaders themselves. This election has largely been won, not because Ministers were trusted, but because the Opposition was neither trusted nor understood.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone committed the unparalleled indiscretion of proclaiming, before the first poll was taken, that the Liberal Party was beaten at the start; but that was a comparatively venial offence compared with the disloyalty of the other members of the front Opposition bench to their elected leader. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has done his best; but he has never been adequately supported, and "it is not only in the issues

of the war and the tactics of the election that he has been hampered by those who should have helped." If the Liberal Party is to rise from the dead, C.-B. must be supported. As for the nostrum of the Liberal Imperialist Council, the Liberal without adjectives says:—

The attempt to merge Liberals by conviction in a new party reconstructed on Imperialist lines under Lord Rosebery as autocrat is hopeless. It ignores the essential meaning of party Government, and sets aside the strongest instincts of the English race. There must be, and are, alternative convictions and alternative policies.

Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, writing upon "Lord Rosebery's Chance," gives exactly the opposite advice. In Dean Ramsay's reminiscences, he records a shrewd observation of a Scotch idiot, when he saw a huge tombstone being placed upon the grave of a man over whom they had just read the burial service. "If you ettle him to rise again, you're no his freend to pit so big a stane on the top of him." Mr. Marriott, however, is determined to promote the resurrection of the Liberal Party by burying it beyond all hope of recognition. Lord Rosebery's chance consists in sinking the Party which he once led deeper than did ever plummet sound, so that it may never be seen again as an organised entity in the world, for, says Mr. Marriott, he must definitely break once and for ever with Home Rule, and he must be not less decisive in other directions:—

The first essential is that Lord Rosebery should cleanse the Party from the last taint of Little Englandism, and definitely renounce adherence to discredited traditions of foreign policy.

Having thus got rid of two-thirds of the Opposition, Mr. Marriott asks the very natural question:—

But if the Little Englanders be eliminated, and the Nationalists neglected, can Lord Rosebery look for compensating adhesions in other directions?

But, strange to say, he thinks that this is possible. Lord Rosebery must fill up the gaps in the ranks of his followers by calling the Liberal Unionists to his standard. Mr. Marriott says:—

There are two questions in particular on which many loyal supporters of the Unionist Government feel great and growing misgiving. They are the Temperance question and the Education question.

He thinks that if nothing is done for the temperance cause, in another five years there will be many Liberal Unionists who will become restive, and then—

Lord Rosebery will find a magnificent recruiting ground among discontented Unionists. None of the latter—so far as I can judge—want a "Local Veto" in the Lawsonian or Harcourtian sense. Lord Rosebery may safely repudiate the legacy left to him by his whilom lieutenant.

He must further take up the reform of the House of Lords, which, if unreformed, will perish, but "the application of the representative principle to the English peerage would go far to avert their doom."

On Killing Home Rule with Kindness.

Mr. Horace Plunkett writes very sensibly in the "Nineteenth Century" on "Balfourian Amelioration in Ireland." It is a defence of Mr. Gerald Balfour's policy of endeavouring to kill Home Rule with kindness, against which a certain impossible section of the Irish Unionists are in open revolt. This revolt Mr. Plunkett thinks was very uncalled for. The accusations brought against Mr. Balfour were unjust, especially in relation to the land question, and he is full of admiration of the way in which Mr. Balfour reformed Local Government in Ireland. Speaking of his Irish Local Government Act, he says:—

The effect of this great measure has, so far as it has gone, justified Mr. Balfour's hopes. It has thrown on the shoulders of the people themselves the responsibility of administering their own local affairs. The new bodies have, on the whole, fulfilled the preliminary work of reconstruction with intelligence and efficiency.

He regrets that the Irish claim for a Catholic University was not conceded, and says:—

I believe, from personal experience, that effort towards progress in Ireland will be truncated unless the claims of Roman Catholics in this matter are fairly dealt with.

Mr. Plunkett is naturally much pleased with the attempt which Mr. Balfour made to carry out the recommendations of the Recess Committee, and gives Mr. Morley credit for having supported the Balfourian efforts to improve the material welfare of the people. There are two passages in the article which well deserve to be borne in mind. The first, which may be respectfully dedicated to the special attention of the editor of the "Times" and several English newspapers, is as follows:—

It is regrettable that Irish outrages are given such disproportionate prominence in the English Press. If in a dairying district ten thousand cows were made tributary to creameries owned and worked harmoniously and successfully by organised bodies of farmers, they would, of course, escape notice. But if some fine night one of the herd lost its tail, she would for a season reflect the moral and social condition of Ireland under the policy of killing Home Rule with kindness.

The other is that which speaks of the success of the co-operative movement in Ireland. Mr. Plunkett says:—

I was personally convinced that one of the truly undeveloped resources of my country was the intellect of her inhabitants. Our success was great. There are up to the present time 469 registered societies scattered throughout every county in Ireland, with a membership of over 45,000 farmers and labourers, mostly heads of families; while many more are in course of formation.

A Cabinet of Commonplace.

The "Fortnightly Review" opens with an article signed by "Calchas"—whoever he may be—who thinks very little of the reconstitution of the Salisbury Cabinet. He declares that as the first Disraeli Cabinet was called the "Who? Who?"

Cabinet, so this should be known in history as the "Why? Why?" Cabinet.

The "Who? Who?" Cabinet.

He tells the story of the "Who? Who?" Cabinet as follows:—

No Ministry, in a word, has had a more faltering welcome, whether from its own or any side, since Palmerston had his "tit for tat with Johnny Russell," and Lord Derby formed the mixed and hapless Government in which Mr. Disraeli was the one indomitable personality that Mr. Chamberlain is now. The story of the famous conversation in the House of Lords is perhaps rather well known than well founded. The Duke of Wellington, very deaf and within a few months of his death, was eager to know whom Lord Derby had got for his colleagues, persons for the most part so unfamiliar to fame that the Duke had increasing difficulty in catching their names. Mr. Walpole, Mr. Herries!—Mr. Henley, Sir John Pakington—until the repeated "Who? Who?" of the astonished listener rose in tones audible to the House and gave a name to an administration. It would not be proper to call Lord Salisbury's new Cabinet a "Who? Who? Ministry," but it might fairly be described as a "Why? Why? Ministry." The particular feeling of the nation at large as the appointments were announced was as inevitable as the exclamation of the Duke.

Not a Cabinet for a Crisis.

He then proceeds to ask why this, that, and the other Cabinet Minister occupies the particular post assigned to him, and professes himself to be unable to find the answer. He is particularly wroth at the appointment of the Earl of Selborne and that of Lord Lansdowne, and at the fact that Lord Salisbury has no less than three relatives in the Cabinet:—

The Cabinet, as a whole, may be summed up as experimental, undistinguished, and markedly below the high average reached by most Administrations in the Queen's reign; nor could the falling-off have appeared at a more untoward moment. All these things, in the general analysis of the composition of the "Why? Why? Ministry," might pass at ordinary times. They were not what the country expected in the dark hours of the war, when we declared that we were awake at last never to slumber more. This is not the sort of new Board of Directors called for to "put the Empire on a business footing." No nomination was ever more amazing than that of Lord Lansdowne to the Foreign Office, and none would have been declared more unanimously to be disastrous if the country had not been assured that Lord Lansdowne's true position would be that of—Foreign Secretary to the Prime Minister.

The Vice of the System.

"Calchas" says that Lord Salisbury may have done the best he could with the material at his disposal, but that he ought to go further afield, and that Cabinet Ministers should be recruited from a wider range than from the very narrow circle from which they are all drawn at present:—

Our Government is, as a matter of fact, the least democratic in existence, and infinitely less so than that of China, where the whole intention is to disengage merit from the mass, though the system is wrong. There is no other civilised country, not one, where the pretensions of mere heredity are still so powerful or the influence of party obligations so stupid. There can be no doubt that if a thorough diplomatic training were often precedent, as it is sometimes subsequent,

with us to a Parliamentary life, the gain to the nation would be of extreme value. The career of Sir Alfred Miller, which can scarcely fail to bring him eventually to the Treasury Bench, is the type which must become more frequent in the future.

The Evolution of the Inner Cabinet.

"Calchas" also complains that a Cabinet of twenty is unwieldy, and is practically impossible as an instrument of executive government. The enlargements of Cabinets will lead, he thinks, to the evolution of a new smaller executive governing body:—

The Cabinet, as it nominally exists, will no doubt be ultimately replaced in recognition as in fact by some definitely smaller body competent to deal with administrative questions. A strengthened Committee of Defence, with the Foreign Secretary and the Colonial Secretary added, must become the real Cabinet in the natural course of Imperial development.

Obiter Dicta of Travel.

By MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

The "Century" for December has as one of its chief distinctions the first instalment of a series of travel papers by Mr. Augustine Birrell, entitled: "Down the Rhine." His first visit had been before the Franco-Prussian War. Now he finds the Rhine completely "unfranked." One of the first stage asides that greets us is this: "The charm of nature is her irresponsiveness. She answers you back never a word."

"A Little Fight of Our Own."

As the traveller reflects on the battlefields around Metz, he moralises as follows:—

It is not pleasant to recall our English attitude of mind toward the two most tremendous incidents of the latter half of our century—the American war and the Franco-German war. How we talked and moralised and preached while men lay bleeding! How we flouted our sympathies and proffered our advice, and flourished our supposed superiority! And then we wonder, when we have a little fight of our own, that Europe and America are not alike lost in admiration of our stoicism in disaster, and our good taste in victory. Visit Gravelotte! It is worth a visit. On the 16th of August the French lost 16,000 men and 879 officers, and the Germans lost 15,000 men and 700 officers. On the 18th August the losses were: French, 11,000 men and 600 officers; Germans, 19,000 men and 960 officers. Two days' work!

Plain Speech about Luther.

A visit to Worms elicits an estimate of character which will doubtless make Mr. Birrell suspect among all good Protestants:—

Henry VIII. and Martin Luther are not ideal sponsors of a new religion; they were both masters of Billingsgate, and the least saintly of men. At times, in reading Luther, one is driven to say to him what Herriek so frankly says of himself:

"Luther, thou art too coarse to love."

Had Luther been a great soldier of fortune, his coarseness might have passed as a sign of the times; but one likes leaders of religion to be religious, and it is hard to reconcile coarseness and self-will, two leading notes of Luther's character, with even rudimentary religion. To want to be your own pope is a sign of the heresiarch, not of the Christian.

A Cry for a New Fourth Party.

The inevitable has happened. The utter disorganisation of the Opposition and the overwhelming numerical preponderance of Ministerialists have made certain, sooner or later, a demand for the formation of a new party in the Ministerial ranks. In the "National Review" the demand is formulated by "Young England" with some brilliance, much feeling, and any amount of dash.

A Reason for the "Reconstruction" Fiasco.

The writer is exceedingly wroth with Lord Salisbury over the fiasco of a reconstructed Cabinet. He has simply "hashed the cold mutton." The reconstruction has "already paralysed enthusiasm and promises to burk reform." "The Government has forfeited the confidence of the country." A shrewd hint is dropped as to recent changes:—

Mr. Chamberlain, with all the defects of his qualities, is still the one positive, progressive, purposeful force of statesmanship upon which the country can depend; but the obvious explanation of much that is remarkable in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet reconstruction lies in the desire to prevent Mr. Chamberlain's apotheosis. Mr. Balfour could not become Foreign Minister unless the Colonial Secretary were to become at the same time Leader of the House.

The rearrangement is declared to have been "fatally below our need. The hope for England's future seemed to tremble on the level scale but yesterday. The balance of probability has dipped against us!" There is only one bright spot which the writer can discern in the whole horizon. "The selection of Mr. Arnold-Forster as the official spokesman for the Navy in the House of Commons, though silencing him on military matters, is a positive national gain. He is the ewe lamb of the Empire." As matters now stand, the Premier is charged with disregarding the spirit of the Constitution. He is said to exercise "a passive despotism":—

The most powerful majority Parliament has seen is at the same time the most mechanical—a crutch, not a medium. For all the individual or collective influence possessed now by the entire mass of private members behind the Administration, Ministers might as well sit with sheaves of proxies in their hands, and dispense their followers from the troublesome formality of personal attendance.

"Disintegration of the Constitution."

The Cabinet, apparently aggrandised, has really lost efficiency. "The Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, the Treasury, the Admiralty, Pall Mall, all have been turned into watertight compartments":

While the Opposition has return to open chaos, the veil of Unionist unity has concealed a process which has amounted to something like the moral disintegration of the Constitution. This is a form of disorganisation which now threatens us with more serious consequence than any that can arise from the impotent incoherence of irresponsible Radicalism. . . . The unexampled subservency of the Unionist benches has made Ministers impenetrable to public opinion. It was mischievous in the past, and would be suicidal in

the future, ruinous to the Party, if not fatal to the nation.

Is the Party Lacking in Talent?

Ministers take their revenge by charging their followers with incompetence—a pleasant reward for heroic self-suppression. There is, the writer affirms, as high an average of intelligence and spirit in the four hundred Unionist members as any party on either side ever possessed. But they need to be drawn out. Mr. Balfour, the writer laments, does not hold “the happy secret” —“Lord Beaconsfield’s splendid way with young men.” He forgets that the benches behind him are “packed with individuals as responsive to the least touch upon their personality as keys to the performer.” There is a bitter reference to the ascendancy of “family interest” in the Cabinet. Yet “all Ministers will ignore their followers, if allowed to do so with impunity.” And “Young Eng’and” sprinkles vitriolic phrases freely—“a comatose Cabinet, a lethargic majority,” “the abject and characterless docility of the Conservative rank and file;” and so forth. The Party is adjured to break “this evil stupor.” There is no terrible phantasm of genius to fight. Forgetting for the moment “the one ewe lamb” represented by Mr. Arnold-Forster, the writer exclaims:—

With the exception of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, and possibly Mr. Wyndham, there is not a single personality in the present administration whose disappearance would make the slightest difference to the prospects of the Party or the fate of the nation. . . . Public life never offered more brilliant prizes to a Canning or a Disraeli or a Randolph Churchill than it does now to anyone capable of following in their footsteps. To some new man the future assuredly belongs. England is in the mood to surrender herself, not necessarily to a prodigy of genius, a Napoleon of politics, but to any man of marked independence, faith, and capacity.

The Task of the New Party.

There is a precedent not far to seek:—

To the Fourth Party, who attracted Lord Beaconsfield to the Peers’ Gallery upon one of his last visits to the House of Commons, modern Conservative power owes its existence. Between 1850 and 1885 the English boroughs changed from Liberalism to Toryism—the most remarkable shift of political opinion during the century.

A Fourth Party is wanted to-day:—

The task of the old Fourth Party was to discredit the mischievous activity of a Radical Ministry, that of a new Fourth Party must be to goad the reluctant lethargy of a Unionist Administration into adequate action. Nothing but an independent spirit behind the Treasury Bench, pursuing what it believes to be the duty of patriotism with effective method and inflexible resolution, can compel the present makeshift Ministry to fulfil the expectations of the country. It is certain that unless a sufficiently strong and steady pressure can be applied from outside, our foreign policy will continue to be that of scamp and scuttle, our administrative habits those of shuffle and shirk.

Any group of Conservative members who may attempt to form an Imperial Vigilance Committee in the House of Commons will expect to be called “Alarmist”—the quick cry of the ignorant to the instructed, and of the stupid to the keen. But they will meet, as

a matter of fact, with fewer difficulties than the old Fourth Party at the outset, and they will have themselves to blame if they fail to achieve even greater success in the end.

The Future of England.

Mr. William Clarke, in the “Contemporary Review,” contemplates through smoke-coloured spectacles the “Social Future of England.” The people of England are, he argues, essentially undemocratic. “The serious decline of England as an industrial centre has begun.” Germany and America have started their industrial career with the new machinery; England is still hampered with the old. The advent of the Yellow man into the competitive arena will still further lessen England’s industrial chances. Extension of Empire does not involve extension of markets; the yellow tendency, especially under stress of the Yellow peril, is towards self-supporting communities. From the race for industrial supremacy England is bound to retire.

A Pleasure-Ground for the Rich.

No longer predominantly industrial, England might, were she a democratic country, develop a vast peasant ownership like the French or Swiss. But the English tendency is not democratic, and is townwards. The other alternative, which the writer thinks most probable, is that England will become the pleasure resort, the historical museum, and possibly the academic centre of the English-speaking world. And what of the people of England?

The mass of English people, on this hypothesis, will more and more tend to be the ministers in some way of this new rich class of English-speaking peoples who will repair, for purposes of health or culture, to their ancestral seats.

Is there no Wordsworth to exclaim to-day, “It is not to be thought of . . .”?

Mr. Clarke calls attention to the steady growth of the servant class; the vast armies of the serving classes employed in the watering-places which line the coast; the servile population involved in the forest of hotels which have sprung up in Central London. The heavily burdened family estates in England can only find relief in two ways: “either marriage for money, or sale for money;” in either case, a rich establishment with an immense growth of the servile class:—

For all these reasons England will certainly prove an attractive spot to the rich, whatever comes of her present industrialism. Situated as she is, close to the historic lands of Europe, and yet nearest of all the lands to the American Continent, ships from all the world calling at her ports, with an old and well-ordered society, a secure Government, an abundance of the personal service desired by the wealthy, a land of equable climate, pleasant if not grand scenery, a large and ample life organised for sport, amusement, and the kind of enjoyments pleasing to the leisured classes—how can England help being attractive to the wealthy people who speak her own language?

An Athens for Greater England.

Then there are the historic interest and antique repose which cling to our most famous resorts. And Mr. Clarke suggests that English universities might by a judicious provision of post-graduate courses attract American and Colonial youth:—

Indeed, the quieter, less industrial England of the future might well be as Athens to the younger Roman Empire, a source of culture, a fountain of humanising influences. Heine feared, with much reason, the contagion of Anglo-Saxon vulgarity and philistinism; but in monumental England there is a virtue to counteract the crude self-assertion of young English-speaking communities.

So this is the prospect before the once mighty people of England! It is enough to make John Milton turn in his grave.

The Outlook in China.

WHAT CAPTAIN MAHAN THINKS.

"Asiatic Conditions and International Policies" is the title of a somewhat long-winded and unoriginal article which Captain Mahan contributes to the "North American Review" for November. Captain Mahan affects to deal so much with broad questions of international policy that his views upon immediate necessities are somewhat obscure: and beyond advocating co-operation with ourselves he says little of anything bearing upon the Far Eastern question as it immediately presents itself. America's duty to herself is to complete the Nicaraguan Canal and to increase her navy. The Yangtse Valley is the centre of her interest in China, for it is on that river that sea communications naturally end. The "Open Door" policy which America should support is most easily compassed in the central region of China. Captain Mahan sees "the hand of Providence" in the fact that America's acquisition of Hawaii and the Philippines immediately preceded the last outbreak of the Chinese question; but like most of his school, he is not content to rely upon Providence to complete the chain, and claims that the "physical weight" of a big navy is a necessary complement to Providence. At which Providence must smile. The rest of Captain Mahan's article is composed of the dull alternation of platitude and periphrasis with which his readers are familiar.

VIEWS OF MR. LLEWELLYN DAVIES.

Mr. Llewellyn J. Davies, in the "Forum" for November, deals with "The Taming of the Dragon." Mr. Davies is personally much better qualified than Captain Mahan to deal with China; but he runs to the opposite extreme, and looks at the question from the immediate point of view of a struggle between Europe and China, in which China is altogether in the wrong. At the same time he has the good sense to see that the present policy of

punishing the Chinese people merely because we cannot catch the real offenders is an absurd one, "capable only of intensifying the anti-foreign bitterness." As to the future, he says that as America is the only power that has taken nothing from China, it is she who is best qualified to allay the storm. He thinks that the Emperor should be reinstated, and the banished Reformers sent back to assist him. Reform would be welcomed by the people. As to the actual nature of the reforms, he says:—

Among the things most seriously needed are: (1) the abolition of the "kotou," which would lead to a freer intercourse between the Emperor and his officials, and would result in placing the Emperor in position to judge and act independently; (2) the sifting from the mandarinat of vast numbers of supernumeraries, who exist only for the purpose of drawing their salaries, and of acting as drags to retard progress; (3) the payment to all officials of salaries sufficient for the conduct of the affairs committed to them, thus removing the present virtual necessity of levying unjust and irregular taxes or "squeezes;" (4) the reform of the Internal Revenue System, by the honest administration of which the Government might greatly increase its income; (5) the extension of the postal system; (6) a free press; (7) the establishment of a modernised system of education, open to poor as well as to rich; (8) the opening of the country to freer trade with foreigners; (9) navigation by steam vessels of all suitable waters.

But first of all the integrity of China must be guaranteed, and the universal discussion as to the partition of the Empire must cease.

HOW IT STRIKES SIGNOR CRISPI.

In the "North American Review" for November Signor Crispi has an article on "China and the Western Powers," the most interesting part of which is the conclusion, in which he predicts that Germany will continue her present active policy in spite of any obstacles:—

Among the European Powers now in China, the one which shows, for the moment, the greatest firmness, the strongest will, is Germany; because, aside from her strong impulse toward colonial expansion, she knows exactly what satisfaction she intends to get for the bloodthirsty insult she received. The treacherous assassination of a diplomatic representative cannot remain unpunished. "Wherever there is an Englishman, there is England," was said at the time of England's greatest colonial conquests.

William II. has used far more decided and severe language than this. He is a man of iron will and of noble feeling; and the powerful nation which, in such a short space of time, has risen to such power is with him, heart and soul. Of one thing we may feel sure; and that is that the subtle windings of diplomacy will not bend the German Empire to unforeseen and unbefitting renunciations.

That is the motto, that the programme, of this powerful sovereign. And after the insult offered in Peking to his country, he will rigidly carry that programme out. Of that I feel convinced.

As for Signor Crispi's own views, "an anachronism" and a "huge market" are his chief epithets for China. But though he has no pity or consideration for the Chinese, he maintains that European policy requires that their country should

not be divided as booty of war. It must be forced to reform itself:—

China must cast off the garment of the barbarian, worn for centuries, and be clothed anew, since new times, new wants of humanity are knocking loudly at her doors; and, united to the other Powers, she also will be, when the time comes, an instrument of civilisation. Europe will not be repaid for her present action, and the sacrifices it will necessitate, by war indemnity or concessions of territory alone. But the opening of the largest market the world has ever known will be the certain means whereby all may harvest wealth in a future which the work of men and their governments will endeavour, in their own interests, to bring about as soon as possible. This accord will be rendered surer and firmer if the long, laborious and most difficult diplomatic work which lies before us be conducted in a spirit of moderation. One thing is certain, and that is that each nation must receive a reward in proportion to the sacrifices it has made.

Signor Crispi, like Captain Mahan, declares that in the coming century it is the Pacific Ocean, with its shores and islands, that will play the greatest part in the world's history.

CHECK CATHOLIC DICTATION.

The "Contemporary" has two articles on the Chinese problems. Mr. John Ross gives a valuable and comprehensive survey of Chinese foreign policy, recalling the time when Jesuit missionaries had won half a million adherents and the favour of the Emperor. That great opportunity they forfeited as a penalty for their political intrigues. In general, Mr. Ross declares:—

The Chinese have, therefore, every justification when, from their own experience—the only teacher available—they consider Europe as ever ready to resort to mere unprincipled brute force, without manners and without morality.

Mr. Ross exonerates Protestant missionaries from any responsibility for the recent massacres, but cites case after case to prove the arrogant and arbitrary interference with Chinese law and custom by the Roman Catholic clergy. He concludes:—

In order to guarantee permanent peace the Powers must not only so embody in the new Treaty their own claims as to secure the moral sanction of mankind, but they must take effectual steps to prevent the prostitution of their office and position by the Roman Catholic clergy, and to protect the Chinese magistrate from the injustice and the indignity of feeling himself compelled to decide a case between native litigants against law and justice in order to satisfy the demands of any foreigner. To secure future peace the magistrate must have perfect freedom to judge and decide all litigation involving his own subjects, according to Chinese law, irrespective of creed, and independent of the dictation or control of any external authority.

WHY NOT DENATIONALISE THE MISSIONARY?

Louise C. Brown, also in the "Contemporary," puts the problem how to avoid forcing religion on an unwilling people by aid of gunboats, and at the same time carry out the marching orders of the founder of Christianity. This is her solution:—

How can the two be reconciled? Briefly, I would say by returning to the methods of earlier missionaries. Those who feel the necessity of preaching Christ among peoples of other creeds, should do so at their own risk, leaving their nationalities behind them, together

with the protection which such nationality carries with it. Thus they avoid the double danger of furnishing a *casus belli* to their own Government, and of bringing unmerited punishment on the people whom they wish to benefit.

Many foreigners live and trade in China without passports. They drop their Westernness and go about without fear. Why should not missionaries do likewise? Persecution on the ground of religious belief is to the Chinaman absurd: he is extremely tolerant of differences of belief; but "mistrusts Westernness with all his nature":—

A man living simply among the people, unconnected with any foreign Government, and amenable to the local magistrates and laws, would arouse no fear, and, from his very harmlessness, would run little danger.

Unredeemed Italy.

Perhaps the most notable article in the "North American Review" for November is that in which Signor Gabriele D'Annunzio sets himself to pick to pieces the whole social fabric and political administration of modern Italy. The article, which is entitled "The Third Life of Italy," is a very slashing one, and spares neither persons nor policies. Italy, says Signor D'Annunzio, in short, has not been redeemed, and her union has been made fruitless by the methods of her rulers. He sees the whole world in intellectual and material ferment, while his own country, alone of the favoured nations, remains sterile:—

That which is taking place in Italy at the present day has no counterpart. There have been, in certain historical periods, instances of weariness and political hatred, but always limited to a few special classes; now, however, here in Italy the moral discontent is spread everywhere, over every class, in every place. A constant acrimony, a weary vexation, an unspeakable sadness darken and sterilise the entire life of the nation. The delightful light-heartedness of the Italian people, which withstood the test of political divisions, and the stranger's rule, is all gone. The grand, heroic flame, which stirred the people together with the same ardour, is extinguished; and the Italians of to-day—after forty years of political unity—are intent on nothing else than exercising secret or open hostilities one against the other, or in moving their forces in contrary directions, even when they are allied. The national conscience, which had sprung up in the fire of the great revolution, in which all differences seemed as if they were fused like different metals in one furnace, has little by little, through bad systems of government, gone on growing weaker and weaker; and to-day it seems almost entirely to have gone astray.

Contrast with Germany and England.

In contrast with this dead picture the rest of Europe is vigorous and productive. Germany has revolutionised her whole life in thirty years, and England, threatened by her where her commercial supremacy seemed most uncontested, takes revenge by building up a great Colonial Empire, and making a god of it:—

The dream of this rapacious, insular soul is, in its vastness, to be compared only to the record of the undertaking accomplished by the Romans "in Orbe."

Out of the blood spilt in the Transvaal tragedy a violent fermentation arises, which maddens with glory. "Tu regere imperio populos." Each subject of the Queen has the image of the Oceanic Empire floating before his eyes, that Oceana, which in Froude's vaticinating book emerges from the depth of the seas, and throws its immeasurable shadow over the depressed nations. No oracle was received by the pugnacious Hellenes with equal faith.

Italy Dead.

In all of this, whether in German factories or British conquests, Signor D'Annunzio sees the beating of a vigorous heart. The whole world is a chaos of ferment and struggle:—

What part, what destiny will Italy have in this formidable struggle? Will she again find her spirit? Will she shake and arouse to their very depths the dormant forces which might save her? Does she realise in this moment of painful awakening, the necessity for sweeping away the mass of vile imbecility which is keeping her down?

At present, says Signor D'Annunzio, Italy can take no part, for she is dead; her statesmen have killed her. Her political constitution is framed for the express purpose of destroying the municipal governments which were formerly her chief glory. The executive Government is the common enemy, and her elective power blind, ignorant, and irresponsible. Anarchy pervades the country, and all public action is regarded as an evil:—

It is easier to obtain from the government a knightly order for a thief, than a small sum of money to strengthen an apsis which threatens to fall.

Her Futile Foreign Policy.

When—

we pass from domestic to foreign politics, a still more miserable picture presents itself. Always hesitating, sometimes greedy, then timid, fluctuating between petulance and humility, scorned in every small or important event, they pass through a succession of sterile desires and sad renunciations, and appear to be forced to keep up a perpetual jig like those matrons of old whom Nero obliged to jump about in the circus. What part has Italy ever played in the Mediterranean, of which she is historically, geographically, and ethnographically the Queen? In a few words, she has allowed every hope to be taken from her of extending her dominion over that little strip of shore on which she might still have cast her eyes from afar. Tunis, Cyprus, Egypt, Crete are fading away on the horizon.

Her navy, which should be her chief pride and mainstay, is useless, because of her inability to produce a merchant fleet:—

Italy—we must never tire of repeating it—will either be a great power on the sea, or nothing; and not merely a great naval power with warships, but with a number of merchant vessels, as in the grand old days of her maritime republics; as it is at sea that the supreme destinies of nations are to be decided. And the fibre of the Italian sailor is in truth so strong and pliant, that he can stand comparison all the world over, for his singular vigour of body and of mind.

But, more important still, she should be an agricultural power. Yet the State treats the great agrarian question as it treats the navy.

Italy's Hope.

To save itself, Italy has but one hope—her new King.

The blood of Humbert I. has fallen like a sacred leaven on the Italian soil, to awaken a sudden fervour of noble aspirations and good will. An heroic spirit has arisen from the dead body of that King, who had witnessed with such grave sadness the decline of every ideal in that third Rome, which ought to have represented before the world the indomitable love of the Latin race for the Latin soil, and ought to have sent forth from its heights rays of the marvellous light of a new life.

But out of his dead body—carried down through the peninsula, along the Apennines, along the sea, as far as Rome, on a memorable wakeful night—an heroic spirit has arisen, which seems to be stirring the national conscience. And now, the aspirations and the wills of those fervid men, who would all so willingly join the search after the last effigy of beautiful Italy, all converge in his heir, in the young Victor Emmanuel III.

The New Chancellor of Germany.

A SKETCH OF COUNT VON BULOW.

In order to depreciate Lord Lansdowne, the writer who signs himself "Calchas" in the "Fortnightly Review" devotes some pages to a glowing eulogy of the new great man in Germany, whom he contrasts with our new Foreign Minister, very much to the disadvantage of the latter. He says:

The dynasty of the Bulows, in the first place, throughout its innumerable ramifications, has been one of the most vigorous in Europe, and the name in Germany combines the prestige of the Churchills and Cecils here. The successor after Bismarck, Bernhard von Bulow, was born in Holstein, and is now fifty-one. We have not a single politician living—for Lord Dufferin's diplomatic experience came after, and not before his Parliamentary success—whose training to the business of foreign policy will for a moment compare with that of the Kaiser's new Minister.

Count von Bulow served through the Franco-German war, and there—in "Calchas'" opinion—came into touch with the realities of things which lie behind diplomatic verbiage. After the war was over,

Count von Bulow was attached to the staff of the Berlin Congress, where his father, with Bismarck and Prince Hohenlohe, was one of the three representatives of Germany. He was First Secretary at the Paris and St. Petersburg Embassies successively. He had been charge d'affaires at Athens during the Russo-Turkish war. In 1888 he went to Bucharest, steeped himself in Balkan politics, and managed the negotiations which resulted in the accession of Roumania to the Triple Alliance. His services were recognised by promotion to one of the first-class embassies, and in 1893 he succeeded Count Solms Sonnenwalde as Minister to the Quirinal.

He married an Italian wife, and would willingly have stayed in Rome, but he was too useful and too capable to be anywhere but at the centre, so—he was summoned to Berlin in 1897 as successor to Baron Marschall von Bieberstein in the Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs.

"Calchas" is enthusiastic in his praise of the culture, the geniality, the trained capacity of Count von Bulow:—

He has the valuable temperament which is never out of humour, no matter what may be the provocation

Robust, engaging, and discreet, he is supple with the suppleness of the tenacious wrestler, a happy but virile and positive personality to the finger tips.

What is still more remarkable, however, he—passed through no orthodox Parliamentary process whatever when he appeared before the Reichstag. Yet let us note all the more carefully the fact that he is unquestionably one of the best Parliamentary speakers in Europe. There is none more distinct and graphic, more persuasive in manner and matter, or breathing a more personal influence into studiously simple forms.

It is unfortunate, but in the interests of truth "Calchas" is obliged to admit that nearly all Count von Bulow's Parliamentary successes have been gained at the cost of England. He says:—

This country has never been spoken to, and has been rarely spoken of, in the tones which Count Bulow permits himself to use. In his masterly speech upon the new Navy Bill, he plainly hinted that Germany in the twentieth century was destined to succeed England in sea power, as England had succeeded Holland, and Holland, Spain. The case of the Bundesrath, however, is the more instructive. Lord Salisbury was driven to express his astonishment at the style of the two notes handed to him by Count Hatzfeldt on behalf of a Power with "which Her Majesty's Government believed itself to stand upon the friendliest footing." These communications were levelled at us in a dictatorial and even menacing tone, which Germany would not use to any other Power in similar circumstances.

The new Foreign Secretary, Baron von Richt-hofen, is not less distinguished.

The Anglo-Russian Alliance Once More.

CAPTAIN GAMBIE'S NEW POINT.

Captain Gambier, who has long ago seen the truth about our relations with Russia, returns to the charge in the "Fortnightly Review," furnished this time with a new argument. He says:

The closer and more seriously this question of an Anglo-Russian friendship is studied, the more clearly does it stand out as the only possible guarantee of the peace of the world.

Captain Gambier's new point is that henceforth, when we say Russia, we have to remember that the word practically includes China. Now, if it was important to be on special commercial terms with Russia, it is immensely more important to be on good terms with Russia and China rolled into one. In this conglomerate our prospective customers

cannot count much less than 580,000,000, with hardly a manufacturer among them producing the most ordinary necessities of life; the whole of this colossal population absolutely indifferent to war and glory, and only demanding to be left in peace.

If anyone denies that Russia means China, Captain Gambier tells them that—

when Russia obtained the right to construct the Manchurian Railway and to form the Russian-Chinese Bank, this treaty practically signed the fate of China. The Russian Railway Concessions, by a cleverly introduced clause, have obtained what no other nation in the world has—that is, the right to work mines, not only in and near the railway, but all over China.

He dwells upon the immense resources of Siberia, and says that:—

Thus, under the fostering care of a wise Government, the prolific plains of Siberia are rapidly developing into the richest country in the world. Its area is greater than Germany, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Austria, Hungary, and Bavaria put together. It seems practically certain that in the course of a few years at least eighty per cent. of the whole tea and silk trade of China will reach Europe over these Russian lines.

He therefore renews his entreaty to our Government to make up to the Russians in a practical, businesslike way, and say to them:—

Our commercial interests need not clash. England and her Colonies require a market which you can give us, and we can absorb all the raw material you choose to send us. And, still higher than these material advantages, with Russia's millions of soldiers on the East and England's fleets on the West, we can compel peace, or, failing that, can starve and crush all the Powers of Europe that lie between us if they will fight.

As for the difficulties outlying between us, he does not think they are at all serious. He says:—

Friendship between England and Russia is not difficult, for the Government of Russia can, in the space of a week, alter the whole aspect of affairs by a simple mandate to her press. This is so clearly the case that it need not be argued.

Captain Gambier may somewhat exaggerate the extent to which China is in Russia's pocket, but there is no doubt in the least that our future trade relations with China would be very much improved if we established with Russia those good relations for which Captain Gambier pleads.

M. Yves Guyot on English Problems.

The "Humanitarian" for December reports an interesting interview with M. Yves Guyot, the editor of the "Siccle," "the one man in all Paris who has had the courage to support England's policy through thick and thin."

A Pleasing Alternative for the Peace Congress.

M. Guyot thus put his view of the Transvaal debate in the Paris Peace Congress:—

This Transvaal question is a "question of sentiment." That is, it is a question which my colleagues at the Peace Congress studied from the objective point of view only. They would not look the facts in the face. Their resolution stated that the Governments of the South African Republics accepted arbitration; but this is not strictly correct. Arbitration was accepted, but all sorts of impossible conditions were made, which made it equivalent to a refusal. Facts such as this I considered it my duty to place before the Congress. If, after hearing them, it continued to regard President Kruger's proposal to arbitrate as serious, the responsibility rested on its shoulders. The Congress placed itself, in fact, in the position of either dupe or accomplice, and one is much the same as the other.

A Comfortable Optimism.

M. Guyot cherishes the most robust optimism concerning the British Empire in England, in South Africa—everywhere. He declared:—

The future of the Transvaal will be that of any of the Crown Colonies of England. The country is bound to be prosperous under the wise rule of those British subjects who will be called upon to administer its affairs. Canada is successful; Natal is prosperous. Why should not the Transvaal be the same? It will be necessary, naturally, for England to keep an armed force in the Transvaal for some years to come, but the inevitable result will be the pacification of the country, and consequently its prosperity.

Conscription—A Remote Danger.

Our Imperialism being English, not Russian, decentralised, not centralised, M Guyot sees in it "a guarantee of freedom," no menace of militarism. He said:—

Conscription will not become a necessity for England. At any rate, it is not a Conservative Government which will give it you. Do you know, I am perfectly convinced—here the Editor of the "Sicle" spoke in a tone of seriousness—that the person, if anybody, to give you conscription, would be Lord Rosebery, and some who now raise the cry of alarm. But the danger is remote. Army reform is what is required in England, and this, one of the lessons of the war, you will get when Lord Roberts takes over the supreme command. You have in the Commander-in-Chief a true soldier. It is not every general who has had such experience as he. He really knows what fighting is, and just think of the generals there are (we have quite a number of them in France), who have never known what it is to command—except at the manoeuvres, and that is not quite the same thing, you know, as ordering men on a battle-field. The way in which he has carried through the Transvaal Campaign has been most skilful, and you could not have a better man to put your army into a thoroughly efficient state.

Buying Labour in Bulk.

Passing to questions between employers and employed, M. Guyot expressed surprise that employers, while buying their raw material in bulk, seemed unwilling to buy their labour in bulk also, as M. de Molinari suggested in 1842. He said:—

My solution to the problem is to form Commercial Societies of Work, based on M. de Molinari's theory, and formed after the pattern of the successful Paris Typographical Society. Easily constituted since they need very little capital, these societies would supply one thing only—the work of their members. They undertake to do certain work for a fixed price and during a certain period of time. The experiment has been made both at Antwerp and at Paris, and found to succeed.

To take the case of the Paris Typographical Society. Say you require a newspaper printed. Instead of making an arrangement with a foreman printer for a staff of men, you treat with a delegate of the society. The price you pay is higher than that of other printers; but the increase is justified by the guarantees of security and professional skill which are given. Anxiety as to details is reduced to a minimum.

This Society of Work of M. Guyot has a resemblance to the Russian Artel.

Russian Dissenters.

The Creeds of Tsarland are being sketched by Mr. Ernest W. Lowry in the "Gentleman's." In the December number he describes many of the vagaries of Russian Dissent. He mentions the "White Doves," or self-made eunuchs. They have

generally large (adopted) families, rarely engage in manual toil, are great pawnbrokers and money-lenders, never drink alcohol, never gamble, and are generally honest. Many Russian financiers are well known to be adherents of this emasculated sect, and even offer rewards or employment to candidates who will submit to self-mutilation.

Stundist Worship.

Of the Stunda, the largest and most rapidly developing faction of Nonconformity, now extending everywhere except in the extreme north and north-east, he says:—

The Stundist organisation is much like that of the "Low Church" division of Protestantism, save that it has no ordained clergy, a body whom it regards as a somewhat expensive and distinctly unnecessary luxury, and replaces by elected elders, who lead the very simple services, at which any man or woman who feels called upon to do so may say what he or she will. These gatherings are more prayer-meetings than services, for there is no "Form of Prayer to be used," but simply informal prayer, praise, and song, in the best room of a farmhouse, though, now that the Government are not so strict in their search after heretics, regular wooden "meeting houses" have appeared in some of the Stundist villages. The meeting is almost a family gathering, for all are addressed as brother or sister, and kisses are exchanged before the congregation take up their places on the wooden seats facing one another. One member gives a short address, and invites discussion upon it, another a long extempore prayer, then all join in singing hymns from their "Voice of the Faithful," a book which owes much to Ira D. Sankey's "Sacred Songs," and of which some numbers are translations. The worship over, the meeting becomes a social gathering, and a pleasant afternoon is passed in talk; indeed, it is not always easy for the stranger to mark distinctly where service merges into entertainment.

Stundist Morals.

The Stundist's wife, like that of the Old Believer, is in every sense the partner of her husband, both in matters relating to the household, to that larger household the village commune, and to the Church. In this matter nearly all the dissenting sects join hands, for while the wife of the Orthodox Mujik is generally downtrodden, and when her menfolk are at home sullen and silent, the dissenting woman is generally distinguished by superior intelligence and thoughtfulness, can nearly always read and write, and often it is to her that the children owe their education. Like the Dukhoborts and the Old Believers, the Stundist's character for honesty and sobriety causes him to be sought after by employers and looked up to by fellow-workers, but, alas! hated by the "Pope" of the commune. They are prompt taxpayers—one of the greatest virtues required of the Mujik; are in no way antagonistic to the powers that be, save in their bitter cry for religious freedom—that freedom which Russia, tied by her holy "Synod," finds it impossible to give.

The "Sunday Magazine" opens with a fine reproduction of Halgate's "Reconciliation" as frontispiece. Rev. James Johnston sketches the life and work of Rev. T. Richard, whilom Baptist missionary, and now secretary to the society for diffusion of Christian and general knowledge in China—a "missionary statesman," who aims at the teachers. Rev. John Beveridge describes "A Girls' Home under the Aurora"—a Lapp Girls' Home, near the North Cape.

"She is Such a Perfect Gentleman."

"A Radical Lady of the Last Generation" is the title which John Fyvie gives to his "Temple Bar" review of the biography of the wife of the historian Grote. She was undoubtedly a striking character.

A Historian's Courtship.

The course of her love did not run smooth. Young George Grote was deceived by a rival into believing Harriet Lewins to be already another's, and his father opposed the match. At last the obdurate parent promised his consent at the end of two years. What follows will be scarcely credible to the average love-sick swain; but it was indubitably and romantically a love match:—

The young people set about conducting their love-making after a fashion entirely their own. They seldom met, but Grote set her themes on various subjects, gave her books to read, and required her to send him a digest of them. They kept diaries for each other's benefit, and she seems to have set earnestly to work to prepare herself by serious study to become his companion and a sharer in his intellectual interests. His diary, as transmitted to her from time to time, contained entries such as the following:—

"Friday, March 26.—Rose at 6. Read and meditated Kant for some time; wrote out my observations of foreign trade. Between 4 and 5 o'clock some more of Kant. Dined at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5; played on bass for 1 hour; drank tea and attempted to read some Kant in the evening, but found my eyes so weak that I was compelled to desist, and to think without book. Bed at 11.

"Saturday, March 27.—Rose at 6. Finished my remarks on foreign trade, and enclosed them to Ricardo. . . ."

A woman who can carry on a courtship on Kant's philosophy and Ricardo's economics is certainly a rarity.

A Learned "Fright."

As was to be expected, her eccentricity extended to her dress:—

One friend remembers her as always, when in town, wearing short skirts, no crinoline, white stockings, and high shoes. But Fanny Kemble seems to have been most impressed by her passion for discordant colours. "The first time I ever saw her she was dressed in a bright brimstone-coloured silk gown, made so short as to show her feet and ankles, having on her head a white satin hat, with a forest of white feathers; and I remember her standing, with her feet wide apart, and her arms akimbo, challenging me upon some political question, by which and her appearance I was much astonished and a little frightened. One evening she came to my sister's house, dressed entirely in black, but with scarlet shoes on, with which I suppose she was particularly pleased, for she lay on a sofa, with her feet higher than her head, American fashion, the better to display or contemplate them." In the country she adopted another, equally eccentric, style of dress, going about with a man's hat on her head, a stick in her hand, and a coachman's box-coat, of drab cloth, with manifold capes, over her short petticoats.

"The Female Centre of the Radical Party."

Nevertheless, she kept a brilliant salon:—

It was at a dinner-party at Sydney Smith's that Fanny Kemble first met Mrs. Grote, and found her to be one of the cleverest and most eccentric women in

London, "the female centre of the Radical party in politics—a sort of not-young-or-handsome feminine oracle, among a set of very clever, half-beatish men, in whose drawing-room Sydney Smith used to say he always expected to find an altar to Zeus."

As She Appeared to Sydney Smith.

Sydney Smith took to her immensely at first sight, and in his own way told her so. He wrote to invite her to "a real philosophical breakfast, all mind-and-matter men," and assured her that, "if she honours him with her notice, she will find him a theologian and a bigot, even to martyrdom; and that, if she comes to hear him preach at St. Paul's, she need have no delusive hope of a slumber, for he preaches violently, and there is a strong smell of sulphur about his sermons." Yet he could not refrain from poking fun at both Mr. and Mrs. Grote: "I like them, I like them," he used to say. "I like him, he is so ladylike; and I like her, she is such a perfect gentleman!"

He was "So Ladylike."

Mr. Grote was afflicted with even more than feminine modesty. He imagined that no publisher would publish the History at his own risk. His wife conducted the negotiations for him. His one hope, on hearing that John Murray had undertaken this tremendous hazard, was that "the poor man" would not be a loser:—

Mrs. Grote was in the habit of telling a number of anecdotes illustrative of her husband's simplicity and utter unconsciousness of his own celebrity. Waking in the park, he would perhaps notice that one or two persons looked at him with some attention. He would at once turn to his wife in alarm. "Have I got any dirt on my face, Harriet? Is there anything the matter with my hat?"—and he would clutch his head-gear with both hands. "What on earth are these people looking at me for?" And she would almost reply, "Because you are George Grote—that's all!"

An Exemplary Housekeeper.

Yet this grotesquely-dressed woman, student of philosophy and economics, business manager of her husband, head of a brilliant literary salon, was also an admirable housekeeper:—

"She knew how everything should be done, from the darning of a sock to the building of a house; and she could generally show a better way of doing most ordinary things." One of her favourite maxims was—"The household virtues are the basis of everything." And she was a great stickler for order and punctuality.

"Suffered Fools—Not—Gladly."

Her biographer can be readily believed when he says, "You feared her till you loved her," for she had a caustic tongue:—

Her acquaintances were frequently tickled off with significant nicknames; a subservient wife was called the "doornat," a young amateur was a "dab," and certain types of character became "the porcelain woman," or "the pinchbeck man." She is reported to have habitually used strong language to her servants. Lady Eastlake merely says that she called a spade a spade. . . . She had once prided herself to Sydney Smith on her patience in enduring bores. "That may be, my dear Grota," said he, "but you

do not conceal your sufferings." Towards the end, however, she grew more tender and tolerant, enduring even bores without betraying it. But she never lost her wonderful freshness.

The Coming Tribulation of the Tramp.

THE TASK FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

"Weary Willie" does not read the "Fortnightly Review," and for his own peace of mind it is just as well, for Mr. W. H. Dawson, in a very admirable article, unfolds before his eyes the tribulation that is awaiting him in the twentieth century. Mr. Dawson is one of the few writers upon social questions who take the trouble to study the problems which they discuss in the light of Continental experience. This article of his upon how to deal with the tramp is an admirable illustration of the advantages of this method. The tramp presents an even more troublesome problem in the United States than in the United Kingdom, and social reformers in both countries will read with delight Mr. Dawson's report as to the admirable manner in which this problem has been solved in Germany and Switzerland.

First Things to be Done.

Mr. Dawson is very explicit and very clear. He lays down the law in no uncertain fashion. The first things to be done he sets forth as follows:—

1. In the first place make vagrancy and loafing generally indictable offences. In sympathy with this measure restrict the right of free migration in the case of the destitute to the extent of making it dependent on police permission to travel in search of work.

2. Then make severer, and what is more important enforce, the laws against begging and penniless wandering.

3. Further, and particularly, abolish the Casual Ward.

How to Deal with the Bona Fide Workman.

One of the most sensible suggestions in Mr. Dawson's paper is that in which he proposes to deal with the bona fide seeker for work, when he has lost the lodgings at present provided for him in the casual ward. Mr. Dawson says:—

He would be expected to legitimise himself by means of a police or properly-attested private certificate, ascertaining his bona fides and his destination, and his labour passport should secure him free right to lodging and food on the way, for if there is any class of men whom it is the interest—not to say the duty—of society to help it is those who honestly seek work and pursue it. For them housing might be found in proper quarters at the workhouse or in decent houses of call and night shelters, such as exist in Germany and Switzerland, and these might be placed under either municipal or police control.

If this were done, society would have little compunction in dealing drastically with the incorrigible loafer, who at present escapes unwhipped of justice because he is mixed up with honest workmen on the lookout for a job. Having thus cleared the ground, Mr. Dawson proceeds to tell us

what should be done here, by describing what is already done in Berlin and in Berne.

A German Labour Colony.

Outside Berlin there stands what is described as a workhouse; but as in England a workhouse is a place where people do not work, it is better to call it a labour colony. This colony is provided for the following classes of people:—

Whoever wanders about as a vagabond.

Whoever begs or causes children to beg, or neglects to restrain from begging such persons as are under his control and oversight and belong to his household.

Whoever is so addicted to gambling, drunkenness, or idleness that he falls into such a condition as to be compelled to seek public help himself or for those for whose maintenance he is responsible.

Any female who is placed under police control owing to systematic immorality.

Any person who, while in receipt of public relief, refuses out of sloth to do such work suited to his strength as the authorities may offer him.

Any person who, after losing his past means of subsistence, fails to procure a livelihood within the time allotted to him by the competent authority, and who cannot prove that in spite of his best endeavours he has been unable to do so.

All these people may be taken up in Germany, and sent to gaol for a longer or shorter period—

and after the period of detention has been served, may be handed over to the State (as distinguished from the Communal) Police Authority, which may sentence them to be detained for any period, up to two years, in a workhouse, or to be employed, under police control, upon public works during the same period.

Two Years' Hard Labour on Public Works.

Mr. Dawson says:—

It is a first principle of the workhouse that all men of healthy body and mind sent thither shall be employed on the irrigation works several miles away, which are the culmination of Berlin's great sewage system, and at the time of my visit 665 men, out of a total of 1,617 inmates of all kinds, were engaged upon these works. The less robust and the older men are employed variously in and about the house, as in shoe-mending, tailoring, carpentry, locksmithy, and wood-cutting, while the women are engaged in sewing for a host of municipal institutions. The discipline in force in the workhouse is strict, and in certain eventualities rigorous.

The result, he declares, is admirable.

The Example of Switzerland.

This, it may be said, is all very well for despotic Germany. No one would be so hard-hearted as to doom even the most incorrigible tramp to two years' hard labour from five o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night. So Mr. Dawson turns to Switzerland, and describes the municipal labour colony of the city of Berne, where a somewhat similar system prevails, with the most excellent results:—

These are the words of the Director of the institution, as spoken to myself:—"The people come here, as a rule, miserable and unhealthy, low and wretched, worn out by careless living and bad food, but they soon become new creatures." They do not all turn out saints by any means, but the large percentage of wasters won back to sobriety and industry will be held far to outweigh the net maintenance expenditure of

£5 a head a year which is incurred on their behalf by those who borrow with John Ruskin that the making of men and women, or the re-making if need be, is one of the most lucrative businesses in which a State can engage.

The State as Money-lender.

The woes which the farmer suffers at the hands of the money-lender form the burden of well-nigh universal lament. Russian mujik, Indian ryot, American corn-grower—all join in bewailing the pitiless power of Shylock. Our Australasian fellow-subjects, however, are not in the chorus. They have hit on the idea: Why not be our own Shylocks? The Hon. W. P. Reeves, Agent-General for New Zealand, tells in the "National Review" how they have carried out the idea. "Colonial Governments as Money-lenders" is the title of his paper.

"Advance, Australasia!"—New Style.

Forty years ago, he says, it was quite a common thing for farmers and flock-owners in Australasia to pay fifteen per cent. for advances on their wool, sheep, or crops. From 1850 to 1870 mortgage rates varied from nine to seven, by 1890 from seven and a half to six on the cream of landed property. But as prices fell lower, cheaper money became a necessity, and in the bad times, 1893-95, the farmer's cry was loud and bitter. In four colonies—New Zealand, South Australia, Western Australia, and Victoria—the Government being able to borrow more cheaply than the private citizen, came to the rescue and passed certain Advance Acts whereby the State became money-lender. The private usurer found an effective competitor.

The New Zealand Scheme.

The New Zealand "Advances to Settlers Act" (passed in 1894 at the instance of Mr. Ward, now Minister of Railways) constitutes an office under a superintendent and a Board composed of leading Civil Servants. Mr. Reeves says:—

This Board met for the first time on the 23rd February, 1895. The borrowing of three millions of money was authorised by Parliament to provide the Office with loan capital, and a million and a half was borrowed in London in the spring of 1895. This money the Office proceeded to lend out on first mortgage on land used for farming, dairying, or market-gardening. Urban and suburban land used for building and manufacturing may not be taken as security. Nor is any lending done on personal property. . . . The Superintendent of the Office has no power to authorise a loan; only the Board can do that, and before the Board grants the money it must examine, not only the report of its own valuers, but the independent valuation of the land made by the Government Land Tax Department. . . . The first attraction of the Office to the small mortgagor is the low fees it charges for inspecting and valuing.

In five years £2,137,000 has in these ways been lent, out of which £340,000 has been repaid. At the end of March of this year the Superintendent had the agreeable duty of reporting that all instalments of interest and principal due to date had been collected, "no sum remaining outstanding on March 31, 1900." Only

one farm seems to have been foreclosed on during the five years of the Board's operations, and that the Superintendent was able to sell without loss. Of the advances made it is recorded that 63 per cent. were applied to paying off mortgages already existing which had been bearing a higher rate of interest than 5 per cent.

The Business Done.

The largest loan permitted is £3,000, the smallest £25. In March of last year the office had no securities lying on its hands—a very satisfactory outcome of five years' work:—

The figures of the Board's business for the five years ending with March, 1900, were: Loans applied for, £3,711,000; loans granted and accepted, £2,179,000. The number of applications made was 10,995; the number granted, 7,448. There were, therefore, from first to last, rather more than 3,500 disappointed would-be borrowers. Of these, 1,004 had their applications granted in part, but were dissatisfied with the sum offered them, and preferred to decline it altogether.

Moses and Solon Redivivi.

A special feature is the system of instalment loans:—

This not only provides the means for tempting the farmer to borrow, but the machinery for extricating him from the grip of his indebtedness. Therein it differs from all other mortgage systems of which I have heard, unless, indeed, it may be said to aim at somewhat the same object as the Jewish Jubilee and the famous enactment of Solon. Under the instalment system the borrower pays 5 per cent. interest; but his yearly payment is actually at the rate of 6 per cent., 1 per cent. of which goes to a sinking fund to repay the principal of the debt. Thus seventy-three half-yearly payments discharge the debt in thirty-six years and a half.

The South Australian Act limits the repayment by instalments at periods varying from three and a half to twenty-one years, and asks only four and a half per cent. interest. Mr. Reeves reckons that the total amount now advanced in the four colonies must be well above £4,000,000. "It is common knowledge that the operation of the lending laws has been coincident with a marked fall in the rates of interest."

There is one obvious moral gain attending this reform, which Mr. Reeves naturally does not mention. It must tend to the elimination of the Shylock type of man.

The Chief Danger to British Trade.

Mr. Birchenough writes briefly but wisely in the "Nineteenth Century" on this subject, taking as his text Lord Rosebery's speech at Glasgow. Mr. Birchenough recently visited forty-two towns and cities on the Continent. He is a director of the Imperial Continental Gas Corporation, an institution founded with British capital, and worked with British brains. It has gasworks in most of the great cities on the Continent, and in nearly all of them the native workmen are managed by Englishmen. As a director of this Corporation, Mr. Birchenough has a good opportunity of seeing how

things are going on the Continent, and he is much impressed with the fact that Germany is our most formidable competitor. Discussing the trade rivalry between Germany and Great Britain, Mr. Birch-enough says:—

I believe, then, that the most threatening danger to British trade lies partly in the inadequate and antiquated educational provision which we make for our people, rich and poor, but most of all in the absence of the spirit which alone makes education of any value.

He points out that our trade is at least as important as our empire. One is impossible without the other, and he wonders whether there will ever be a great outburst of trade enthusiasm which will carry thousands of our youths into schools and colleges, as the recent outburst of khaki fever sent thousands to South Africa. The following passage is not very pleasant reading:—

One can take the admitted defects in our military operations one by one and cap each with a similar defect in our commercial system. Is it the absence of scouting? We have in business the absence of knowledge of foreign languages and of efficient travellers, who are as much the eyes and ears of commerce as scouts are of an army. Is it the absence of maps and of acquaintance with the enemy's country? We have the lack of knowledge of commercial geography and of the peculiar wants and tastes of particular markets. Is it want of ready adaptability to new and unexpected conditions in a campaign? We have the obstinate adherence to old methods and standard makes in markets which require special and individual treatment. But the similarity goes far deeper than this. In both war and commerce you have the same want of calculated fore-sight, of preparation in advance against all possible contingencies; the same sanguine conviction that it is no use looking too far ahead, that it will be time enough to deal with difficulties when they arise. And, most serious of all, you have in both the same absence of—may we not say prejudice against?—systematic professional training.

Spokes from "The Hub."

"The Beacon of American Literature—Boston," is the subject of much interesting gossip by Mr. Douglas Sladen in the "Leisure Hour" for December. Mr. Sladen went to Boston in 1888, but recalls incidents of an earlier date.

"Sweet Reasonableness" Gone Sour.

He tells curious incidents of two celebrated English visitors, men of letters certainly, but hardly men of manners. He says:—

When I knew him (Holmes) . . . the great centre of literary life in Cambridge was the hospitable house of Mr. Houghton, the publisher, where so many notable English authors have been entertained, two of whom, Dickens and Matthew Arnold, gave moral offence within these walls. For Matthew Arnold's special delectation, Boston beans, which are prepared with bacon and are so identified with Boston literary life and Boston Sabbaths, had been provided as an entree. Instead of being pleased, he was very sarcastic, and said it was an outrage bringing a dish which smelt like that into polite society. This took place at a dinner-party, and his onslaught outraged everyone present except the host.

Dickens' Loss of Temper—and of Much Besides.

One is scarcely less sorry to read this about Dickens:—

Dickens' ebullition of temper, which costs his heirs and assigns so dearly, took place in the library. Mr. Houghton said to him that, as he could not prevent other houses republishing Dickens' works without payment, since there was no copyright, he could not afford to pay him more than a five per cent. royalty, but he was prepared to pay that. It was at a time when the American greenback had been terribly depreciated by the war. Dickens completely lost his temper, and said, "Well, if you won't give me more than that, I don't want any of your dirty money. It is not worth anything, anyhow." When Mr. Houghton told me this story he added that, just for his own satisfaction, he had always kept an account of the money that would have been paid to Dickens and his heirs, and it amounted to a good many thousand pounds.

"The Autocrat's" Only Revenge.

In pleasant contrast to these instances of British boorishness is the story which Oliver Wendell Holmes told when sitting in his library taking a cup of tea:—

"Look at this, Mr. Sladen," he said, showing two newspaper cuttings pasted side by side; "that is the only revenge I ever took." The first of the cuttings was a virulent review of Holmes' "Dorothy G.," published when it first came out. The success of the poem was instant and absolute. Some busybody told Dr. Holmes who had written the review. The merry, good-hearted little man took no notice of it at the time, but years later, when he came upon a paragraph in another paper announcing the failure and suicide of the man who had written the review, he cut it out and pasted it alongside the review.

A Smart Juvenile Rejoinder.

A very ancient excuse for defective table manners was very properly snubbed by a small juvenile, to Dr. Holmes' great delight. Mr. Sladen, after recounting another incident, goes on:—

It was almost immediately after this that he had the passage-of-arms with my boy, who was then about seven years old, which tickled him so immensely. The child was in his natural place—near the refreshment table. "Why don't you help yourself, little man?" said the Doctor. "Because I haven't any fork," responded the child. "Never mind, fingers were made before forks." "But not my fingers!"

These are a few samples of a most entertaining essay.

Prehistoric Crete Laid Bare.

It is an interesting link between the remotest old and the latest present, that the action of the Concert in freeing Crete from the unspeakable Turk has directly forwarded the discovery of the oldest civilisation in Europe. Mr. D. G. Hogarth gives in the "Contemporary" a most instructive account of the recent exploration of Crete, more particularly of that conducted by himself and Mr. Arthur Evans. On the Kephala Hill, at Knossos, they came to a great quantity of "pre-Mycenaean" pottery, marked by novelty of form and "startling elegance." Mr. Hogarth says:—

The art which could produce these elaborate vessels in Crete early in the second millennium before the Christian Era, was certainly in some respects not behind the art of contemporary craftsmen in the Egypt of the Twelfth Dynasty.

A New Literature Unearthed.

In March, while exploring the remains of a great palace, they came on the first example of the most epoch-making of the objects found on Kephala, namely, "a small wedge of hardened clay, inscribed with half-a-dozen symbols of the undeciphered linear script, which is now known to be the long-looked-for medium of written communication in the prehistoric Aegean":—

Three days later more such wedges were discovered, and thereafter, as the soil deepened towards the north, clay documents appeared daily in tens and twenties, till in certain chambers and galleries, in particular the tale, not only of wedges, but of larger tablets with many lines of text, had to be reckoned by hundreds. Many were found lying packed together as in boxes whose sides had long ago rotted away; others, permeated by wet, had coagulated into lumps, hardly to be divided.

"The Oldest Throne in Europe."

Mr. Hogarth goes on to describe, deep sunk and approached by a stairway, the most remarkable group of chambers yet laid bare:—

The central one, paved and frescoed, but much damaged by fire, contains a large sunken bath or tank with stone balustrade and descending steps, and, facing it, a stone bench running round the northern wall, broken in the centre by a singular throne in grey gypsum. The seat is shaped to human convenience; the high back, resembling that of an old English chair, is scoloped round the edge, and the legs, shown in relief on the supporting block, are ornamented with truly Gothic crocketing. What purpose, ritual or otherwise, the tank may have served, what king and council sat over against it, we can only guess; but there is no doubt that, as Mr. Evans says, this is the oldest throne in Europe.

"Ladies in Puffed Sleeves" B.C. 2000!

The frescoes discovered amid these ruins, says the writer, "make a strange revolution in our idea of pre-historic art in Greek lands":—

One would have said the painters of early Hellenic vases had been at work. Crowds of semi-nude youths, shown in delicate profile; red-skinned and black-haired warriors hurling darts; ladies in puffed sleeves and flounced skirts in animated conversation on balconies; facades of buildings, apparently palaces and shrines—these are the subjects drawn in with a sure brush among brilliant rosettes, sprays, and geometric patterns.

The Twentieth Centuries B.C. and A.D.

Here is a pretty reminder from the twentieth century before Christ to the beginning of the twentieth century after Christ:—

The Knossos palace shows a civilisation which reached the highest point attained by archaic art in painting the human form, in modelling plaster, and in carving stone vessels. In treating hard gems in intaglio, it equalled the finest Phœnician craft of later times, even as, at Mycenae (to which countless links of fabric, style, and pattern relate the Knossian palace finds), its metalwork equalled the finest Egyptian; while in the realism and life of its style, it excelled all its eastern rivals and teachers. We have now, under our hand, over a thousand written documents of a civilisation which a short time ago was thought to have possessed no

writing system at all, and it is most probable that many of these, when deciphered, will serve to justify us in calling the "Mycenaean" Age, not prehistoric, but historic. We see the king inhabiting in Crete a vast palatial building, adapted for the storage of immense wealth in kind, and, so far as all appearance goes, not in any way fortified. His life was led, not behind ramparts as at Mycenae, but in open security, though his dynasty had ousted another, possessing a very high antecedent culture, refined to the verge of decadence. Relations with other shores, especially the Egyptian, were open and frequent. Objects of art, like a diorite statuette of Twelfth Dynasty type, came from the Nile to Crete, and pottery went from Crete to the Nile. Moreover, strong influences of style passed to and fro, for the paintings of Khuenaten's town at Tell el Amarna are as parallel to the Knossian as the foliated lamp of Knossos is to the capitals of Egyptian colonnades. Direct evidence has at last been obtained as to the racial type and the speech prevailing in the prehistoric Aegean area; and a great accession to previous evidence on religious practice and cult affinities.

The article ends with a vivid sketch of the Psycho Cave, the supposed seat of Zeus' fabled birth, with its subterranean lake and beautiful tracery of stalactite roof.

A Too Anxious Reviewer.

The enthusiasm to which the "Church Quarterly Review" has been stirred by the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play does infinite credit to that pious and decorous and erudite organ of Anglican opinion. The writer of the "study and appreciation" of the peasant drama has evidently been profoundly thrilled by what he saw, and he is man enough not to be ashamed of his emotion. He sees in the "Play" a "fragment of mediæval life," a glimpse of the age of faith, "astonishing, fascinating, unique," and also "a living comment on the ancient classical drama." His eulogy of the actors and of the author of the drama is warm and generous.

It is a pity that the writer should have intruded on this gracious mood of mind with a wholly gratuitous alarm about the orthodoxy of a certain guide-book to the play which is issued from this office. He says:—

As far as the text is concerned, the English world must, we suppose, be grateful to Mr. Stead; for his is the only book which gives the German and English side by side. . . . But what are we to say of the Introduction? It is well meant, in a gushing, sentimental fashion. But the taste of it? . . .

And one expression keeps recurring and recurring about which we do not know what to think—is it meant to convey a suggestion that, after all, the interest of Calvary was only that of a martyrdom, differing in degree, not in kind, from the sufferings of other good men? Or is it pure ignorance of theology, with a Philistinish misapprehension of all that the Ammergauers intend, which makes him say to his readers that "that is the great gain of the Passion Play." It takes us clear back across the ages to the standpoint of those who saw Jesus the Galilean as but a man among men. It compels us to see him without the aureole of Divinity, as he appeared to those who knew him from his boyhood, and who said, "Are not his brethren still with us?" . . .

We are most anxious to be just to Mr. Stead, but we cannot help saying that he sadly mistook his vocation when he attempted to deal with the Passion Play. Whatever his own beliefs may be (and into these it is no business of ours to enquire), of this we cannot acquit him—that if he holds the Christian faith he has handed it with the presumption of gross ignorance. The results of such handling on the uneducated, to whom alone he can appeal, can only be to lead them to believe that the most obvious gain from the Passion Play is that it strips the legendary Christ of a divinity whose ascription to His Person has served no other purpose than to obscure the completeness of His humanity.

This is surely sheer perversity. The whole drift of my Introduction was to insist upon "the miracle of miracles," that a martyrdom which from the standpoint of Christ's contemporaries was "merely a passing episode in the unceasing martyrdom of man," should have actually transformed the world. "Why, I ask. Why,"—I do not use the phrase, but my meaning is clear,— "if it only differed in degree and not in kind from the sufferings of other good men," did the Crucifixion have such immense results? Surely the reviewer is capable of distinguishing between "the aureole of Divinity" and the Divinity itself. The "gain" referred to consists plainly in the reproduction of the actual, the representation of what was really obvious to the senses of contemporaries, without the phenomenal accretions which were added by the adoring fancy of later times. This reversion to fact inevitably drives the mind of the spectator to seek the Divinity not in any sensuous show or fantastic outward label, but where alone it can be found in the moral and spiritual personality clothed as it was in "the form of a servant" and "in fashion as a man." It is precisely because the play recalls with intense vividness "the form of a servant" and the "fashion as a man," that it forces us to realise what Power and Grace resided within that lowly exterior. For, as I said in the "Introduction," not until we start low enough do we understand the heights to which the Crucified has risen. It is only after realising the depth of His humiliation, we can even begin to understand the miracle of the transformation which He has wrought.

May the kindly and reverent heart of the reviewer be reassured, and help to widen the too ecclesiastical "head of him"! It is impossible to preface every reference to things sacred by a solemn recitation of the ecumenical Creeds. Life is too short.

The Author of the Eight Hours Day.

The eight hours movement has won actuality enough in home-lands to make its Colonial origin of something like Imperial interest. The series of "Capitals of Greater Britain," now being sketched in the "Pall Mall Magazine," reaches this

month Wellington, N.Z. Mr. Tom L. Mills, in the course of his well-written paper, recounts the beginnings of the reform:—

A modest and now much-defaced marble tablet over the meagre drinking fountain outside the city's Free Public Library is the very slight tribute paid by Wellington workers to the man whose forethought won for New Zealanders, and other colonials, the eight-hour workday. Samuel Duncan Parnell, a carpenter, London-born—who never owned allegiance to a trade's union—single-handed, when first he set foot on Port Nicholson's beach, stipulated for, and eventually obtained for himself, and afterwards established and fostered for the benefit of his fellows, the practice of the principle of equal division of the twenty-four hours—

"Eight hours' labour,
Eight hours' rest,
Eight for recreation
And what seemeth best."

There has been much argument in the Colonies and Great Britain upon the origin of the shorter workday, and it was not until a short time before his death that Parnell himself established his claim as the founder of the movement, and the writer has independent evidence supporting the claim. Parnell fought in the workshop and at mass meetings on Petone Beach, Wellington, for the principle during the time between February 7 and March 7, 1840; he made it the custom of his trade and other trades in Wellington; it spread to other parts of the colony, thence over to Victoria; and he lived to see the establishment of an annual Eight-hour Day (Labour Day) set apart as a State holiday in the land of his adoption, and died in Wellington in 1890 in his eightieth year.

Perhaps the name of Parnell will some day, when the claim of Labour to Leisure has been more universally recognised, suggest rather Eight Hours and New Zealand than Home Rule and Ireland. Certainly Samuel Duncan has achieved more than Charles Stewart.

The Industrialised World.

A CENTURY OF COMMERCE.

"A Century of International Commerce" is the title of an excellent article in the "North American Review" for November, in which Mr. O. P. Austin, Chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics, sums up the progress made in trading between nations in the last hundred years. In that period, while the world's population has increased less than 150 per cent., its trade has increased more than 1,000 per cent. "Steam, electricity, invention, finance, and peace," are the five magic words which account for this unparalleled increase. A business message which formerly took a year for despatch and reply may now be answered in a few minutes and hours, while finance has simplified and accelerated all mercantile operation, and peace, in spite of all our wars, has been more prevalent in the present century than in any preceding one.

How Trade Has Grown.

The following is a condensation of Mr. Austin's table of the increase in the world's trade in 100 years:—

Commerce.				Shipping.			
Year.	Population.	Aggregate. Dollars.	Per Capita. Dollars.	Sail. Tons.	Steam. Tons.	Carrying Power. Tons.	
1800	640,000,000	1,479,000,000	2.31	4,026,000	None	4,026,000	
1850	1,075,000,000	4,049,000,000	3.76	11,470,000	588,000	14,902,000	
1898	1,500,000,000	19,915,000,000	13.27	11,045,000	13,943,000	63,200,000	
Year.		Railways. Miles.	Telegraphs. Miles.	Cables. Miles.		Area. Cultivated. Acres.	
1800		None	None	None		360,000,000	
1850		23,960	5,000	25			
1898		442,200	933,000	168,000		831,000,000	
Year.		Cotton Production. Pounds.	Coal Production Tons.	Pig Iron Production. Tons.		Gold production of Decade ending with year. Dollars.	
1800		520,000,000	11,600,000	460,000		128,464,000	
1850		1,435,000,000	81,400,000	4,422,000		363,928,000	
1898		5,900,000,000	610,000,000	37,150,000		1,350,000,000	

What Steam Has Done.

Mr. Austin traces in detail the effect of each of the five commerce-producing factors which he mentions upon the trade of the world. Take railways, for example:—

The application of steam to transportation of merchandise by rail began in England in 1825, and in the United States in 1830, the number of miles of railway in the world in 1830 being about 200. In that year the world's commerce, according to the best estimates obtainable, was 1,981,000,000 dols., as against 1,639,000,000 dols. in 1820, an increase in the decade of barely seventeen per cent., while in the preceding decades of the century the increase had been even less. By 1840, railways had increased to 5,420 miles, and commerce had increased to 2,789,000,000 dols., an increase of forty per cent. From 1840 to 1850, railways increased to 23,960 miles, and commerce had increased to 4,049,000,000 dols., a gain of forty-five per cent. By 1860, the railways had increased to 67,350 miles, and commerce to 7,249,000,000 dols., an increase of seventy-nine per cent.

The application of steam to sea transport has had a similar effect:—

The first steamship crossed the ocean in 1819, and the total steam tonnage afloat in 1820 is estimated at 20,000 tons, against 5,814,000 of sail tonnage. By 1840, steam tonnage had increased to 393,000, while sail had grown to 9,012,000; by 1860, steam had reached 1,710,000, while sail was 14,890,000; by 1870, steam tonnage was 3,040,000, and sail had dropped to 13,000,000; by 1880, steam had become 5,880,000, and sail 14,400,000; by 1890, steam had reached 9,040,000, and sail had dropped to 12,640,000; and, in 1898, the steam tonnage was estimated at 13,045,000, and the sail tonnage at 11,045,000. The rapidity of growth of steam transportation, however, can only be realised when it is remembered that the steam vessel, by reason of its superior speed, size, and ability to cope with all kinds of weather, is able to make four times as many voyages in a year as a sailing vessel, and that, in comparing the steam tonnage of the late decades with the sail tonnage of the earlier ones, the former must be multiplied by four to give it a proper comparison with the unit of sail tonnage.

Mr. Austin says that the amount of gold in Europe in 1492 was not more than 60,000,000 dols., or less than the fortune of several individuals at the present day. At present the yearly production is five times as great, and as a consequence 95 per cent. of the world's commerce is carried on between nations who employ a gold standard. Mr.

Austin naturally devotes a special page to a summary of America's part in the general progress. He says:—

While the total commerce of the world has grown from 1,479,000,000 dols. to 19,915,000,000 dols., that of the United States has increased from 162,000,000 dols. to over 2,000,000,000 dols., while the ratio of increase in exports of domestic merchandise is even much greater.

Growth of Socialism in America.

Mr. Maurice Low, chronicling American affairs in the "National Review," reports from the general figures of recent elections that the Socialists have made gains. They refused to coalesce with the Democrats, and ran a Presidential candidate of their own—Eugene Debs, leader of the great railway strike. "Men who keep in touch with organised labour say that Socialism is spreading," and is stronger in the older settled communities of the East. Mr. Low goes on to mingle narrative and prophecy:—

In Massachusetts the Mayors of two important cities, avowed Socialists, were elected; and in New York Socialism is a factor, trifling, of course, at the present time, but still a factor. The trend of American thought is toward Socialism, although many men who are unconscious Socialists—if the expression is permissible—would be horrified at the mere suggestion. But when you see the efforts being made toward the municipalisation of public utilities—the ownership of gas and waterworks by the community and the agitation in favour of Government ownership of telegraphs and railways, an agitation not confined to merely visionary cranks, one is forced to the conclusion that it is significant of the spread of Socialist doctrines. It has been predicted that the next contest in this country, although not necessarily the next campaign, will be a death grapple between Individualism and Collectivism, not precisely the Collectivism of Karl Marx, but a rational Socialism in accordance with modern requirements. This, of course, is a projection into the future, and merely interesting as a philosophical speculation, yet the fact should not be overlooked that the causes which contributed to McKinley's election—the multiplication of trusts, the accumulation of colossal fortunes by a small number of men, and the control of transportation facilities—are doing more than anything else to make thinking men believe that the only remedy is to be found in enlightened Socialism.

"The Social Engineer."

Mr. W. H. Tolman writes in the "Century" on "What More Than Wages?"—a question often put now by working men. He mentions a new avocation to which he gives the name of "social engineer." He says:—

An employer doing a business of half a million asked the writer if he could commend to him any young man or woman, preferably someone just graduated from college, hence of trained intelligence, who could go into his establishment with the status of a private secretary, for the sole purpose of studying and advising, by personal contact with the working staff, so that the employes could be made of more value to themselves, in the first instance, and to their employer, in the second.

Mr. Tolman was asked by another firm for hints towards industrial betterment among their men. His many suggestions were encountered with the retort: "We are too busy—we must do our own work."

"Of course you are too busy," I said, "and for that very reason you need someone on your staff whose sole business will be the planning and direction of movements to improve industrial conditions. In other words, you need a social engineer."

Social engineering, accordingly, is a new profession, and the above facts show that there is already a demand for experts in this line. Will the members of the profession be recruited from our colleges?

Recent appointments by Mr. Lever, at Port Sunlight, and by Mr. Rowntree, at York, show that the movement is crossing the Atlantic to our own shores. He refers to Port Sunlight, with its "individual homes" for the wage-earners. He mentions Ludlow, Peacedale and Hopeful as types of American industrial communities. A new type he finds in Vandergrift, which in 1895 was 500 acres of fields and meadows:—

The lay-out of the town was planned by one of the most eminent landscape architects in America, while the water and lighting systems are ample and perfect. All this development was planned and executed by the company, who started their new works at Vandergrift in 1895; to-day there are nearly five hundred homes, five churches, one school, and a casino.

Mr. Tolman then goes on to show that "investment in the manhood of employes does pay, because a more vigorous man can do more work, a more conscientious man will do more conscientious work, and a more intelligent man will do more intelligent work."

Here is a novel idea:—

An American manufacturer, who employs a young woman to devote her whole time to work for and among the women of his factory and the neighbourhood, has installed her in a house which is a kind of social centre. The kitchen, dining-room, bedroom, and bathroom, and her private apartments, have been fitted up simply, yet with all the necessities of home-keeping, for the express purpose of serving as an object-lesson for prospective couples, so that they may know just what will be necessary for their new home and what is the cost of each article. In addition to the demonstration of what a home needs in the way of furnishings, a superb opportunity is afforded of showing that for the same amount of money wall-paper may be bought of a colour and design that will harmonise with the carpet,

and that the furniture will fit in with both; in other words, that the beautiful can be combined with the useful, to the heightened charm of each, at no greater expense.

Employers with a conscience in the matter will be glad to know that "there is an organisation in New York which is collecting, by photographs, diagrams, reports, documents, whatever is being done by employers for employes."

Poets as Rhymers.

It is an interesting addition which Mr. Frank Ritchie makes to the statistics of literature in his "Longman's" essay on "Rhyme." Here is an instructive example of his work:—

The comparative accuracy as regards rhyme, of a dozen well-known English poets may be roughly indicated by the following list. The figures indicate the number of imperfect rhymes occurring in a thousand lines taken at random, and the correctness of the rhyme is judged by the standard of modern pronunciation, except in a few instances where it is notorious that the pronunciation has been changed:—

Shakespeare, 55; Dryden, 47; Pope, 38; Cowper, 36; Scott, 36; Wordsworth, 36; Tennyson, 32; Byron, 28; Campbell, 28; Moore, 28; Keats, 20; Goldsmith, 11.

Mr. Ritchie attempts the task of reducing imperfect rhymes to law. He finds that they occur between sounds that, although not identical, are phonetically allied according to his scheme of sounds.

The Progress of Madagascar.

While we are lost in admiration of our own genius for developing conquered lands, we ought to have some regard left for similar work done by other nations, even though the nation in question be French. We shall do well to heed the testimony given by Rev. W. E. Cousins, of the London Missionary Society, writing in the December "Sunday at Home" on Protestantism in Madagascar under the French flag. His first chapter deals with "suspicion and opposition." He speaks of the delight the Malagasy subordinate officials show in their French uniform, and of their keen appreciation of the "liberal salaries paid regularly month by month, an experience absolutely new to Government officials in Madagascar." He goes on:—

Great material changes are taking place. Roads and bridges, telegraphs and telephones, are bringing distant parts into closer relation to one another. Postal communication has been greatly facilitated. A good police force has been organised, and the general administration has been much improved. The law courts command the respect and confidence of the natives because of the impartiality of the judges and the prompt despatch of business; and an admirable system of land registration has been introduced. In brief, we may say that, under its new government, Madagascar has, in five years, made more rapid advance than could have been hoped for in a century under the sluggish and unprogressive ways of the Hova government.

A Great American Financier, J. Pierpont Morgan.

In the December "Munsey's," Mr. John Paul Bocock has a brief but interesting article on "America's Foremost Financier," Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Bocock describes the head of the banking firm of J. Pierpont Morgan and Co., the greatest power in Wall-street, as a man distinguished not only for his large charity, but for his even more unusual modesty, or hatred of notoriety—whatever it is that makes him insist on the anonymity of his great gifts. Although he has given away some 5,000,000 dol., not a single institution which has benefited by his generosity bears his name.

His abhorrence of notoriety is one of the strong factors in his personal equation. Others are his impervious will, his acuteness of thought, and his brevity of speech. Another powerful factor is his physique. Six feet in height, with the shoulders and chest of an athlete, he is, with all his 200 and more pounds weight, so quick in his movements as to force upon all beholders the conclusion that here indeed is a man both intellectually and physically in touch with the foremost forces of his time.

An Accessible Man.

A railroad president from a not far distant State, whose name was also identified with an institution of learning, called one morning, not many years ago, at 23 Wall-street, and asked to see Mr. Morgan. A peculiarity of the banking-house is that almost anybody can see Mr. Morgan who wants to. He does not sit in a sanctum shut away by mahogany doors from the surging life of the place. Behind a long glass partition, to the right as one enters, and beginning about thirty feet from the street entrance, stand the desks of the partners: Robert Bacon, C. H. Coster (who died recently), George S. Bowdoin, Temple Bowdoin, and W. P. Hamilton, the latter Mr. Morgan's son-in-law. At the far end of the line sits Pierpont Morgan himself, by a broad, low desk, in a pivot chair, on which he swings himself freely as his attention is directed, now here, now there. Desk and chair are alike plain, businesslike, and unsuggestive of magnificent enterprises.

Around the room are men waiting, hat in hand, watching the opportunity to approach and speak. Mr. Morgan holds a long gold-banded cigar between the fingers of his left hand, enjoying a dry smoke. His clothes are those of the man of the world; his closely trimmed grey hair, smooth-shaven face, and heavy moustache show that he takes care of himself. To him entered the railroad president, smiling, self-assured, prepared to be eloquent, but not to be abashed.

"This, sir," said he, presently, referring to the proposition he had just outlined, "is a gilt-edged opportunity. You must not think our stock is going begging. I am ready to put the matter through myself, but—"

"I don't see, then, that you need me at all," said Mr. Morgan, quietly. And he turned to the next-comer.

On a fair estimate of his annual gains, each minute of his working hours is worth at least forty dollars. It ought to be dangerous to waste the time of such a man—and it is.

Mr. Morgan's chief recreation is yachting. He was, for years, commodore of the New York Yacht Club. His new yacht, *The Corsair*, is a big black ocean-going steamer of 1,136 tons, which cost 500,000 dol. Once aboard her, Mr. Morgan throws off business cares and becomes a genial host and companion.

His Vast Interests.

Of the corporations whose management Pierpont Morgan dictates, the most important are the railroads. In others, like the General Electric Company, he retains an abiding interest. In others still, like the Federal Steel Company and the National Tube Company, he was interested only in their formative period, when they needed both promoting and financing.

Of the way in which the Federal Steel Company was formed, President Gary said to the Industrial Commission, sitting in Washington, a few weeks ago: "Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan really effected the union, and brought the separate companies together. Between 200,000,000 dollars and 300,000,000 dollars was given to him, and with this he bought a controlling interest in each of the corporations, paying his own expenses."

Lord Charles Beresford on the Anglo-Saxon Race.

In the "North American Review" for December, Lord Charles Beresford writes an interesting article on the above topic. It is worth while seeing how this bluff and gallant sailor regards the position and future of the race to which he belongs:—

It is the extraordinary capacity for absorbing and assimilating the progressive forces of other nationalities that has kept the Anglo-Saxon race moving with the times, and which will long postpone any decadence such as has befallen its predecessors. It is this infusion of fresh blood which has kept alive the fearless energy, sturdy determination, versatile ability, peculiar aptitude for self-government and the unresting spirit of enterprise which characterises the great Anglo-Saxon people. These characteristics which guide the brother nations have brought them to their present dominant position in the world. The British Empire comprises 11,712,170 square miles of territory, soon to be increased by the unity of South Africa. The United States, within its own borders and the islands lately added to its territory, rules over 3,692,125 square miles. Thus, together, the Anglo-Saxon race owns, controls, or dominates 15,404,295 square miles—very nearly one-fourth of the total land surface of the globe. The population of the British Empire in 1898 was returned at 385,280,000. The United States population, with its newly added territory included, will probably show, at the census due this year, nearly 80,000,000 of inhabitants. The two combine over 465,280,000 of inhabitants, and this total is more reliable than the estimated 400,000,000 of the

Chinese Empire. The Anglo-Saxon race, therefore, includes under its immediate sway over a fourth of the population of the world.

No race that has preceded it has ruled nearly one-fourth of the earth's surface and over one-fourth of its population.

The Secret of this Growth.

Those who denounce the land hunger of the Saxon race, who in days gone by attack Great Britain, and to-day are equally aggressive on the Philippine question, forget that the whole history of the Anglo-Saxon rise and development is to be found in this extension of boundaries. How else did the 120,970 square miles of the British Isles swell to 11,000,000 square miles, and the 1,378,981 square miles of the United States territory under Washington increase to its present dimensions of 3,692,125 square miles under McKinley?

This superiority in trading which is so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon is one of the most promising features of the race, which points to continuance of prosperity and increase of Empire rather than to decadence. Few of the races that preceded the Anglo-Saxon were traders. They were chiefly military nations. The Phœnicians and Carthaginians were, it is true, great merchant adventurers, and Solomon's galleys penetrated to the remotest coasts in search of trade; but, in these isolated cases, the merchant was not sufficiently alive to the necessity for defending commerce against the cupidity of poorer but more military races. The Anglo-Saxon has, so far, chiefly owing to the mixture of blood in his veins, kept alive side by side both the military and the commercial spirit; and it is this unique combination of talents which offers the best hopes for the survival of the Anglo-Saxon as the fittest of humanity to defy the decaying process of time.

Anglo-Saxon Perils.

British society has been eaten into by the canker of money. From the top downwards, the tree is rotten. The most immoral pose before the public as the most philanthropic, and as doers of all good works. Beauty is the slave of gold, and Intellect, led by Beauty, unknowingly dances to the strings which are pulled by Plutocracy.

There was one good point about the old order of kingly supremacy and infallibility. It was its birth-right to be the protector of chivalry, manliness, and purity. Sullied as it was by many crimes, the ideal was always there, and each generation it brought forth fresh shoots. But what shall we say of the new order of Wealth, of the greed for gold which is its mainspring, of the way in which those who by birth and education should be the sternest protectors of the race, abandon all and fling themselves on the shrine of the Golden God?

This is the danger which menaces the Anglo-Saxon race. The sea which threatens to overwhelm it is not the angry waters of the Latin races, or of envious rivals, but the cankering worm in its own heart, the sloth, the indolence, the luxurious immorality, the loss of manliness, chivalry, moral courage and fearlessness which that worm breeds. This danger, which overthrew Babylon, Persia, Carthage, Athens, Rome and many other mighty nations and races in the past, now threatens the race to which we belong; but to it we oppose what they never possessed, on anything like the same principles or to the same extent as we—the power of democracy. "The voice of the people is the voice of God," says an old Latin proverb, and in the main that is true. The masses may err, they may misinterpret their own wishes. They may need powerful and educated leaders, able to guide popular sentiment into the right channels, and to prevent it doing damage by overflowing its banks, but the voice of the people in the end is right, because in the mass they are neither self-seeking nor self-serving; for it is impossible for a mass to be swayed by purely selfish interests. To the masses we must look for the regeneration of the State and the rescue of the race.

If ever—which God forbid!—democratic feeling in the Anglo-Saxon people should be unheeded, and those

who are their leaders should continue to play with the moral sentiment of the people, democracy will resent it, and the consequences will be more terrible than any upheaval in France or elsewhere; for when once democracy overflows, like a river which has broken its banks, it becomes a scourge and an evil, and goes farther than is just or right. The mob begin by asking for justice and right, and end by demanding a scapegoat and a martyr.

An Anglo-Saxon Alliance.

Co-operation must be the keynote of the Anglo-Saxon race if in the future it is to fulfil its high destiny in a worthy fashion. As long as the heart of the nations of two great Anglo-Saxon countries is sound, and beats true to those ideals of liberty and progress which are the most cherished talismans of the race, the future before the race is safe enough; but before the Anglo-Saxons can play their part properly in the world's history they must purge themselves of all that belittles their fair fame, and help each other to carry out those lofty ideals which have ever kept us a race of sailors and soldiers, as well as a race of merchant adventurers.

We are a practical, common-sense people, and it does us no harm to have infused into us from time to time a little of that Celtic temperament which is so easily kindled into warm enthusiasm. The Anglo-Saxon race has held its own where its predecessors have failed, because of its cool, calm, almost phlegmatic and critical way of regarding all questions, but it is just as well to remember that it is the spice of enthusiasm, of adventure, and daring which is also an admixture in our blood that has kept us steadily striking out in fresh directions, ever increasing the world's knowledge and our own importance. The law of life is progression. Nothing stands still. In reality the molecules of the hardest rock are in perpetual motion. To appear to stand still is to begin to go back. There are no signs of such a retrogressive movement in the Anglo-Saxon race; and, therefore, we may look confidently forward to its future and hope and pray that there is something, after all, in the visionaries' prophecy that through that race "all the nations of the world shall be blessed."

Why I Was Beaten: by Mr. Bryan.

The most important article in the "North American Review" for December is that in which Mr. Bryan explains why he lost the Presidential election. He says the Republicans had a vast campaign fund; they were able to frank their voters over the railway lines; a war was in progress, and the average man did not want to "swap horses" while crossing the stream. Then the "prosperity" argument swayed thousands. Of the temper shown in the election, Mr. Bryan gives an amusing instance. A distinguished member of the Republican party, when asked whether he would vote the Democratic ticket, gave vent to his partisanship and said: "No; a thousand times no! I'd rather go to sea in a boat of stone, with sails of iron, and oars of lead, the wrath of God for a gale, and hell for a port!" We give Mr. Bryan's version of the part money played in the great fight:—

Money in Politics.

The magnitude of the fund which can be collected depends upon the interest which the great corporations feel in the result, and upon the imminence of the danger to the privileges which they are enjoying. Prior to 1896, the money element of the country was divided between the two leading parties; but, even then,

the Republican party had a considerable majority among the bankers, railroad magnates and manufacturers. In 1896, the Republican party secured the support of practically all of those capitalists who thrive through governmental favouritism, or in the absence of necessary restraining legislation. The Republican campaign fund that year surpassed any fund employed in previous campaigns, but the immense amount then employed would have failed of its purpose but for the coercion practised by money loaners and employers of labour. Since 1896, the consolidation of wealth has gone on with a rapidity never before known. The following are a few of the large combinations which have been formed within the last four years:—

The American Agricultural Chemical Co., organised in 1898, has an authorised capital of 40,000,000 dollars, and controls twenty-two of the largest fertilising concerns in the country.

The American Hide and Leather Co., organised in 1899, has an authorised capital of 35,000,000 dollars, and controls about seventy-five per cent. of the upper leather output of the country.

The American Linseed Oil Co., organised in 1898, has a capital stock of 33,500,000 dollars, and controls over eighty-five per cent. of the linseed oil properties of the United States.

The American Steel and Wire Co., organised in 1899, has 90,000,000 dollars of stock, and controls about eighty per cent. of the nail and wire products of the United States.

The American Thread Co., organised in 1898, has a capital stock of 12,000,000 dollars, and consolidated fourteen large thread companies in New York and New England.

The American Tin Plate Co., organised in 1898, has 50,000,000 dollars of stock, and controls about ninety-five per cent. of the tin plate output.

The American Window Glass Co., organised in 1899, has 17,000,000 dollars of stock, and controls about eighty-five per cent. of the output.

The American Writing Paper Co., organised in 1899, has 25,000,000 dollars of stock, and controls over seventy-five per cent. of the output.

The Continental Tobacco Co., organised in 1898, has a capital stock of 100,000,000 dollars, and controls the leading plug tobacco factories of the country.

The Federal Steel Co., organised in 1898, has an authorised capital of 200,000,000 dollars, and is a consolidation of several railroad, steamship, and manufacturing companies.

The International Paper Co., organised in 1898, has an authorised capital of 45,000,000 dollars, and controls eighty-five per cent. of the output of newspapers.

The National Biscuit Co., organised in 1898, has a capital of 55,000,000 dollars, and controls one hundred and sixteen plants.

The National Salt Co., organised in 1899, has 12,000,000 dollars capital, and controls ninety-five per cent. of the output of salt.

The National Tube Co., organised in 1899, has a capital stock of 30,000,000 dollars, and controls ninety per cent. of the output.

The Rubber Goods Manufacturing Co., organised in 1899, has a capital stock of 50,000,000 dollars; the Standard Rope and Twine Co., organised November 8, 1896 (five days after the election), consolidated twenty-two large cordage mills, and fixed the capital stock at 12,000,000 dollars; the Union Bag and Paper Co., organised in 1899, has a capital stock of 27,000,000 dollars, and controls ninety per cent. of the paper-bag business; the United States Envelope Co., organised in 1898, has a capital of 5,000,000 dollars, and controls ninety per cent. of the output of commercial envelopes; and the United States Cast Iron Pipe and Foundry Co., organised in 1899, has an authorised capital of 30,000,000 dollars, and controls the principal cast-iron pipe factories.

All of these trusts, and many others, had a pecuniary reason for supporting the Republican ticket, for they have not only enjoyed immunity during the present Administration, but they had every reason to expect further immunity in case of Republican success; while

the Democratic platform and the Democratic organisation were outspoken in their condemnation of private monopolies, and the candidates were pledged to aggressive measures for the extermination of all combinations formed in restraint of trade.

What the Trusts Gained.

Since the election the meat combine at Chicago has raised the price of meat. One paper estimates that the increase will amount to thirty-nine millions in one year. If this estimate is correct, the beef combine alone could afford to contribute fifteen millions to the Republican campaign fund, for this would be less than ten per cent. of the amount it could realise in four years from the increase before mentioned. Such a campaign fund would be sufficient for all legitimate purposes, and leave enough to purchase every floating vote in the United States and to colonise all the doubtful States. On the day before the election of 1900, the stock of the Standard Oil Company was worth six hundred and twenty-five dollars per share, the par value being one hundred dollars. According to report of Henry Clews and Co., the Standard Oil Co. paid twelve per cent. dividends from 1891 to 1895. In 1899 it incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, and controls two-thirds of the output of oil in the United States. This year its dividends will aggregate about fifty per cent. on the capital stock. The Standard Oil Co. alone, by contributing a small percentage of its profits, could so finance the Republican Committee as to secure a victory for that party in any close election. I have mentioned two trusts, whose contributions might be enormous. There are several others, any one of which out of its profits could supply a campaign fund ten times larger than it would be possible to raise from the people, who are the victims of all the trusts. Can anyone doubt that such conditions will result in increasing injustice to the masses, and in fabulous fortunes for those who stand at the head of the monopolies? Is there any remedy for the improper use of money in elections? Yes, there is a remedy; a statute making it a penal offence for any officer of a corporation to contribute corporation funds to a campaign fund, limiting the amount that can be legally expended by candidates or committees, and compelling the publication of the names of contributors to campaign funds, together with the amounts contributed. Such a law would help, and yet such a law would be a dead letter unless enforced, and such a law would not be enforced unless the conscience of the people was aroused.

Drowsy Consciences.

The most surprising feature of the campaign was the indifference manifested by many Republicans to the attack on governmental principles heretofore regarded as sacred. The party in power is clearly committed to a colonial policy so repugnant to our history, our traditions and our political maxims that there was no substantial effort made by Republican leaders to defend the party's position. Where a defence was attempted the gist of it was about as follows: "We did not want the Philippine Islands; they came to us by accident; but now that we have them, we cannot honourably let them go; besides, it looks as if it was God's work; and then, too, there is money in it."

Destiny, Divinity, and Dollars! The destiny argument is a subterfuge. Bulwer's description of it is the best I have seen. In speaking of William of Hastings, who laid his sins at the door of destiny, he says: "It is Destiny!" phrase of the weak human heart! "It is Destiny!" dark apology for every error! The strong and virtuous admit no Destiny! On earth guides Conscience, in Heaven watches God. And Destiny is but the phantom we invoke to silence the one, to dethrone the other!"

Is the Money Question Settled?

To consider this election as decisive of the money question would be as absurd as to have regarded the election of 1836 as decisive of the tariff question. It would be more reasonable to regard the late election

as conclusive upon the question of imperialism, or upon the trust question, both of which were discussed more by our people than the money question. But, as a matter of fact, an election is not necessarily conclusive upon any question. The tariff question was prominent in the campaigns of 1876, 1880, 1884, 1888, and 1892, and entered into the campaigns of 1896 and 1900, and yet no tariff reformer believes the tariff question settled. Prior to 1896, all parties declared in favour of bimetalism, although many of the leaders in the Democratic and Republican parties favoured the gold standard. In 1896, all parties were pledged to bimetalism, but the line was drawn between independent and international bimetalism, while the last campaign involved other and more serious questions. If any person is disposed to believe that the campaign of 1900 turned upon the money question, let him watch Republican legislation, and he will see that the party in power construes the result as an endorsement of Republican policies upon several other subjects. The increased production of gold has lessened the strain upon gold, and has to some extent brought the relief which Democrats proposed to bring in a larger measure by the restoration of silver; but there is no assurance whatever that the gold supply, even with the new discoveries, will be sufficient to maintain the level of prices. Favourable conditions have given us an abnormal share of the world's supply of gold, but the scarcity of the yellow metal abroad is already leading to the export of gold, while the increase in the issue of bank notes is evidence that we are still short of money here. The Republicans defend the gold standard, not by logic, but by giving it credit for better times. When prosperity fails, the gold standard will lose its charm.

Back of all the questions which have been referred to, lie the deep and lasting struggle between human rights and inhuman greed. If greed triumphs, its victory will transform our government into a plutocracy and our civilisation into barbarism.

What Competition Costs Us.

One of the prize essays of the "Cosmopolitan" series appears in the November number of that magazine, under the title, "What Communities Lose by the Competitive System." Mr. Jack London, the author, assumes that man became the foremost animal because of his gregarious instinct and his consciousness of it; and he argues that the various forms of combination or co-operation, which are the evolution of his gregarious instinct, must go on. Mr. London cites a hundred instances of the gigantic losses to the human community through the competitive system. Ten thousand acres of land under one executive utilising the most improved methods of ploughing, sowing, and harvesting will produce, he says, far greater returns at less expense than can an equal number of acres divided into a hundred plots, and worked individually by a hundred men. The latter prevailing system causes the whole community to suffer a distinct pecuniary loss.

For instance, Mr. London computes the cost of fences in the State of Indiana at 200,000,000 dols. "If placed in single file at the equator, they would encircle the globe fourteen times." Under an ideal system of co-operative farming these fences would be done away with, and the community

would gain the amount of their cost and the land which they render unutilisable.

Is the "Drummer" Needed?

Mr. London considers the success of the great department stores a striking proof of his theory. He carries his enmity to competition to the logical end, and deprecates the loss of human effort by the work—unnecessary, as he thinks—of "drummers" and the expense of advertising. He estimates that there are 50,000 drummers, and places a conservative figure of five dollars per day per man to cover their expenses and earnings. Since the producer must sell his wares at a profit, or else go out of business, the consumer must pay the actual cost of the article—whether it be the legitimate cost or not—plus the per cent. increment necessary for the continued existence of the producer's capital. Therefore, the community, being the consumer, must support these 50,000 five-dollar-a-day drummers; this aggregated forms a daily loss to the community of 250,000 dols., or an annual loss of upwards of 100,000,000 dols. Mr. London holds that these drummers are not in any sense legitimate creators of wealth, and that the cost they add to the articles they sell is an unnecessary one. He goes on to point out analogous losses in household economics in the larger affairs of trade and commerce, causing the trade and commercial crises, and even in the aesthetic side of human life. At present, he says, the artist exerts himself before a pitifully small audience. The general public has no time, in the fierce rush of competition, to pay attention to aesthetic matters; and, so long as society flourishes by the antagonism of its communities, Mr. London thinks that art in its full, broad scope will have neither place nor significance.

The artist will not receive justice for his travail, nor the people compensation for their labour in the common drudgery of life.

Variety is the essence of progress; its manifestation is the manifestation of individuality. Man advanced to his dominant position among the vertebrates because his "ape-like and probably arboreal ancestors" possessed variety to an unusual degree. And in turn, the races of man possessing the greatest variability advanced to the centre of the world-stage, while those possessing the least retreated to the background or to oblivion.

The "Rivista Musicale Italiana," a solid quarterly, is to be congratulated on the completion of its seventh annual volume. Its articles, which are in Italian or French, deal exhaustively with topics of musical interest. The notice of Enrico Bossi's work in the current number, for instance, runs to about forty pages. One of the best papers in the same number is that (in French) on Caron de Beaumarchais, by H. Kling. The notice of Perosi's "Massacre of the Innocents," contributed by E. Adalewsky, is also written in French.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The American Review of Reviews.

Dr. Albert Shaw has a large harvest to garner in narrow space in his December number. He has to gather in the significance of such notable events as the returns of the American census, the Presidential election, and the constitution-making convention in Cuba. He has besides to say a farewell word to the departing century. Yet, as though by rebound from recent political strain, he makes room for articles of scholarly biography and social philanthropy.

"The Crowning Achievement" of the Century.

His chronicle begins with a note of peace. He says:—

It is not improbable that, when the events of the nineteenth century fall into their true places in the perspectives of history, the work of the Hague Peace Conference will appear as the crowning achievement of the period, and its best legacy to its successor. An event like the great conference at The Hague usually lacks full contemporary appreciation.

He goes on to insist on the pacific value of large armaments, and suggests that if the United States had had a large military force a few years ago, Spain would have left Cuba without fighting. He says, "It is in our day just as necessary and just as honourable for a nation to maintain an army as for a city to have a police force." He remarks on the probability that the British Islands now contain two or three millions more people than France does, and hints that the best guarantee of peace between the two nations, and the greatest kindness to the French Republic, would be for England to prepare energetically for possible attack.

The American Census.

The census report leads Dr. Shaw to refer to the growth of the people who speak English as one of the things of prime significance in the nineteenth century. He remarks on the evenness of the growth of population in the United States. The centre of population, which has been moving westward for 100 years, has remained almost stationary since 1890. It was then a little to the east—it is now a little to the west—of Columbus, Ohio. (Strange that the centre of the greatest people of the New World should bear the name of the New World's discoverer).

Dr. Shaw diagnoses the national verdict in the Presidential election by saying "this was not a year for party politics; nor was it a time when the country could possibly afford to repudiate either its financial decisions of four years ago, or its actions on the larger stage of the world's affairs subsequent to the Spanish War."

Cuba and Canada.

"The Cuban Republic—Limited" is the title and pith of a paper by Mr. Walter Wellman. He best describes the arrangement projected for Cuba by saying that Cuba will be to the United States as Canada is to the United Kingdom, save that Cuba will choose a President instead of having a nominal Governor-General appointed by the paramount power. The Convention now at Havana is said to give signs of accepting this scheme. Secretary Root, whom the writer calls the Father of the new Cuba, selected the following franchise for the Cuban people:—

Any Cuban (or any Spaniard who has renounced allegiance to Spain) may vote, provided he is twenty-one years old, has resided in the municipality thirty days immediately preceding registration, and possesses any one of the following additional qualifications:—(1) Ability to read and write; (2) Ownership of real or personal property to the value of 250 dols., American gold; (3) service in the Cuban army prior to July, 1898, and honourable discharge therefrom, whether a native Cuban or not.

The constitution agreed upon by the Cuban Convention will not become law until signed by the American President. His veto would compel the Cubans to try again until he was satisfied.

Four Figures of the Century.

Mr. Charles Johnston, late of the Bengal Civil Service, contributes an eloquent estimate of Max Muller. The great philologist, it is pointed out, taught human kinship through kindred speech:—

Most of all, he worked for the good of the Indian Empire, by infusing into the minds of her future administrators a respect for her ancient tongues and a living interest for the obscure idioms of a hundred furtive and backward peoples, who hide in the jungles and among the hills of that land of marvels, and who owe it chiefly to him that they are recognised as members of the great human family, as part and parcel of articulate man.

Mr. Johnston concludes with a noble peroration.

Gladstone did much to humanise the policy of the world's most extensive empire; to reconcile was his dearest ambition, rather than to over-rule. Bismarck moulded together into one body, with a single heart, the fragments of a scattered people, showing us the vast power that lies in unity. Darwin, lovable and humble, broke down the barriers that cut us off from the lesser races of the world; broke down the barriers of time, and showed us the one Life surging for ever through all living creatures. Max Muller, accomplishing a like task for the invisible world, threw down the partition walls between peoples and tongues, making all the children of men once more akin in thought, as Darwin had shown them kindred in blood; and, lifting the mists from bygone ages, showed us the community of our speech, our thought and aspiration, with the word long hushed on lips of vanished races, of men whose name memory has ceased to whisper along the deserted corridors of time.

The National Review.

The December number is distinctly alive and actual. "Young England's" cry for a New Fourth Party will probably make most stir. Mr. Reeves' record of "The State as Money-lender at the Antipodes" may be found to contribute more material progress. These, along with Mr. Boscawen's and Dr. Maguire's indictment of our military "system," claim separate notice.

German and English Children Compared.

Miss Catharine Dodd compares German and English school-children on the strength of 196 German and 600 English answers to her two questions: "Which would you rather be—a man or a woman—and why?" "Which man or woman of whom you have ever heard, or read, would you most wish to be—and why?" Fifty per cent. of the girls wished to be like Queen Louise, and forty per cent. to be like the holy Elizabeth of the Wartourg. "The German boy's heroes are chiefly inspired by the military spirit, the scholarly ideal, and hatred to England." Bismarck, Blucher, the Kaiser, and Frederick the Great are their chief military heroes. Several would like to be President Kruger, because he had won three battles over the English: "it is a glorious thing to beat the English." In general Miss Dodd allows the German teaching of history and literature to be more systematic than ours; but the pious, domestic, and subordinate character of the German woman is extolled at the expense of her individuality. "Our girls are at least allowed to develop naturally and to think independently." The German boy is "a person of character, of aspirations and dreams":—

The English boy is far below him in aspiration, yet in the matter of forming a healthy judgment the English boy is immeasurably his superior. . . . The German boy does not play; he has no playground. He becomes introspective and argumentative at an early age. While the English boy is a healthy young barbarian, the German boy is rapidly becoming a mature thinker. The English boy passes out of his stage of barbarism and becomes almost civilised in time, but the German boy never civilises. At best the German man is still half-child, half-philosopher, and often whole pedant.

This criticism will be felt by many readers to be itself a judgment on the English type it applauds. "The German boy never civilises," forsooth!

President McKinley's Character.

Mr. Maurice Low finds the secret of Mr. McKinley's triumph in the impossibility of Mr. Bryan. He has no high opinion of the victor:—

Mr. McKinley is neither a Lincoln nor a Jackson nor a Hayes. He is an amiable, well-meaning, pious, but weak man. His amiability is the reason of his weakness. He is too fond of peace, and of having everybody around him content and happy, to exert the force which the President must frequently display. He has been too much the friend of his friends. He has paid an over-exaggerated deference to public opinion, which has led him to subordinate his own con-

victions and to yield his scruples because he thought the public differed with him. Hence his administration has been marked by vacillation, by timidity, and by negation. Yet, as things go, he has been successful.

The President will not, Mr. Low thinks, make any great use of his "sublime opportunity." "Peace, prosperity, contentment, are the symbols of the McKinley faith, and the greatest of these is prosperity."

Other Articles.

Mr. Arthur Galton deploras the bad habit of the last fifteen years or so, that Australian Governors should spend a great deal more than their official salaries; and urges that the new order now being set up should do away with this abuse. Coulson Kernahan discusses the question, "Is Emerson a Poet?" and answers Yes and No—in effect, "sometimes." "He was never more than a notebook draughtsman." Major C. B. Mayne objects to the proposal to make church parade optional in the army. He regards it as part of the homage and service due from the nation to its supreme Ruler and Governor, and would make the attendance of officers compulsory too.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"Blackwood's Magazine" is a good number, although rather over-laden with articles about the war. It opens with a paper upon Army Organisation, written by one whose object is to point out—some radical defects in our present system of training and administration, being absolutely convinced that unless these defects are remedied, all attempts at reform in other directions and all increase of expenditure will in the end prove unavailing. The root of the whole matter is—the assumption of the offensive policy for our home army.

Wanted—An Asiatic Office.

The last article deals with the organisation of the Foreign Office, and recommends that the administration of our Empire should be re-modelled. The writer says:—

The official divisions into Foreign, Indian, and Colonial do not, in fact, correspond with the natural divisions, and any recasting of the offices concerned should be based upon the natural rather than the artificial classification. What seems most urgently needed, and it has been pointed out repeatedly for years past, is an Asiatic department which would relieve the Colonial Office of the charge of Hong Kong, the Straits, Borneo, New Guinea, and other distant possessions, and the Foreign Office of China, Japan, Corea, Persia, etc. With such a distribution of labour, each department might be able to train its staff and concentrate its efforts on its appropriate work, which might then have some chance of being efficiently done. The India Office would have its hands quite sufficiently occupied with India proper, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, and Ceylon, which is by nature a pendant to the Indian peninsula. The Colonial Office would be enabled to do more justice than it possibly can at present to the great and growing English communities in the three Continents before mentioned.

The best paper in the magazine, however, is an admirable ghost story, one of those weird tales

which make you feel creepy all over. It is entitled "The Watcher by the Threshold," by John Buchan. Whoever Mr. Buchan may be, he is a man who knows his subject, and is not writing out of his own imagination. It is a story of the haunting of a living man by a kind of evil spirit, the suggestion being that it is the disembodied spirit of the Emperor Justinian, who for some strange reason obsesses a commonplace Scotch squire, and nearly drives him mad. But the tale must be read in its entirety to be appreciated. The Psychical Research Society might profitably address an inquiry to Mr. Buchan, for I do not remember in any of their annals having come upon any case in which the invisible control was physically quite so vigorous.

The Amenities of Modern Controversialists.

The Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P., who writes "Musings Without Method," will have to look to it, or else in future he had better alter the title of his article to "Musings Without Manners." He used to write like a gentleman; he seems to have got tired of it, and to have relapsed into the old style of *Maga* when Christopher North used to rule the roast. In this month's *Musings*, he devotes a couple of pages to my recent broad-sheet on the way in which we are waging war in South Africa. He is pleased to impute to me an indifference to truth, and then by way of setting me a good example, he charges me in the most offensive way with palming off upon the public an elaborate fraud, of which I am quite incapable. He denies the existence of the British officer in the field whose description of the house-burning now carried on in South Africa has roused so much indignation throughout the land. I am sure I need not assure my readers, or even Sir Herbert Maxwell, that he is what he professes—an officer holding Her Majesty's commission, and now in command of Her Majesty's troops at the seat of war. He is every whit as honourable a gentleman as Sir Herbert Maxwell himself, and he has done good service both to the army and to the Empire by affording information—first-hand information—as to the policy of devastation which is now being carried out in the Transvaal. Sir Herbert Maxwell further comments unkindly upon what he regards as my indifference to sifting truth from falsehood, and then forthwith, without having taken any pains whatever to ascertain the accuracy of his information, that I have recently stated that I regretted being an Englishman. I have never expressed any such regret. The origin of the story was a misrepresentation of a remark which I made at the Peace Congress at Paris, to which even Sir Herbert Maxwell could not have taken any objection. I was speaking to a representative of the friends of peace from all nations, and I prefaced my remark by saying that

I owed them an apology for venturing to speak about peace, being an Englishman, as my country at this moment was waging what I regarded as an unjust war. As this was the only foundation for the statement made by Sir Herbert Maxwell, I think he will admit, being a gentleman, that an apology is due from somebody else in this matter. It does not matter to me very much what Sir Herbert Maxwell says; but I would submit to him whether the passage with which he concludes his observations is quite worthy of his pen. So, Mr. Stead, he says:—

So he is no more than a curiosity, an interesting specimen of cannibalism who has rarely satisfied his rapacious maw. Let us, then, put him in a glass case, with a pin through his back, label him in the best Latin that entomology affords, and straightway forget all about him and his unhappy appetite.

To call a person who differs from you in politics a cannibal is only worthy of the literary bargee. At the same time, as he brackets me with Charles James Fox, whom he describes as the first of the cannibals, I think I may almost accept the epithet as a compliment.

The Fortnightly Review.

The "Fortnightly Review" for December is a very excellent number. It contains a new feature in the shape of the publication of the text of Mr. J. M. Barrie's play, "The Wedding Guest." There is a short story by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, entitled "St. Gervase of Plessy," and two very carefully written literary reviews, one by Mr. Stephen Gwynn, dealing with "The Autumn's Books," chiefly novels, and the other by Mr. Afalo, entitled "The Sportsman's Library—Some Books of 1900." There is also a very brief paper describing Maeterlinck's latest drama, "Bluebeard and Aryan; or Useless Liberation."

The Cyclist Soldier.

Mr. H. G. Wells, forsaking his familiar field of scientific romance, shows in this paper that he is not less capable as a merciless critic. He takes as his text the second Cyclists' Handbook, published by the War Office, which he subjects to the most scathing criticism. His article is capital reading. Sir John Ardagh had better withdraw the old one, and ask Mr. Wells to write a second guide. Mr. Wells makes merciless fun of the present little handbook, and then presents the public with a sketch of the way in which he would use the force of 1,500 cyclists. Mr. Wells may be all wrong, but there is no doubt that his picture of what might be done by such a force equipped and organised as he describes, appeals very strongly to the imagination of the ordinary man. Imagine, he says, what a cyclist force of 1,500 men, capable of moving twelve miles an hour, and of covering 120 miles in a day, could do:—

The cyclist section could creep like a noiseless snake all round the outposts and make a spluttering of shots here, and anon, a spluttering ten miles away—it would, for all practical purposes, be a twenty-three barrelled Pathan sniper in seven-league boots. It could hide as no cavalry could hide, do evil and presently get away faster than ever cavalry rode.

The Kaiser's Moustaches and Speeches.

Mr. Ludwig Klausner-Dawoc's paper upon the Kaiser opens with the remark that—

Nobody will deny that the German Emperor is the most interesting sovereign alive, perhaps one of the most interesting monarchs in the history of the world.

It is difficult to say whether Mr. Klausner-Dawoc is qualifying to be prosecuted for lese-majeste, for he suggests that the Kaiser is too much of a Jack-of-all-trades to be master of any; and in the course of his article he gives us a new piece of information to the effect that the famous turned-up moustaches of the Kaiser are now turned down, for, says Mr. Klausner-Dawoc:—

Alas! The new Moustache a la William II, has already gone, and will not rival in history the "Henri Quatre," the beards and moustaches of Napoleon III., Victor Emmanuel, etc. The Emperor has got tired of turning his moustache upwards, and the thousands of captains, lieutenants, heroes of the Stock Exchange and other young men are left in the lurch—most of all the hairdresser who had invented a sort of machine to force the moustache to take the unnatural but imperial flight skywards, and who named his machine "Es ist erreicht" (it is achieved), which is now a by-word in Germany.

As for the Emperor's speeches, over which Mr. Klausner-Dawoc groans and is troubled, he says:—

William II. does not so much speak as an Emperor, scarcely as a political or public orator, but more as a poet who is under the influence of his inspiration, and carried away by it, by his rhymes and rhythms. The fact is that, when speaking, he delights, as poets do when they are writing, in hyperboles, metaphors, and all sorts of exaggerations, and he thinks as little as a poet does that his words will always be taken literally.

At the end of his article, however, he lights on the safe side, and it is to be hoped that the writing of this passage may be regarded as an extenuating circumstance should he ever have the ill-fortune to be prosecuted for poking fun at the Kaiser:—

Mystic as he may seem—we ourselves don't quite believe in his mysticism, which very likely, too, is only a means to further his ends—he is above all a modern sovereign, a thoroughly modern man, so much so that he even gave university privileges to technical schools, that he is about to modify classical learning in the high schools, and that not one year has elapsed since he ascended the throne without a law being passed in favour of the working classes.

The Doom of the Scotch Universities.

"Mair siller! Mair siller!" is the cry of Dr. William Wallace in his paper on "The Scottish University Crisis":—

A lump sum of not less than £1,500,000 is required to place all the Scottish Universities in such a position that their Degrees would be regarded as of equal value with those of England, Germany, or even of America.

If they do not get this money, either from the State or from some munificent millionaire, Dr. Wallace tells them that—

the fate of these institutions will be sealed. They may drag on for many years of inglorious life, giving second-rate degrees to second-rate students. But they will have lost their place in British education and the national life of Scotland.

The Price of Imperial Federation.

Mr. Edward Salmon, in an article entitled "Imperial Federation; the Condition of Progress," tells the Britons at home that Imperial Federation cannot be had except at a price, which, it must be admitted, he puts pretty high. First, we must diminish to some extent our insular freedom of action. Secondly, we must give up the superstition of Free-trade. Thirdly, we must consent to Home Rule. Fourthly, we must allow India some half-a-dozen members as representatives in the Imperial Parliament. If we think Protection plus Home Rule and Parliamentary representation for India are not worth conceding, then, he tells us, the greatest "secular agency for good now known in the world," as Lord Rosebery described the Empire, will go to pieces. Dissolution seems unavoidable.

The Contemporary Review.

The general complexion of the December number is academic, with theology and philosophy as preponderating tints. Separate notice has been taken of Mr. John Ross and Louise Brown's papers on the Chinese question, as also of Mr. Hogarth's explorations in pre-historic Crete, and of Mr. William Clarke's "Social Future of England."

Why Russia "Vacillates."

"A Russian Publicist" discusses Russia's foreign policy. He refers the alleged vacillation of Russia, notably in Chinese affairs, to the water-tight compartments of Russian administration; there being no common Cabinet or Premier, each Minister goes his own gait, subject only to the Tsar.

So the Minister of War telegraphed, with the Tsar's authority, the annexation of the right bank of the Amur, while the Foreign Minister formally declared Russia's decision not to take any part of Chinese territory. The writer urges that peace is an economic necessity to Russia; that the Foreign Office needs to be in close touch with the Finance Ministry, and that in order to develop her resources Russia needs freedom and alliance with the Western peoples far more than mere extension in the Far East. He considers that Count Lamsdorf, though at first necessarily reserved, has now put his foot down, meaning resolutely to carry out his predecessor's policy of crippling the influence of the military party.

In Defence of Cromwell.

Mr. John Morley's "Cromwell" is examined by Mr. Samuel Gardiner, with much generous recogni-

tion of its value. But Mr. Gardiner remarks on Mr. Morley's complete ignorance of manuscript sources and takes strong exception to Mr. Morley's suggestion that Oliver's conduct was "oblique" in appearing to consent to the self-denying ordinance. The facts, according to Mr. Gardiner, go to show that Oliver was perfectly sincere, and did think of retiring from the country over-sea. He did not, as Waller said, believe at that time he had "extraordinary parts." Though this want of self-knowledge may seem almost incredible, yet, Mr. Gardiner urges, "it will have to be taken as the root-fact of the situation." Mr. Morley, it would seem from Mr. Gardiner's criticism, has not sufficiently accepted Cromwell's humility. Mr. Gardiner does not feel that Mr. Morley's horror at the employment of force is quite justified in the case of Charles' death. The policeman employs force to arrest the criminal, the judge employs force to execute the murderer; the army did no more when it set up the court which sent Charles to the block for taking up arms against the nation. Mr. Gardiner objects to Mr. Morley's statement that the British Constitution has proceeded on lines that Cromwell utterly disliked. He argues that Cromwell attempted prematurely to bring into existence the main principles of our present Constitution. Mr. Gardiner closes by comparing Cromwell in politics with Bacon in science: a position not shaken by the fact that modern men reject the methods of both.

The Cross the Secret of War!

Mr. W. W. Peyton continues his sermon on "The Crucifixion and the War in the Creation." The Cross is to him the revelation of evolution through effort, battle, suffering, which in ethics is service and in religion sacrifice. He proceeds to illustrate his thesis by the present war. Fifty thousand slain soldiers "have contributed a powerful service of suffering to the mission of Britain and the progress of the Boer." Mr. John Morley's denunciation of this "hideous carnage," its "horrid waste," and "hellish panorama," is traced by the writer to the "humanism which pulls down the altar of sacrifice and puts up another to the Unknown God." This is the rhetoric with which he would correct Mr. Morley's:—

All our colonies have wakened up to this Imperialism. It makes a noble spectacle, perhaps the noblest of this century, this army of ours in South Africa, and its chivalrous Commander, and the ambulance, and the hospital, and the graves of peer and peasant on the African sands. We look on your graves, ye martyr soldiers, as the silent bivouac of the eternal that was in your service, and the shroud of the African dust quivers with the boundless hope that was in it, and glitters with the gold of the crown you have received. We shall find strength for our service in the tale of your martyred blood, which will live in the storied urn of a nation's grateful memory. You have made dearer to us the land of our fathers, and greater the empire they founded, and dearer and greater the Fatherland

elsewhere which you have won in agony and blood. The rapture of the battle is your hymn now in the unseen.

A World Without Religion.

Mr. Goldwin Smith closes the century for the "Contemporary" with a doleful wail over the decadence of religion. He essays a bold task—nothing less than a general survey of the whole field of the science of religion, from its dim origins up to Christianity; and all, all pronounced untenable, with perhaps a saving clause for the faith of Zoroaster. Rome in her latest dogmas has openly broken with reason. Criticism has destroyed the infallible Book on which Protestantism was based. Even the evidence for theism is destroyed. "Science has substituted evolution for creation, and evolution of such a sort as seems to shake our belief in a Creator and directing mind." Philosophy shows a first cause unthinkable. Scepticism is rife in all classes: atheism is making way among the quick-witted artisans in all countries:—

The churches and the clergy of late have, perhaps, been giving the believer in righteousness and humanity reason for grieving less at their departure; flag-worship and the gospel of force can be as well propagated without them; yet their departure simply as moral and social organisations would leave a great void in life, and it is difficult to imagine how that void could be filled.

The tendency of all thought is towards the belief in "a universe without guidance or plan, the relation of man to which can never be known." He concludes by insisting that "our salvation lies in the single-minded pursuit of the truth. Man will not rest in blank agnosticism: he is irresistibly impelled to inquiry into his origin and destiny." There are, as perhaps the writer will later show, other "irresistible impulses" which offer clues.

Other Articles.

From this groan of terror and despair it is pleasant to turn to Mr. Massingham's "Philosophy of a Saint," as he describes Tolstoy's "Life," with its glorification of love as the law of our being. He quotes the sage's saying, "Go on loving and loving more, and you mix more with the eternal movement of life." Mr. H. Graves exercises powers of abstruse reasoning on "A Philosophy of Sport," and insists on recreation without reference to earning a livelihood as its principal element. M. Schidrowitz "dreams" that the outcome of the Austrian deadlock is the assumption by Franz Joseph of absolute power. The Austrian Kaiser is not older than William, King of Prussia, on the battle day of Sadowa, "and William reigned twenty-two years after that victory."

Mr. Arthur H. U. Colquhoun gives, in the "Canadian Magazine" for November, a short account of eight General Elections held in Canada between the years 1867 and 1896 inclusive.

The Monthly Review.

The "Monthly Review" begins in its usual academic way. The editorial articles are entitled "A Possible Party," "Science in Politics," and "England and Germany."

"The Impossible Party."

The "possible party" is merely "Liberal Imperialism" as understood by Sir Edward Grey. Only such a policy can be successful, says the editor, forgetting that the first duty of Liberals is not to attain success, but to deserve it.

Sciolism in Politics.

"Science in Politics" is merely a translation of unnecessary length of a "Daily Mail" leader into the academic tongue. It is the ordinary vulgar, short-sighted plea for ferocity in dealing with the Boers, enforced by the usual Jingo sneer at "Lord Roberts' clemency," though where the clemency came in it is difficult to see. Jingoism is always odious, but when it masquerades in the garb of philosophers it is doubly so.

England and Germany.

The writer of the article on "England and Germany" says:—

The interest of Germany would seem to be to keep things as they are. The "Open Door" not only suits her commercial interests, but also preserves for her the possibility of extending her political power, if that should become desirable. If once China were split up into protectorates, or the like, she would be driven either to take a share herself, with all the disadvantages of that course, or else to submit to be altogether ousted.

The Anglo-German agreement, says the writer, is not a victory for either Power, but an agreement "equally advantageous to both."

The Love Affairs of Pitt.

Lord Rosebery pieces together with a commentary the correspondence between Pitt and Lord Auckland on the subject of Pitt's "love episode" with Miss Eden. It was Pitt's ruined fortune and impaired health which prevented his marriage. The correspondence with Lord Auckland is written in the formal style of the last century, and does not even mention the lady by name, nor does it throw much light on the actual state of Pitt's feelings.

Field Guns.

"Galeatus," writing on "Field Guns," makes the following statement as to the number of guns actually possessed by the Boers:—

Of modern material there were some twenty Krupp field guns and four 4.7-in. Krupp (not Creusot) howitzers. There were sixteen Creusot 14.33 lbs. field guns, and four Creusot 15-cm. guns (Long Toms), and four 7.5-cm. Maxim-Vickers, two of them taken by the Boers at the time of the Jameson Raid. These were all the modern-type guns (except the considerable number taken from us, and about thirty-five 1-pr. pom-poms) of which the two Republics could dispose. The French

field gun which the Boers used had the French service calibre of 2.95 in., with a 14.33 lbs. projectile, and a velocity (on paper) of 1,837 ft. The maximum elevation allowed by the carriage is stated at 20 deg., and the range of the projectile at eight kilometres, or 8,747 yards. Simple calculations prove that this range is exaggerated, and that the probable maximum would not exceed 7,800 yards.

Morocco in Peril.

Mr. H. M. Grey contributes an article entitled "A Coming North African Problem," in which he deals with French encroachments on Morocco, and predicts trouble in the future. Morocco is the only North African State that has not fallen under the dominion of foreigners; but it is in a rapid state of decay, and when the French have established a belt of empire from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, Morocco will be hemmed in on all sides. The usual remedy of the alarmist is to seize something; and if war should break out between France and Morocco, Mr. Grey advises that we should seize Tangier! But as Mr. Grey describes the South African War as "suppressing the Boer revolt," he is not likely to have a very clear idea as to the relative importance of events.

International Ethics.

Mr. L. Villari deals with the question of how far Christian and private morality should be employed as standards in international relations. His conclusion is that the moral law in politics must be modified by expediency.

An Imperial Flag.

Mr. W. Laird Clowes pleads for the institution of an Imperial flag which all British subjects will have a right to fly. In England we have nothing equal to the Tricolour or the Stars and Stripes, but only half-a-dozen flags, each restricted in use to a different class. Mr. Clowes thinks that the simple St. George's Cross would make the best flag for the Empire, and that it should have precedence over the existing flags, which should, however, be maintained.

Other Articles.

Mr. William Archer, writing on "An Academy of the Dead," lays down the laws which should regulate burial in Westminster Abbey if it should be enlarged, or in any national Pantheon that may be established. Edith Sichel writes on "The Religion of Rabelais;" and Mr. R. E. Fry on "Giotto." Mr. Anthony Hope's novel, "Tristram of Blent," is continued.

The "Sunday at Home" closes the century with a number bright inside and out. Mr. Cousins' article on Protestant Madagascar under the French flag and Dr. Forsyth's "Call of the New Century" claim separate notice. There are other missionary papers dealing with evangelism in England, Turkey and China.

The Nineteenth Century.

The last number which will be issued of the magazine which takes its title from the Nineteenth Century is a very good one. Its editor, however, gives us no hint as to what he is going to call his review next year. To keep on calling it the "Nineteenth Century" would be rather an anachronism; and the title "Twentieth Century" is already appropriated, though it is possible its proprietor may be squared.

The Channel Islands in War Time.

Sir W. Laird Clowes has discovered a use for the Channel Islands. He does not think they are worth fortifying for their own sake; but he does think that if they were provided with a few big guns they would form an invaluable place of refuge for torpedo-boats and torpedo-destroyers. This is his programme:—

The anchorages have to be protected; a depot (by which I mean stores, magazines, and an adequate repairing establishment for destroyers) has to be created somewhere within the area; a proper day and night signalling system, not only within the area but also north-eastward to the Casquets and Alderney, and south-eastward to Jersey and the Ecrehos, has to be arranged and got into working order; and a certain number of search lights have to be provided, both as part of the signalling system and for those purposes of defence for which search lights are more particularly employed.

The protection of all the anchorages could be secured by guns on Jethou, Lerm, and Sark. If the necessary "battery railways" were laid down in Lerm along the highest part of the island, and in Sark along the island's entire length, about three 8-inch and half-a-dozen 6-inch quickfiring, with, of course, smaller weapons, should suffice to render the whole extent of water between Guernsey and Sark secure from any sudden French raid, and, therefore, a safe resort and place of refreshment in war time for destroyers and their people.

"Darwin's Bulldog."

Mr. Leslie Stephen publishes an admirable appreciation of his friend Professor Huxley, of whom he says:—

He made original researches; he was the clearest expositor of the new doctrine to the exterior world; he helped to organise the scientific teaching which might provide competent disciples or critics; and he showed most clearly and vigorously the bearing of his principles upon the most important topics of human thought. His battles, numerous as they were, never led to the petty squabbles which disfigure some scientific lives. Nobody was ever a more loyal friend. But he was a most heartily loyal citizen, doing manfully the duties which came in his way, and declining no fair demand upon his co-operation.

Mosquitoes and Malaria.

Prince Kropotkin writes one of his admirable papers on recent science, in which he tells us all about the progress that has been made in the investigation of the nature of the Röntgen rays, and also of the Becquerel radiations, which have for the last four years eclipsed even the Röntgen rays themselves. The concluding part of his paper is devoted to an account of the patient and elaborate

investigations which have been made to discover the connection between mosquitoes and malaria. The following passage is an excellent illustration of this painstaking, laborious, modern scientist:—

Dr. Ross conducted his enquiry in South India in a truly admirable scientific spirit. For two years in succession he used to breed mosquitoes from the pupae and to feed them on the blood of malaria patients, hunting afterwards in their organs for a parasite similar to the malarial "hemamoeba" of man. He had already dissected a thousand of the bridled and grey mosquitoes—but in vain. One can easily imagine what it means dissecting a thousand gnats under the microscope, hunting for parasites in the epithelial cells of the gnats' intestines. And yet Dr. Ross did not abandon his work. At last, in August, 1897, he found in two individuals of the large dapple-winged species epithelial cells containing the characteristic malarial pigment.

The Frenchwomen of the Eighteenth Century.

Lady Ponsonby gives us the first half of a paper in which she draws a parallel between the Frenchwomen of the eighteenth century and the women of our own time. It is entitled "The Role of Women in Society." It is impossible to summarise it, but the following extracts give a hint, at least, as to the drift of a very charming essay. In France, in the eighteenth century, Lady Ponsonby points out:—

the rule of women became the principle on which rested not only the government of the family, but also the control of the State. The woman who could reign undisputed over husband, lover, or king was unable to cope with the attack on Society by the new destructive forces of the intellectual world, and fell into a more and more hopeless condition and became a helpless prey to her nerves. This downward course was marked by stages which have a strange likeness to phases of social life in England at the present day.

The reader will await with interest the next number, to see how the parallel will work out in the twentieth century.

Are We Really a Nation of Amateurs?

Sir Herbert Maxwell replies to Mr. Brodrick's paper in the last number of the Review, and indignantly repudiates the accusation. He contends that—

there are no signs of decay—no abatement of zeal—no withering of fidelity—in the public services, and that it is an ungracious and discouraging deed to undermine the repute of those who are spending their lives in maintaining the national honour.

The Westminster Review

The "Westminster" could not, of course, close the century without promulgating afresh its favourite prescription for most social distempers. Father Ambrose, in advancing his scheme for the industrial development of Ireland, prefaces it with a general demand for "the single ownership of the land."

Irish Land Nationalisation via C.C.

But the reverend gentleman, who is also a County Councillor, has induced his own County Council to

press for a scheme of agricultural development on a national scale. As reported on by the Council engineer, it includes river regulation, land reclamation, erection of piers and harbours, light railways, taking in of slob lands, and re-planting vast cattle ranches. In Limerick it would involve improvement of rivers to prevent destructive floods, at a cost of £120,000, and reclamation of mountain bogs by means of lime, at a cost of £100,000. Father Ambrose quotes from the Land Commissioners' Reports, and shows that under the Purchase of Land Act from 1885 to 1900, land has been purchased in Ulster at 18.2 years' purchase, in Leinster at 17.1 years, in Connaught at 16.6 years, and in Munster at 15.9 years. This supplies a basis of induction for the price of contemplated acquisitions. He urges all County Councils to press for similar national and local schemes. He says: "The Government has provided about £50,000,000 for land purchase. Comparatively few millions given for purchase coupled with improvements would be of incomparably more benefit to the country." This action and suggestion by a priest forms a valuable commentary on the dread of "priest rule" loudly cherished in some quarters.

Ireland Looking Up.

"How is dear old Ireland?" asks Mr. Thomas E. Naughten in "The Independent Section." He thinks the question may be safely answered in a cheerful spirit. He rejoices in the downfall of priestly domination which the clerical dead-set against Parnell after his divorce began, and which the defeat of Tim Healey's party in the recent elections signalled. The triumph of the United Irish League under William O'Brien the writer regards as "a triumph of anti-clericalism." He pronounces compulsory land purchase the only Irish question of importance likely to be dealt with in the next Parliament. He sums up the situation by saying:—

There is much matter for congratulation in the Irish life of to-day, and if we have some dark clouds hovering on the horizon, we have also many encouraging rays of light. There is a decided tendency, growing in force every day, to drop the old shibboleths and settle down to a sensible policy of industrial achievement. We have plenty of resources which only need development, and signs are not wanting that the time for their development is near at hand. One hundred years ago Ireland was the scene of direst and wildest disorder. To-day she is holding up her head with the buoyancy of youth, and forging her way through the waves of discord to the haven of prosperity and peace. One hundred years hence she may have reached the port in safety.

Commercial Education and Philosophy.

Mr. Horace Milborne recounts in a very suggestive article what a French critic, M. Fouillee, has to say on Secondary Education. What Lord Rosebery has recently said about the removal of Greek from the list of compulsory subjects adds

interest to M. Fouillee's remarks on classical studies:—

"I am convinced," he says, "that these studies will only be saved by giving up Greek almost entirely for the great majority, by simplifying the study of Latin and treating it from a literary standpoint, and, finally, by extending to all some training in scientific, moral, social, and philosophic studies." . . . The recommendations of M. Ribot's Commission, lately published, tend in the main in the direction above contemplated. The modern side is to receive a more practical and scientific and a less literary bent. The classical side is to aim at a practical mastery of the tongues and converse with the literature, neglecting philological and grammatical pedantries. The Commission has, however, recommended by a majority of one vote that Latin and Greek should still be obligatory for entrance to the legal and medical professions, in this apparently running counter to the views of their distinguished president. A course of philosophy forms the crown and completion of both trainings alike.

The French Chambers of Commerce have answered Government inquiries, on the whole, in favour of maintaining classical studies, and of giving modern studies a more practical bent. The Laval Chamber of Commerce pressed strongly for the study of philosophy!

Robert Burns and Landlordism.

Mr. William Diack writes on Burns as a social reformer, a phase of the poet which he feels to have been overlooked—nay, even wilfully suppressed:—

Burns must speak. . . . The corruptions of the kirk and the petty tyrannies of Scottish landlords are alike condemned in the most scathing terms. Many of those stirring rhymes have been ruthlessly suppressed by his timid, time-serving editors, who feared either to ruffle the political waters or to call down upon themselves the ire of offended landlordism. Chambers, Currie, and even Hogg, one and all suppressed them. Even yet—curious to relate—while his attacks on the elders and ministers of the Scottish Kirk are freely admitted into his works, his equally sarcastic onslaughts on the landlords and statesmen of his time are still tabooed by his publishers. In the selected editions they never find a place; in the "editions for the people" they are conspicuous by their entire absence.

Other Articles.

Mr. G. P. Gooch contributes a very lucid survey of the situation in Austria in view of the coming elections. The alternatives set forth are modified extension of Home Rule by districts to Bohemia, or repetition of the existing deadlock, which latter would lead in turn to personal rule by the Emperor, or the introduction of something approaching to universal suffrage in place of the present class franchises. Mr. A. E. Maddock pleads for proportionate representation. Honora Twycross urges that we set ourselves against the reign of force, and uphold ethical against cosmical tendencies.

Cornhill.

The "Cornhill" for December contains one article of general interest, and with that—Colonel Maude's views on the Transvaal War—I have dealt elsewhere.

Why the Legations Escaped.

The best of the other papers is that in which the Rev. Roland Allen describes some of the "Causes which led to the Preservation of the Pekin Legations." Judging from the narrative, it was pure luck, and not foresight, which saved the legations. The bringing in of the native Christians was due to a generous desire to save them, and was regarded as a disadvantage; but as things turned out, without their help the legations would have fallen. There were nearly 4,000 natives in the defended area, yet the besieged never suffered from serious privations. It was chance that intervened here also. A large Chinese grain shop was discovered in Legation-street, which had been replenished only a few days before. Mr. Allen says that on many occasions the Chinese would have destroyed the legations. They were often on the point of success, but lack of persistency or ignorance of the true position forced them to abandon their advantages, and to change the point of attack.

Charlotte Bronte.

Mr. G. M. Smith, of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., describes his first meeting with Charlotte Bronte. The following is his description of the effect which the reading of "Jane Eyre" had upon him:—

"After breakfast on Sunday morning I took the MS. of 'Jane Eyre' to my little study, and began to read it. The story quickly took me captive. Before twelve o'clock my horse came to the door, but I could not put the book down. I scribbled two or three lines to my friend, saying I was very sorry that circumstances had arisen to prevent my meeting him, sent the note off by my groom, and went on reading the MS. Presently the servant came to tell me that luncheon was ready; I asked him to bring me a sandwich and a glass of wine, and still went on with 'Jane Eyre.' Dinner came; for me the meal was a very hasty one, and before I went to bed that night I had finished reading the manuscript.

Of the authoress personally, Mr. Smith says:—

My first impression of Charlotte Bronte's personal appearance was that it was interesting rather than attractive. She was very small, and had a quaint, old-fashioned look. Her head seemed too large for her body. She had fine eyes, but her face was marred by the shape of the mouth and by the complexion. There was but little feminine charm about her; and of this fact she herself was uneasily and perpetually conscious. It may seem strange that the possession of genius did not lift her above the weakness of an excessive anxiety about her personal appearance. But I believe that she would have given all her genius and her fame to have been beautiful. Perhaps few women ever existed more anxious to be pretty than she, or more angrily conscious of the circumstance that she was not pretty.

Colonial Servants.

Lady Broome, writing on "Colonial Servants," tells an amusing tale of a Zulu girl, introduced to civilisation at a very early age, whom she engaged as a servant. On being brought to London she took to English ways as if she had never known anything else. But on her return to Natal—

Maria's kinsmen came around her and began to claim some share in her prosperity. Free fights were of constant occurrence, and in one of them Maria, using the skull of an ox as a weapon, broke her sister's leg. Soon after that she returned to the savage life she had not known since her infancy, and took to it with delight. I don't know what became of her clothes, but she had presented herself before my friend clad in an old sack and with necklaces of wild animals' teeth, and proudly announced she had just been married 'with cows'—thus showing how completely her Christianity had fallen away from her, and she had practically returned, on the first opportunity, to the depth of that savagery from which she had been taken before she could even remember it. I soon lost all trace of her, but Maria's story has always remained in my mind as an amazing instance of the strength of race-instinct.

Other Articles.

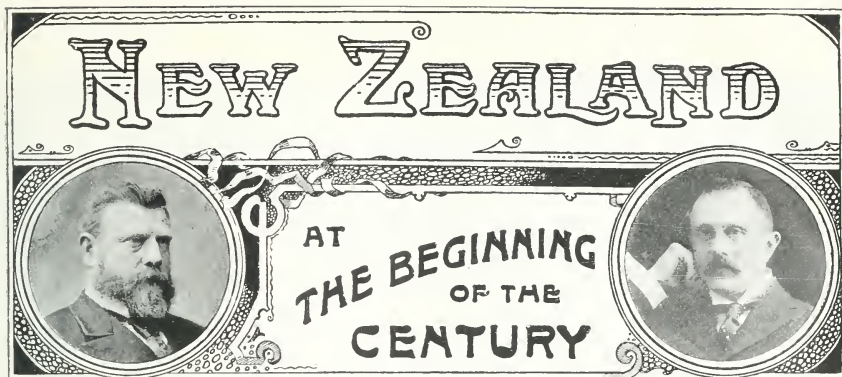
Mr. S. G. Tallentyre, writing on "The Road to Knowledge a Hundred Years Ago," describes the methods of education then prevalent. Mr. A. M. Brice tells the story of the "Amazing Vagabond," Bamfylde Moore Carew, who flourished in the first half of the Eighteenth Century.

The Windsor.

The chief feature of the "Windsor" Christmas number is the splendid profusion of pictures, notably the eighteen reproductions of Mr. S. E. Waller's celebrated paintings. In the reading matter Mr. Rider Haggard's incident of African history will probably claim most attention. It occurred twenty years ago, when he was in Pretoria. An old Hottentot washerwoman told him of the carnage at Isandhlwana, 300 miles away, only two days after it took place, and two days before the official news arrived. How the old lady came by the news he leaves unexplained. He gives a thrilling account of a later alarm—that the Zulus were marching straight on Pretoria—and of the frenzied preparations made to ward off the danger, which proved to be quite imaginary. Among other difficulties, he had to mount his volunteers on untamed horses, with consequent casualties of a serious kind.

Mr. T. A. Talbot recounts the exploits of "Lonely Voyagers," men who have succeeded or failed in the attempt to cross sea or ocean alone.

The "Humanitarian" for December is distinctly above the average. Quoted elsewhere are M. Guyot's remarks on English problems. Mr. Andrew Merry puts forward a very strong plea for cheap lodging-houses for women, with no more exacting standard of character than is maintained at the Rowton Hotels for men. Dr. Axon asks, are more boys than girls born? and quotes a variety of statistics to prove that there is an excess of male births. But as there is an excess of male mortality in infancy, there are more females than males from childhood to old age.



BY THE REV. JOSEPH BERRY.

The Britain of the South, like her namesake in Europe, must not be valued by her size. You could find room for nine New Zealands in South or Western Australia, for six in Queensland, and for three in New South Wales. Yet, in my opinion, the resources of New Zealand are greater than those of any Australian colony, Queensland excepted. In shape, New Zealand resembles an inverted Wellington boot. Its length is about 1,100 miles, and its width varies from six miles across the peninsula on which Auckland stands, to 150 at the broadest part. It lies nearly north and south, and covers about 13 degrees of latitude. The North Cape is in latitude 34—the same latitude as Adelaide—while Stewart Island is in 47. A few more facts are necessary before we can judge rightly of its climate. One is that a chain of mountains runs through the entire length of the two islands, and another that the prevailing winds are westerly, while the country lies north and south.

We can easily estimate the warmth and cold belonging to a given degree of latitude, but not so easily the effect of westerly winds on mountain ranges. The fierce winds hurl the rain clouds against the mountains, and the broken clouds empty themselves on the western shores, while the east coast is comparatively dry. The result is an enormous rainfall on one coast of New Zealand, and a moderate rainfall on the other. Once, when I crossed the South Island from east to west, I was greatly struck with this difference. On the eastern side of the ranges the bush was nearly as destitute of undergrowth as an Australian forest. When we descended on the western slope, we found ourselves in scenery of enchanting loveliness. The verdure was semi-tropical, and especially rich in ferns. Every imaginable shade of evergreen

mingled in wild profusion. The air was moist. Waterfalls leaped out on every side, and vegetation revelled in the luxury of living. Yet the climate was wholly different half-a-dozen miles east of us. So that New Zealand has not one climate, but many. The mean annual temperature is about 54 degrees. But there may be a difference of 20 degrees on the same latitude and altitude between the east and the west.

The Switzerland of the Pacific.

The mountains of New Zealand would make any country famous. The comparison made by tourists is with Switzerland. The peaks of the North Island are volcanic, and some of them frequently smoke and shake. Tongariro, which stands like a guardian over Lake Taupo, rises to the height of 7,515 feet. Ruapehu is nearly 2,000 feet higher, and is rarely still, or free from smoke. Mount Egmont, which is close to the west coast of the North Island, is one of the most beautiful mountains in the world. Its height is 8,260 feet, but it is almost a perfect cone. It is seen at its best from the sea, its slopes ringed with white cloud, while the summit pierces the blue heavens above. The mountains of the South Island are still more remarkable for rugged grandeur. The highest peak of Mount Cook is 12,349 feet above sea level. The Tasman Glacier is eighteen miles long by more than two miles wide. Switzerland has no glacier to equal it. From one mountain peak in the South Island a traveller can see the Pacific on both coasts.

I doubt if anyone knows how many rivers there are in New Zealand! There are, e.g., 100 miles of coast line in the North Island in which eighty-five streams can be counted. I remember one delightful picnic holiday, in which a party of friends hired their own waggon, carried their own



KING AND QUEEN OF RAROTONGA, AND MR. AND MRS. SEDDON,
In the Palace Grounds, Rarotonga.

blankets and food, and spent a fortnight in crossing and re-crossing the South Island from sea to sea. When we called a halt we never had to look for a stream, as would be the case in most countries: if we wanted to boil the "billy," a stream was always at hand. Some of these rivers, like the Waikato and the Wanganui, are half a mile wide and more, and are navigable for about a hundred miles. No photograph can reproduce the beauty—of the North Island rivers especially—and no pen can describe it. Now through primeval forest, as yet untouched by man, and now through open country, the broad volume of water flows noiselessly on from the mountain to the sea.

The South Island rivers are still broader, and are usually shallow. But when the snows melt on the mountains, they are often in flood, as many a traveller and settler knows to his sorrow. I have travelled along the Hudson, and have crossed the mighty Mississippi more than once. I have spent some delightful days upon the Murray—queen of Australian waters—but I have seen no rivers that equal in beauty those of New Zealand. One almost wonders that a little country like New Zealand can find room for lakes.

Yet each island has its lake district. Lake Taupo, in the heart of the North Island, covers an area of twenty miles square, and some of the surrounding lakes are hot. Lake Wakatipu, in the South, is fifty-four miles long. Te Anu Lake has an area of 132 square miles. These lakes are flanked by snow-crowned mountains. Their depth in some places has never been measured. They abound in salmon trout, and are surrounded by scenery now wild and rugged, and now soft with sylvan beauty. These lakes can easily be reached by the tourist. The railway takes you from Dunedin or Invercargill in a few hours, and sets you down close to the water's edge. A steamer meets the train, and the tourist is taken to a first-class hotel in the midst of the mountains, without fatigue or a wet foot!

Characteristic Landscapes.

Each of the two islands has its own characteristics. The North Island is warmer by several degrees. Its leading features are forest and fern. Such a term as "The Seventy-mile Bush" will give some idea of the magnificence of a North Island forest. There are 20,000,000 of acres officially surveyed as forest lands. The king of the

New Zealand forest is the kauri, which only grows in the North. Its trunk is often from four to eight feet in diameter; but specimens have been known with a diameter of twenty feet, and it often rises to the height of 100 feet. The beauty of polished kauri is known all over Australia. There is an almost endless variety of trees in New Zealand—nearly 100 of which are named and described. But the forest is disappearing, I fear, too fast. Three hundred sawmills are at work thinning the forest out, and 4,000 men find employment in its destruction. Innumerable settlers are doing the same thing in a quieter way. When an opening is made in the forest by fire or axe, and the wind gets in, its beauty soon fades. The trees do not retain their beauty when deprived of mutual shelter. I write almost sorrowfully. For many an hour of ecstasy have I passed in admiration of the manifold beauty of the New Zealand bush. The gaunt, black skeletons that are left after the bushman's fire are enough to make an angel weep. One charm of the New Zealand bush is that you may leave a child to play in its cool shade and tangled undergrowth without the least sense of danger. Nor a snake or dangerous reptile or wild animal is there. The North Island would not have been

fit for settlement, with its dense cover of forest and fern, if wild beasts or poisonous reptiles had once got a footing. The scientist may have his own explanation—mine is the good providence of God!

Where the forest was not, the fern covered the North Island. Its height, from three to six or eight feet, is a good indication of the quality of the soil. Beneath the tallest fern you found rich brown chocolate soil. The task of clearing fern land is delightfully easy. With a few boxes of matches and a scythe I have often known a settler clear fifty acres in a day. If grass is wanted quickly, the seed is sown in the ashes; and I have seen many a rich clover field, the clearing of which has cost no more labour than this. The fern root is apt, however, to reassert itself, especially if the land is grazed by sheep, nor is this fern country well adapted to agriculture. The North Island is chiefly adapted to cattle and dairy farming. This is a generalisation with many exceptions. In the same way I may add that the South Island is chiefly suited to agriculture and sheep. In its natural state, instead of the fern there is, in the South, a rough native grass. Sheep will do well upon it, but they do better upon English grasses. It is upon this land that the wonderful



KING TOGIA AND MR. SEDDON, Savage Island.

crops of corn are raised which I shall describe later.

Resources and Enterprise.

A friend, speaking to me the other day about Western Australia, remarked, "I don't like a colony which stands on one leg." He was referring to the utter dependence of that colony upon its output of gold. New Zealand has a good many sturdy legs to stand upon. I will name a few.

Gold represents, roughly, about one-tenth of the income of New Zealand. The precious metal was found first in Otago, in 1861. Strange stories are told of the incredulity with which the hardy Scotch settlers there received the news of the unsuspected wealth that was discovered at their doors, and of the mingled feelings with which the "old identity" regarded the rush of the "new iniquity" into their Presbyterian preserves. For Otago was a Church settlement, and the pious settlers had no liking for the mongrel mixture of sinners attracted by the news. The next great gold discovery was on the west coast of the South Island, and Hokitika became the centre of attraction. An outbreak of gold fever in the North Island, at Coromandel and the Thames, followed, and from these three centres, and others which need not be named, a steady output of gold has continued for nearly forty years. The total value of the gold amounts, so far, to £55,000,000. This places New Zealand second among the Australian colonies in this particular. Victoria takes the lead, with £243,841,000. New South Wales follows New Zealand, with a total of £43,400,000. The gold output for last year was valued at £1,168,930. This is a considerable advance over the year 1898. In this advance all the three gold-fields share.

The coal supply of New Zealand is abundant. What is more important is that the bituminous coal on the west coast of the South Island "is equal, if not superior, to coal of the same class found in any part of the world." The total coal output to the end of the year 1898 amounts to the enormous aggregate of 12,483,646 tons, the average yearly output being about one million tons.

Gold and coal are found in most colonies, but kauri gum is peculiar to New Zealand. The resin exudes from the kauri tree, and flows into the earth, waiting, it may be, for centuries, for the appearance of the gum-digger. The gum is hard, and in colour a bright yellow, and is used in the manufacture of varnish. The gum-fields north of Auckland employ about 7,000 men. The work is not so remunerative as gold digging, but the climate there is warm and genial, food is plentiful and cheap. A spade, a prong, and a knife for scraping the gum are all the tools needed, and the

work requires but little skill. The tent life on the gum-fields is free and healthy, and the digger may depend upon "tucker," and something more. It is a fine outlet for a class of labour for which there is no other opening, and keeps down the number of the unemployed. The annual output amounts to about one thousand tons, valued at £50 per ton and upwards, according to quality.

A Great Food Centre.

Frozen meat now takes the second place among the exports of New Zealand produce. The growth of this industry reads like a romance. It began twenty years ago. Before that time the chief use to which surplus mutton could be put was to boil it down for tallow. Before 1880 I have bought many a fine leg of mutton retail at the door for a shilling the leg, and it was difficult to see any remunerative outlet for the sheep's carcasses. There was a good deal of trouble in the experimental stages of this industry, which was slowly surmounted. A few figures will show how meat freezing has leaped ahead. In 1882 the export was 1,707,328 lbs.; in 1890, 100,934,756 lbs. Five years later the figures are 127,018,864 lbs. In 1898 the total was 174,000,000 lbs.! There are now twenty-one freezing establishments in the colony. The total cost of preparing, freezing, and shipping has been reduced to 3d. per pound, or even less. Some of the big steamers in the trade carry 100,000 sheep. The splendid quality of New Zealand mutton, with the higher price it brings in the London market, will enable this favoured colony to keep the lead in this trade. This, to refer to my friend's illustration, is a very substantial leg underneath the colony! Equally wonderful is the story of the development of cheese and butter factories; though, of course, on a smaller scale. There are now 222 of these in the colony.

There are about 20,000,000 sheep in New Zealand, and it will be interesting to note the size of New Zealand flocks:—

Under 500	12,886 flocks.
500 and under 1,000	2,708 flocks.
1,000 to 2,500	1,798 flocks.
2,500 to 5,000	614 flocks.
5,000 and under 10,000	241 flocks.
10,000 and under 20,000	231 flocks.
20,000 and upwards	144 flocks.

These figures show the very large number of small flocks. Our next figures will show the quantity of wool produced. For the year—

1890	105,501,478 lbs.
1895	132,632,901 lbs.
1898	154,165,230 lbs.

The wool clip has increased by 65.14 per cent. within the last eleven years. New Zealand has six or seven woollen mills, which pay good dividends, and produce very superior woollen goods. These mills consume nearly 4,000,000 lbs. of wool per



THE DROP SCENE, WANGANUI RIVER, above Pipiriki.



Hokitika River Gorge—Rata Forest.

year. The value of the wool exported in 1898 was £4,645,804. This sum represents nearly half of the total export of the colony for that year—viz., £10,324,988. The exports for the year ending September 30, 1900, amounted to the enormous total of £13,661,126. Of these exports, produce to the value of £1,877,395 was shipped to Australia.

Wealth of Soil.

The wheat-fields of New Zealand are chiefly in the South Island. The reason for this I have already explained. The average yield per acre is marvellous, and places New Zealand easily first among the Australian colonies. For 1898 the average yield per acre is as follows:—

	Bushels.
New Zealand	32.76
Tasmania	19.42
Queen-land	16.86
New South Wales	10.60
Western Australia	10.56
Victoria	6.38
South Australia	2.64

So far are the New Zealand wheat-fields from showing any signs of being worn out, that the average per acre in 1898 was larger than the average of any year in the nineties. The gross wheat produce in that year was 13,973,416 bushels. The

gross returns of Victoria and New South Wales for the same year were almost exactly the same, viz., 10½ millions of bushels for each colony. It is no uncommon thing to see in South Canterbury fields of golden grain whose yield is from forty to sixty bushels to the acre.

Oats show an average yield still higher. The average per acre in 1898 was 27.44 bushels, but in 1899 it had increased to 39.56. Otago—the Scotch province—takes the lead in oats. The average in other colonies for 1898 was: Tasmania, 28.88; New South Wales, 19.00; Queensland, 17.17; Victoria, 10.35. Let it be noted that the total yield of oats in all the other six Australian colonies, put together, in that year amounted to only 6,698,916 bushels, while the yield of New Zealand alone was 16,511,388 bushels. In other words, New Zealand not only produced twice as many bushels of oats per acre as any other colony (Tasmania excepted), but produced nearly three times as much as all Australasia besides! I have seen many a crop of oats in Otago averaging from sixty to ninety bushels. The Scotch folk in South New Zealand have ample opportunity to indulge in their favourite diet of oat-meal porridge!

New Zealand Grasses.

The grasses of Great Britain find, in New Zealand, congenial soil. Its "sweet fields" stand dressed in "living green" the whole year round. It is hardly possible to keep the grass down. Many a paddock have I seen carrying a fat bullock to the acre during the early summer, and even then the grass has been almost up to the animal's knees. Farmers often sow grass with the corn, and within a month of harvest the cornfield is thick with clover. The acreage of land in New Zealand under sown grasses is nearly fourteen times as great as in the whole of Australia. Rye-grass, cocksfoot, cow-grass, red and white clover, are the kinds commonly sown. An average acre in New Zealand produces as much grass as nine acres in Australia! This is proved by official returns. I have no space to touch upon other products, such as barley, hops, potatoes; nor is it necessary. This favoured land simply overflows with food. No wonder that the population is rapidly increasing. New Zealand is pouring out fabulous quantities of food for hungry multitudes elsewhere. It is better still that the mouths should be taken to where the food is.

An Energetic Race.

A word or two may be added, at the close of this section, to show the energy and enterprise of New Zealanders. There are, e.g., four fire insurance companies in the colony, with an aggregate subscribed capital of over £5,000,000. These offices do business in every part of Australia, and some of them in nearly every part of the world. Notwithstanding the terrible fires with which the wooden towns and cities are sometimes visited, these companies have done so well that their shares show a remarkable advance upon the amounts paid up. I take the following from the Wellington share-market report for November, 1900:—

	Amount paid up.		Market price.	
	£.	d.	£.	d.
National	10	0	18	3
New Zealand	40	0	64	6
South British	20	0	65	6
Standard	15	0	16	6

The interest on investment, at the price quoted, is about $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. One of these companies paid a 20 per cent. dividend last year, another $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., another 10, and another $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. I might refer to the Union Steam Company, with its magnificent fleet of first-class intercolonial



Rere Lake.

steamers, and to the New Zealand Shipping Co., with its fine fleet of steamers and sailing ships, which do a good part of the shipping trade with Europe. I pass over these to note two examples of the enterprise of the Government.

State Insurance.

This department is due to the dash and daring of Sir Julius Vogel, who, twenty-eight years ago, launched a scheme by which the Government should insure the lives of its own citizens. Nearly 40,000 policies are held, insuring an amount of more than £10,000,000, about equal to the amount insured by the other seven offices in the colony, including the A.M.P. There is a good deal to be said in favour of State life insurance. It can be economically worked by post office and other Government officials, especially in thinly populated districts. The capital is kept in the colony. The policies are, I believe, a first charge on the consolidated revenue, and as New Zealand is the healthiest country in the world, the business must be good. Yet the whole population of the colony was under 300,000 when this department was set on foot.

The Public Trustee is an interesting official. Any owner of property, whether residing in New Zealand or not, may use the officer in this department. He takes charge of intestate estates, and manages and protects the property of lunatics. When disputes arise over private trust estates, the disputants may hand the business to this official. "He never dies, never goes out of his mind, never leaves the colony, never becomes disqualified, and never becomes that extremely disagreeable person, a trustee whom you cannot trust." Last year no less than 2,491 estates were administered by this office, of which the total value was £2,110,316.

A Typical Homestead.

Those who know the difference between an Australian and an English farm will easily understand the difference between a typical New Zealand and an Australian homestead. It is the difference between a factory for the production of wool or corn, and a home. The New Zealand holding is less in area, the paddocks are smaller, green hedges are common. There is a front garden, in which familiar English flowers mingle with the semi-tropical. A vegetable garden is there, with fat cabbages, giant cauliflowers, and the green potato patch. To this add an orchard, with the hardy English fruits in the South, or in the North away from the sea and in the uplands. In warmer spots, lemons, oranges, figs, grapes, and peaches are abundant. The fields are always green, and the grass grows generally all the year round.

There is an air of plenty, and quiet, and comfort, which one misses and longs for in Australia. The difference between a farm in the South of England and in New Zealand is mainly that in the latter the farmer does more work himself, and employs less labour. The wire fence is too common, even in New Zealand. It saves labour, but how bare and ugly it is! I have referred to the green hedges round smaller holdings. These are gorse, sweet briar, broom, or privet, or a mixture of these. Add to the picture a stream near at hand, plenty of rainfall, and a climate rarely, if ever, too hot, and you cannot but feel its charm. I can think of no life more comfortable, more free from drudgery and worry, than life on a North Island grazing farm for rearing young cattle.

New Zealand Cities.

Wellington, the capital, is not the finest city in New Zealand, but it is commercially the most prosperous. Situated at the extreme south of the North Island, it is in the centre of the colony. Its magnificent harbour would hold the shipping of the world. The water is deep to the end and sides of its fine jetty and wharf. There the business part of the city is on a narrow fringe of level land between the rugged hills at the back of the city and the sea. Much of this level land has been won from the sea by reclamation, and is now extremely valuable. Immense warehouses are built upon this reclaimed land, and they are crowded together close to the jetty. Into one main street a good deal of the business is centred. The best houses are built terrace above terrace on the hillsides, the ascent to which tests the climbing powers of the citizens. The population is under 50,000, but it is increasing rapidly. The city is lighted by electricity.

The visitor sees to the right, as he approaches the jetty, the biggest wooden building in the world. In this building the Government business is done. A little further to the right is Government House, another wooden building. The city used to be shaken periodically by earthquakes, but they are less frequent now, and the new buildings are of brick. It is still shaken a good deal by the wind. I never lived in a healthier or windier city. A sea-captain was at my house one day when the windows were rattling and small pebbles were being blown against the house. He suggested the desirability of getting out to sea for safety! There is a well-known drive out of the city, past a tannery, and Governor Jervois, in his address on leaving, referred to this drive, during which, he said, he held his nose with one hand and his hat with the other! A few miles further on is Petone, with its fine woollen mill; and beyond that is the Hutt, which no part of the world can surpass in fruitfulness.



ONEKEHEKE (ROSS' VALLEY), TAUPU.



Address of Welcome to Mr. Seddon at Levuka: Warden, Town Clerk, and Representative Men of Levuka.

The deep black soil is inexhaustible. I saw there a cloth-of-gold rose, as big as a small haystack, covered with flowers. The owner assured me that this rose had come to him by post two years before. After my first inland journey in South Australia of 200 miles, I told my folk at home that I had often seen more grass in New Zealand in five minutes than I had seen in 200 miles of travel! I was thinking about a view of the Hutt, which you get from a hill close by. It can rain as well as blow in Wellington. During my residence there I remember sixteen consecutive wet Sundays. North of Wellington is some of the richest pasture lands and some of the finest bush in the colony. The train does not yet run through to Auckland—between 400 and 500 miles to the north—but it goes three-fourths of the distance. The heart of the North Island is still Maori country, which fact hindered railway construction in the past. But there is peace now, and it will not be long before there is railway connection between the two cities.

Auckland.

Auckland is no longer the capital, but she is the oldest and the most beautiful city in New Zealand. Sydney Harbour is finer, but not prettier. Whether you enter Auckland Harbour from the north or

south, you pass many beautiful islands. Then you enter the channel between the North Head and Rangitoto—an extinct volcano, which guards the entrance to the inner harbour—and the city bursts into view. The verdure is almost tropical. Auckland has a rainfall of thirty-nine inches, and although the temperature rarely rises above eighty in the shade, the climate is warm. The city is built upon a narrow peninsula, and may be said to have two harbours—one on each coast. A twenty minutes' drive takes you to the top of Mount Eden, another extinct volcano, whose crater is carpeted now with green grass. The view from Mount Eden is one of the finest in the world. Many more volcanic hills are visible, and as many as eighty extinct craters can be counted from this spot. Should they let off their fireworks again, there could be no escape for Aucklanders, either by sea or land.

Rich volcanic soil, plentiful rain, humid atmosphere, and warm sunshine—my readers can imagine the rest! Orchards and gardens are everywhere. Pines and palms and ferns compete in a constant effort to outdo one another in loveliness. Suburban villas are on every hillside, half hidden by trees and shrubs. Flowers of some kind are always in bloom. The city at your feet, between the mount and the sea, has a population of about

60,000. Looking east and west, you see the ocean on both coasts. Looking south, you see almost into the heart of the North Island. North of you is the peninsula, which reaches to Cape Maria Van Dieman, the coast east and west being broken by many fine harbours and watered by innumerable streams. In this country, north and south, lived the Maories in the old wild days before the advent of civilisation. Here was fought many a bloody battle, followed by many a cannibal feast. Here, too, were the scenes of early missionary toils and triumphs; and away to the south are the battlefields in which the brave Maori contended with British and Colonial troops for the recovery of his ancestral lands. Now it is the home of thousands of prosperous settlers and of the Maori remnant.

A Wonderland!

The wonderland of the north is in the heart of the North Island, and within ten hours of Auckland by rail. The famous Pink and White Terraces were buried out of sight in the great volcanic eruption of 1886. Lake Tarawera then disappeared, and New Zealand lost forever its most famous scenic attraction. But the wonderland is still there. The thermal springs district

covers an area of 1,000 square miles. In the centre is Rotorua, with its beautiful lake, covering 20,000 acres. Rotorua is distinctly a tourist resort, with many fine hotels and a noted sanatorium. As soon as you get out of the train you feel that the district is decidedly uncanny. The air is penetrated with a smell that I can only compare to a mixture of rotten eggs and gasworks. Steam rises out of the ground in every direction. Here is a geyser, and there a pool of boiling, blubbering mud. You must walk warily, or in a few seconds you would be a corpse, and in a few minutes cooked! Some of the springs are pleasantly warm. You see Maories sitting in them by the hour together, with their brown heads above water, smoking a pipe. Some add the luxury of an umbrella to keep off the rain. Other springs reach even 212 degrees. You can choose your own temperature. If you carry silver coins about you, you soon find them turning black.

The sanatorium, as I have said, is at Rotorua. Certain hot springs are fenced round and adapted for bathing. The curative effect of some of these springs is wonderful. For some skin diseases, e.g., eczema, for rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, neuralgia, liver troubles, these waters act like a charm. There have been cures, even, of some forms of



QUEEN OF TONGA AND MRS. SEDDON.

paralysis. Many patients come on crutches and go home without them. There is a resident medical man, who is subsidised by the Government, under whose advice the baths should be taken. As these pages will be read by many invalids, I must warn them that the thermal springs will not cure everything. In serious cases, patients should get their medical man to write to the resident doctor for advice before the springs are visited. I have been there more than once, and state my conviction that there are tens of thousands of helpless, hopeless invalids who could get rid of their ailments if they

his bath the colour of a boiled lobster. The pink skin is evidence of the blood being drawn to the surface, to the relief of the congested organs which may be the seat of disease. Apart from the special medicinal effect of the baths, the district has charms for tourists that baffle description. Some nervous people don't like it. "The subterranean fires are so near—suppose they broke out?" They seem to be walking on a thin crust over the mouth of hell! It is a simple fact that in many places, if you press your walking-stick a few inches into the ground, you draw it back charred.



Government Buildings, Suva, Fiji.

could only go to Rotorua and take the baths as directed. The railway station is at the end of the Auckland jetty, and the train takes you close to the sanatorium, so that it is easy for one who is very ill to get to these wonderful waters. What I fear is lest anyone reading this should go there on a fool's errand. Therefore, take medical advice first. A moment's thought will show that waters which effect such cures are very powerful in their action, and must not be trifled with, or they may do serious harm.

The sensation of bathing there is delightful. The water feels like warm oil. The bather leaves

Christchurch.

There is only one adjective which describes this city, and every visitor uses it—that adjective is "English." In the old Provincial days, Christchurch was the capital of the Canterbury Province. The city and surrounding country were settled in 1849 by the "Canterbury Association," of which the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Lytton were prominent members. The intention was that the settlement should consist only of members of the Church of England. The streets of the city are named after English Bishoprics, and there are large and valuable endowments of land still held by the

Anglican Church. It is a curious example of the perversity of human nature that Christchurch is the stronghold of Methodism in New Zealand.

Christchurch is seven miles from the sea, and is connected by railway with Port Lyttleton. A range of hills between the city and the sea is pierced by a railway tunnel more than a mile long. The city is on the celebrated Canterbury Plain, and is the key to it. The

streets of Christchurch are level, of the uniform width of sixty-six feet, and are laid off at right angles. The city is two miles by one and a quarter miles, and is intersected by the beautiful Avon, the banks of which are lined with weeping willows, and the branches in some parts meet over the river. A row on the Avon is a delightful and popular amusement. Among the prominent buildings, a fine cathedral, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, may be noted. Each New Zealand city possesses a museum; but the Christchurch Museum is one of the finest

in the colonies. It is a monument to the skill and industry of the late Sir Julius von Haast. The population of Christchurch and adjacent boroughs numbers about 60,000. This city has not the dash and vigour of Wellington, or the beauty and picturesqueness of Auckland. But it has a quiet, staid respectability all its own. It still carries the birthmark of its Angli-

can origin, of which it has no need to be ashamed.

I have said something elsewhere of the Canterbury Plains, so famous for cereals and mutton. These plains are about 220 miles long by seventy miles broad. They are bounded by the sea on the east, and by glorious mountain ranges on the west. On these ranges are mountain peaks ranging from

6,000 to 12,000

feet in height — peaks whose summits are crowned with perpetual snow. Here are some of the glacier fields for which New Zealand is famous, and among these mountains is some of the finest scenery in the world. These plains are watered by innumerable streams, which flow from the hills, and by no less than seven noble rivers. Some of these rivers when in flood are over a mile in width. Canterbury is intersected by beautiful roads, and is well supplied with railroads. As an indication of the trade which passes through Port Lyttleton, I may state that in 1899 the imports



MOTHER AND CHILD (NIEU).

were valued at £1,235,387, and the exports at £1,873,427. Sheep and cattle grown on these plains fetch the highest price in the London market. The Canterbury Association made no mistake in the selection of its site.

Scotland in the Pacific.

Dunedin is the southern capital. Otago, the original Province, embraces the south end of New Zea-

land. Its foundation was one outcome of the Scottish disruption, and its pioneers landed in 1848. At their head was the Rev. Dr. Burns, nephew of the poet. The Canterbury "pilgrims" signalled their departure by a ball. The sturdy Scotch pioneers signalled theirs by gathering on their emigrant ship and singing together—

led New Zealand. The University is housed in a handsome pile of Gothic buildings. There are four separate faculties in the University—arts, science, law, and medicine. The school of medicine provides the full course for a medical degree. The teaching staff numbers twenty-six professors and lecturers. There are two noble High Schools in

the city. Dunedin claims the honour of having founded the first girls' high school in the Australian colonies. Two of the finest churches in Australasia are in Dunedin, and they are both Presbyterian. Every little town in Otago has a handsome Presbyterian church and manse.

Dunedin is a fine city. It is bounded on one side by the harbour, and is flanked by rugged and beautiful hills. The business portion of the city is on a streak of ground moderately level, and the best houses are picturesquely situated on the hillsides. The abundance of building stone in the Province—grey and white—has contributed to the architecture for which the city is remarkable, and to the solid stability of the buildings—so different from the wooden erections of Wellington and Auckland.

Otago is another Scotland—but grander. On the West Coast are thirteen sounds. In the most famous of these is the Great Sutherland Waterfall, 1,904 feet high—probably the highest waterfall in the world. There are seven lakes among the mountains, of great beauty, their aggregate area being 455 square miles. The climate is bleak, but bracing. In the mountainous country there is a short, hot summer, and many sub-tropical fruits are grown there to perfection. Nowhere on earth can the tourist who loves wild, rugged scenery find a

more attractive spot than Otago. Yet parts of this Province are equally attractive to the agriculturist. Here are grown the great crops of oats to which I have referred elsewhere. Sheep and cattle thrive well in this Scotland of the south. There are nine freezing and meat-preserving works in the



TAKE-TAKE—A Motuiti Veteran.

O God at Bethel, by Whose hand
The people still are led.

The city and province have retained the characteristics of the deeply religious and sturdy Scotch founders. Many of the prominent citizens to-day are "Macs." In educational matters Otago has

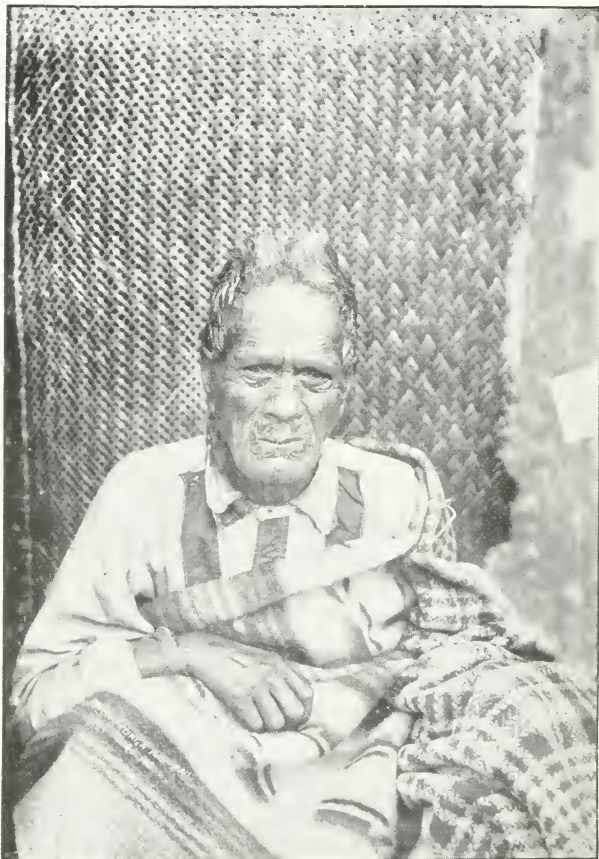
Province, which is also alive with mills and factories that bear witness to the energy of the people. The value of their manufactured goods is over £2,000,000 per year. I need not particularise them. Let it suffice if I say they include a pianoforte and a match factory, five woollen mills, a cutlery factory, etc. In all, there are 516 industrial establishments in this corner of New Zealand, employing 7,055 persons. Yet the whole population of the district is not more than 173,000, and its area is only 9,004,800 acres. Take this group of facts together, and ask where on earth could they be matched? The "God of Bethel" led these Presbyterian pioneers to a land richer than their fondest dreams imagined, and rightly have they developed it.

The Political Trend of New Zealand.

One cannot describe New Zealand at the close of the century without some reference to its politics. This is the one bit of territory over which the Union Jack waves that has acquired the reputation of being more radical and socialistic than any other. Is this reputation deserved? What are the facts that seem to warrant it? The first thing that strikes us in this enquiry is that New Zealand has not long had, or deserved, this reputation. From the beginning of responsible government in 1856, to the year 1877, when Sir George Grey became Premier, the leading statesmen were all of a more or less conservative type. One has only to mention such names as Fox, Stafford, Whitaker, Waterhouse, Atkinson, Hall, Vogel, Bell, to see that this was the case.

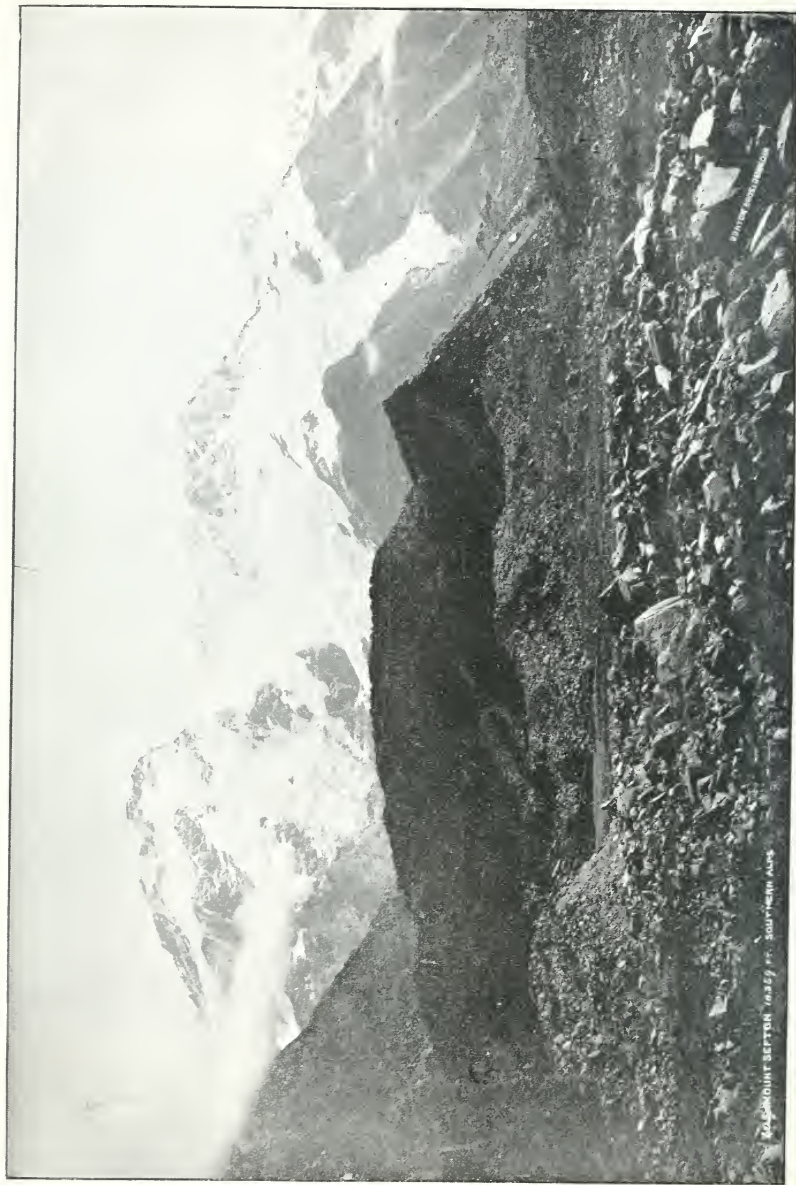
It was the hand of Sir George Grey that sowed the seeds of New Zealand radicalism, though many others have had a share in the watering, and the time, have been favourable to their rapid growth. Sir George Grey was politically before his time, and, after his retirement in 1879, the Hall, Whit-

taker, Atkinson and Stout-Vogel Ministries followed each other in quick succession, until Mr. Ballance became Premier in 1891. The lamented death of Mr. Ballance two years later made an opening through which, to the surprise of many, Mr. Seddon stepped into power. The radical drift in New Zealand be-



PAORA POTINI—A Hau Hau.

gan under the leadership of Mr. Ballance, and has been going on for the last nine years. A brief glance at the principal legislative acts during these nine years is all that is possible in our space, but that glance will show that the trend is all in one direction.



MOUNT SEFTON, SOUTHERN ALPS.

Socialistic Legislation.

In 1891 "labour laws" began in the Employers' Liability Act. This was followed by the repeal of the property-tax, and the substitution of a Land and Income Assessment Act. Under this legislation, land pays no income-tax, and landowners who have less than £500 worth of bare land value pay no land-tax. This complete exemption of the very small landowners forms an almost insuperable barrier to the progress of the single-taxers. On all land over £500 value, 1d. in the £ is paid. An additional graduated tax begins on holdings worth £5,000. At this stage it is one-eighth of a penny. By progressive steps it rises, until on estates assessed at £210,000 it is 2d. Thus, under the graduated and simple land-tax together, the holders of the largest areas pay 3d. in the £, while the peasant farmer whose acres are worth less than £500 pays nothing. Income earners are exempt up to £300 a year. Between £300 and £1,300 the tax is sixpence all round. Over £1,300 it rises to a shilling. Joint stock companies pay a shilling on all income.

In 1892 there were more labour laws. "The Contractor's and Workman's Lien Act" was passed. More land laws followed, particularly the Land for Settlements Act, authorising purchase of land from individuals for purposes of subdivision. This soon bore fruit. It was in the following year that the Cheviot Estate was taken over by the Government. This was a fine tract of 84,000 acres, which then carried 60,000 sheep, and supported about 40 human beings. A landowner who thinks that the Government has overvalued his property may call upon the Government to buy it at his own lower valuation. There was a difference of £50,000 in the two valuations, and the trustees of the estate called upon the Government to lower its valuation, or to purchase. The Government did the latter. Within a year nearly 900 souls were on the estate, with 74,000 sheep, 1,500 cattle, and 500 horses. Subsequent results show that the Treasury and the people have both profited by the transaction. This is a typical case, but by no means the only one. Under this Act, says Mr. Reeves, £700,000 has been spent in buying forty-nine estates for closer settlement. The area bought is 187,000 acres. Between two and three thousand thriving settlers are upon these subdivided lands, and 700 new houses, and £100,000 worth of improvements, testify to the genuine nature of the occupation.

Woman in Citizenship.

During 1893 New Zealand gave the franchise to women, and passed more labour laws, particularly "The Workman's Wages Act." A word may be said here as to the result of woman's franchise.

It has, to some extent, disappointed both its friends and foes. Women have not shown the passion for moral reform that their friends expected. They vote with the men folk, and, on the whole, simply duplicate the vote. Nor have they been indifferent to their privilege. They have turned up at the ballot box with commendable regularity, and the tone of election day has been raised by their presence. It would be tedious to follow the succeeding years of the last decade of the century in detail. Labour laws follow each other in succession until there are twenty-six in all. The interests of factory hands are considered. There is a Government Bureau of Labour, and a Registry Office for Domestic Servants. Laws provide for compulsory arbitration in labour disputes. The interests of sailors are looked after in a Shipping and Seamen's Act. Among the legislation in which we may possibly trace the effect of the women's vote is an Infants' Life Protection Act, the raising of the age of consent, the admission of women to the Bar, the appointment of female inspectors to lunatic asylums and factories, a severe law against the keepers of houses of ill-fame, may all be named. The prohibitionist movement has undoubtedly been helped by women, but not, I fear, to the extent looked for by enthusiastic radicals and temperance reformers.

Old Age Pensions Act.

While the rest of the world is discussing whether pensions ought to be provided for aged citizens, or appointing commissions to report upon possible ways of doing it, New Zealand, with characteristic boldness, has led the way. The Act of 1898, which does infinite credit to Mr. Seddon and all concerned, grants pensions to residents of sixty-five and over, under the following conditions: They must have been residents in the colony for twenty-five years. Seamen are exempted from this clause. During the twelve preceding years pensioners must not have been four times in prison, nor must they have been five years in prison during the twenty-five years of their earlier colonial life. Claimants must be free from the crime of wife or husband desertion, and must be able to show that, at least between sixty and sixty-five, they have lived a sober and reputable life. The yearly income of pensioners must not exceed £52, nor must they have more than £270 of capital. The full pension is £18 a year, but for each £1 of income over £34, and for each £15 of accumulated property over £50, £1 is deducted from the amount of the pension. The total number of pensions granted up to March 31, 1899, was 7,487, representing a yearly payment of £128,082, the average pension being about £17 2s.



Sluicing Claim, Bannockburn, Otago.

Why New Zealand Succeeds.

Has this "socialistic" legislation benefited or injured the colony?

This question is not easily answered. A colony like New Zealand must go ahead, whether the Government is Liberal or Tory. The soil of New Zealand was rich and the rainfall abundant before Sir George Grey, or Mr. Ballance, or Mr. Seddon were born. New Zealand colonists worked hard before there was any Labour party, and the progress of the colony is the result of honest toil under favourable conditions. But if we turn to the tables of 1891 and 1898 we shall see that these years of "socialistic" legislation have been years of continual progress. We cannot lay our finger upon any fact which shows that "capital has been driven out of the country," or that the New Zealand of 1898 is not in every way ahead of the New Zealand of 1891. Here are a few facts. During these eight years the population has increased from 634,958 to 743,463. Improvements in land have increased in value from £46,365,297 to £54,190,103. There are 24,556 more holdings in cultivation; 47,075 more horses, 371,193 more cattle, and 2,919,973 more sheep. The value of the imports for 1891 was £6,503,849. In 1898 they had increased to £8,230,600. The exports during these

years show an advance from £9,400,094 to £12,661,226. If facts like these point to a colony "going to the bad," is there another colony in the Australian group that would not like to go "to the bad" at the same rate, and in the same way?

The New Zealander in the Twentieth Century.

What are the probable characteristics of the coming New Zealander? Can we discern any signs that the "Britain of the South" will produce a special type of Britisher? Will he resemble the Australian in most things, or will he manifest an individuality of his own?

Let us look at the facts. The affinities of the New Zealander are not with Australia. Few of the islanders have been born on the neighbouring continent. They do not read Australian papers—though they are eager readers of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia"—or take a keen interest in Australian affairs. More than half the present residents were born in the colony, but the balance hail from Europe. They are English, Irish, and Scotch, with a relatively large admixture of the latter. Dunedin is as Scotch as the city after which it is named. Among the seventy Parliamentary representatives, says the Hon. W. P. Reeves, "there is seldom more than one

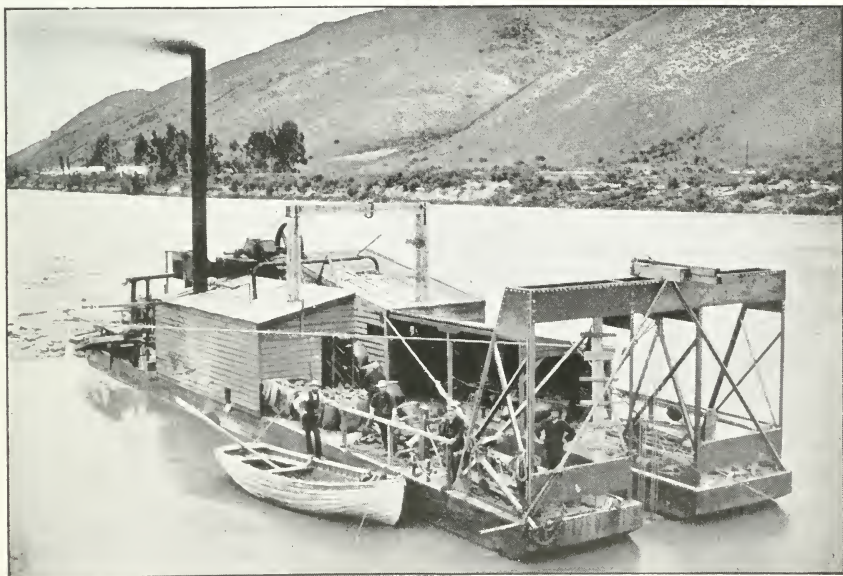
Smith, or Brown, or Jones; but the usual number of McKenzies is three." The twelve hundred miles of sea which separate Auckland from Sydney, or Wellington from Melbourne, need not be a serious separating factor in these days of rapid travel; but the other fact remains that the bond of birth does not connect the New Zealander with Australia. It is well known, e.g., that the Methodist Church of Australasia is under one General Conference, which includes the New Zealand Conference within its bounds. A few years ago the New Zealand Conference made a strong effort to break loose. It was retained in the union only by the overwhelming voting power of Australia; but was retained against its will. The New Zealand representatives who took that stand knew the mind of their constituents. I mention this fact because the colony of New Zealand takes exactly the same attitude in reference to Australasian Federation. She prefers to paddle her own canoe. Should she eventually come into the Federation it will be only from motives of self-interest. Her own inward promptings will not lead in that direction. Her roots are in the motherland, not in Australia.

The Human Type.

The factors which will tell upon the coming New Zealander are such as these: A healthy climate,

with the lowest death rate in the world. A population mainly agricultural. Two-thirds of the people now live in the country, or in towns of less than 5,000 inhabitants. The whole population lives and will continue to live within sight or sound of the sea. There is not an inhabitant of the colony more than a day's journey (seventy miles) from the sea, and nearly all are within an hour or two. The land is so rich and productive, and food is so plentiful and cheap, that poverty will be at a minimum. Again, the land is so subdivided that there is not much chance for the millionaire. New Zealand has no millionaires, and not more than ten or a dozen of its citizens are worth more than £10,000 per year. Timber is so abundant and cheap that a house does not cost more than half as much as a similar house in Australia, for most of the houses are of wood. Horses are plentiful, noble rivers abound. The people are pretty generally on one social level. The scenery is superb. Such are the facts, briefly put.

The result is a race of big, healthy people. I have often watched an Australian cricket match or bicycle race. But I have seen nothing in the way of sport that compares with a New Zealand football match. To see those strapping fellows, fresh from the plough or the bench, hurl themselves



Golden Treasure Dredge, Miller's Flat, Otago.

against one another at Saturday afternoon football is a sight with which nothing in Australia will compare. Hospitality is a charming feature of New Zealand life. Before a stranger has time to hitch his horse at the gate, the kettle is on, and cream and scones and pasties appear on the table as if by magic. Caste barriers are little known. Under such conditions, people become healthy, self-reliant, generous, independent, and self-respecting. Such are the prominent characteristics of the New Zealanders of to-day, and as they are the fathers and mothers of the generations to come, we can forecast without difficulty the New Zealanders of the twentieth century.

New Zealand has always been generous in the matter of education. She endows her secondary schools with a liberality unknown in Australia. It is a little disappointing, therefore, to find that not more than two per cent. of the children avail themselves of this higher education. The reason for this will be found in the facts just mentioned. There is a smaller "upper class" than elsewhere in Australasia. It must be remembered also that the population has more than doubled within the last twenty years. A continuous stream of emigration poured into the colony during the seventies, and these were mostly of the poorer class. Still, the New Zealander reads. The country swarms with newspapers. There is a newspaper of some kind for every 1,500 adults. The leaders in politics, church and professional life are nearly all British-born. New Zealand has not yet grown a Premier.

The New Zealander loves his colony, and well he may. It is difficult for one who has lived there to be happy anywhere else. Should he visit Australia, Sydney may charm, and Melbourne may interest him; but the brown Australian landscape in summer; the absence of the rich undergrowth in the native bush; the scarcity of water, and the fierce glare of the Australian sun, pall upon his taste, and make him sigh for home. We might fear that a land of such loveliness and fertility would be in danger of producing an effeminate race; but the bracing winter and the fierce winds which blow from the sea tend to prevent that. Sturdy, independent, and home-loving, the New Zealander is perhaps in danger of becoming parochial in the range of his ideas and sympathies. But that is not a very serious matter.

Is the New Zealander developing a dialect? I think not. The English spoken there is purer than in Sydney or in Adelaide. You do not, on that side of the sea, hear the "a" pronounced like "i." The New Zealander does not speak of ladies as "ladies." He knows the difference between "day" and "die." Though he has no dialect, like other

Australasians, he is losing some good old English words. His brook is a "creek"; his meadow a "paddock"; his forest is a "bush"; his pond a "lagoon"; his pasture, "feed." These changes, and others we might name, are not improvements. The schoolmasters would do well to bring back the sweeter English words to their true use.

Historic New Zealand.

The title at the head of this article suggests another almost equally interesting, viz., "New Zealand at the beginning of last century," for a wonderful series of transformations have followed each other within these two dates. In the year 1800, New Zealand had hardly been touched by civilisation or Christianity. Captain Cook had called at various points and had put ashore vegetable seed and pigs. As the result, degenerate specimens of cabbage are still to be found, and wild pigs still caper in the interior. Other explorers had touched on these "wild rocky shores," but the savage life of the primitive New Zealander had not been appreciably disturbed by outside influences. Since then what changes! On Christmas Day, 1814, the apostolic Samuel Marsden preached the first sermon in New Zealand, from the text "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy." Christian missions spread over the islands and won the whole people to at least nominal Christianity. The rapid success of missions was followed by reaction almost as rapid. Colonisation has been followed by war—one of the most stupid and costly of all the little wars in which Great Britain has engaged. Peace has been followed by successful colonisation. And now, as the century closes, the land which was wholly heathen and cannibal 100 years ago is the scene of progress—commercial, agricultural, political, social—which is drawing upon the colony the wonder and admiration of the whole British Empire. The whole scene passes before my mind, as I write, as a wonderful and quickly changing panorama. And all these changes, if we date the first from 1814, have happened within the memory of many who will read this article.

New Zealand a Century Ago.

I should like in a few compressed sentences to describe New Zealand when the century dawned. The Maori population did not greatly exceed 100,000. It ought to have been ten times greater, considering the isolation of New Zealand, its healthful climate and the vigour of its people. The islands were the scene of ceaseless and murderous war. It is said that between 1820 and 1840 thirty thousand people were slain in tribal wars. Fighting was at once their chief amusement and their most serious occupation. The



On the Buller River, Nelson.

Maori priests practised a kind of infant baptism. As water was sprinkled over the child such invocations as the following were said:—

"Sprinkle this boy.
Let him flame with anger:
That the hail may fall:
Dedicate him to the god of war:
Ward, ward off the spears, let them pass off:
Be nimble to jump about:
Shield off the blow: shield off the spear:
Let the brave man jump about:
Dedicate him to the god of war."

Young men engaging in battle for the first time were set in line by a stream of water and sprinkled again by the priest. So solemn and sacred was this service that no boy or woman was permitted to attend. The honour of killing the first man was a distinction greatly coveted. Every cruelty was inflicted on the vanquished foes. Their blood was drunk while warm, their heads preserved as trophies, and their bodies cooked. Their fighting was hand-to-hand in close combat, for we are describing the times before firearms were introduced. Every summer these fierce wars were waged. The education of a young chief was considered incomplete until he had killed his man. The owner of hands that had not been stained with human blood was taunted as "having the hands of a husband-man, and not a warrior." Cannibalism was common. "It was, I think," writes the Rev. J. Buller, "clearly a war practice. Its origin was not due to the scarcity of food or the mere liking for human flesh. Hatred and revenge were their strongest passions, and under the influence of these passions they devoured their enemies. Chiefs prided themselves on the fame of being great cannibals. The utmost degradation to which they could reduce their foes was to eat them! That was why they did it."

Primitive Life.

My readers can now form their own picture of New Zealand in 1800. I have said that war was the chief amusement and the most serious occupation of the Maori. What else was he to do? He cultivated a little, of course. He had the potato and the kumera, another variety of the same vegetable. He fished for eels in the creeks, and for better food in the deep sea. But he had no horse to ride, and no game to hunt. Fern root fed him when other supplies failed, and that abounded. He caught and ate rats and did not despise cooked shark. His fishhooks and flax fishing nets had to be made, and his simple garments were woven from the ever-present flax. His house was a simple affair, not needing much skill and labour in construction. Long idle days were beguiled in the recitation of his legends—which were his only his-

tory and lore. Then there was canoe-building and tattooing; but we have now nearly exhausted his methods of passing time. Yet he was, as savages go, a noble savage. A finer type of human animal does not exist. The chiefs were tall, athletic, nimble and graceful in their movements, and many of them had fine intellectual features, and some were orators of commanding power. Witchcraft and the tapu were in the place of religion, and their priests wielded immense power. Thus the centuries passed in these lovely islands, with war and bloodshed as the only events to tax the intellect or test the prowess of their inhabitants until the advent of Christianity and civilisation.

I have said that the rapid spread of Christianity was followed by a swift reaction. Into the causes of this I cannot enter, but I must not leave the impression that Christianity among the Maoris was a failure. Let me close this part of my subject with two illustrative facts which will show the contrast before and after the introduction of Christianity.

A Moral Change.

In 1809 the Boyd, a ship of 500 tons, had discharged a shipload of convicts in Sydney. The captain decided to take a cargo of timber in New Zealand, and set sail for Whangaroa, a romantic inlet to the north of the Bay of Islands. Amongst the crew were several Maories. One of these, known as George, was a young chief, though serving before the mast. During the voyage he was twice flogged for refusing to work, under the plea of illness. The captain added insult to the stripes by the words, "You are no chief." The sting of this lay in the sacredness attached by Maori custom to the chief's person. George vowed vengeance, and on reaching Whangaroa showed his stripes to his kinsfolk—like Boadicea to the Britons of old. The tribesmen, with the craft of which the apparently frank and cheerful Maori has so ample a share, quietly laid their plans. The captain was welcomed. To divide their foes, the Maories beguiled him and a party of sailors into the forest, where they killed them all. Then, dressing themselves in the clothes of the dead, the slayers made off to the Boyd. Easily coming alongside in their disguise, they leaped on deck and massacred passengers and crew without pity. Out of the seventy, only four were spared—a ship's boy, a woman, and two little girls. Some of the victims were cut up before they were dead, and all the slain were eaten.

A Contrast.

Forty years after this, another ship was wrecked in the same bay, on the same errand as the Boyd. An exploring party was told off to go in search of help. They came upon a hundred Maories, who placed at their disposal their best houses, with



Waikare Moana, Auckland.

clean blankets and abundance of food. This was Saturday; on the Sunday the visitors joined their Maori hosts in religious service. The natives provided a boat, in which they escorted their visitors to Auckland, where they were taken under the hospitality of the Government. According to Maori law, a shipwreck was rightful prey. How striking the difference between their fate and the unfortunate crew and passengers of the *Boyd*!

It was Christianity that made the difference.

The Future of the Maori.

About 40,000 of the Maori race now remain. Whether, like other South Sea Islanders, in contact with a superior race, they will fade out of existence, is a matter about which we would rather not prophesy. In the meantime, everything possible is being done to avert such a calamity. Missionaries are at work amongst them, and State-schools are provided for their children. They have ample reserves for residence and cultivation, and the adults of both sexes exercise the franchise.

Three things are possible in the future—one, that they slowly fade from the face of the earth; another, that they intermarry with the colonists and become merged in the future population; the third, that they remain a separate and permanent part of the population of New Zealand. Yet, with the fate of the aboriginals of Australia and Tasmania in mind, one cannot cherish this hope without some misgiving. The South Sea races as a whole are like a spent cannon-ball—either they have completed their mission and are no longer needed; or nature is chastising them for the non-fulfilment of their mission by removing them from the face of the earth.

No one who has known and admired the splendid Maori race can help clinging to the hope that

their survival may prove an exception to the rule. In any case, we have heard the last of Maori war in New Zealand.

My task is done, because my space is filled. I lay down my pen with a reluctant feeling that there is still so much to tell. I have said little of the West Coast sounds, which equal the finest scenery in Norway. Not only are many famous beauty spots unnamed in this article, but I think, as I write, of scenes of beauty that would make the fortune of any other country, which are unnoticed amid the varied charms of this wonderful land. I have not consciously made one over-statement in this article, and some things I have deliberately understated, because the truth about New Zealand must seem incredible to those who have not lived there. It has been my privilege to spend twenty-five of my best years in this land. I have visited four out of the five continents of the earth. I have crossed the United States twice, Canada once; but I have seen no land which combines so many advantages as this. Some of my readers may desire to know more about this colony. Such knowledge is within easy reach. There is no country, with so little history behind it, of which so many books have been written. Let me recommend especially the New Zealand Official Year-Book, which is revised annually by the Government, and which contains 700 closely-printed pages, with some good photographic illustrations. "The Long White Cloud," by the Hon. W. P. Reeves, is admirably written, and deeply interesting. I have lately written in this review of the great winter trip to North Queensland. The summer trip for Australians is a trip to New Zealand and back. The cost from Melbourne or Sydney need not be more than £30 to £40. The time should not be less than two months.

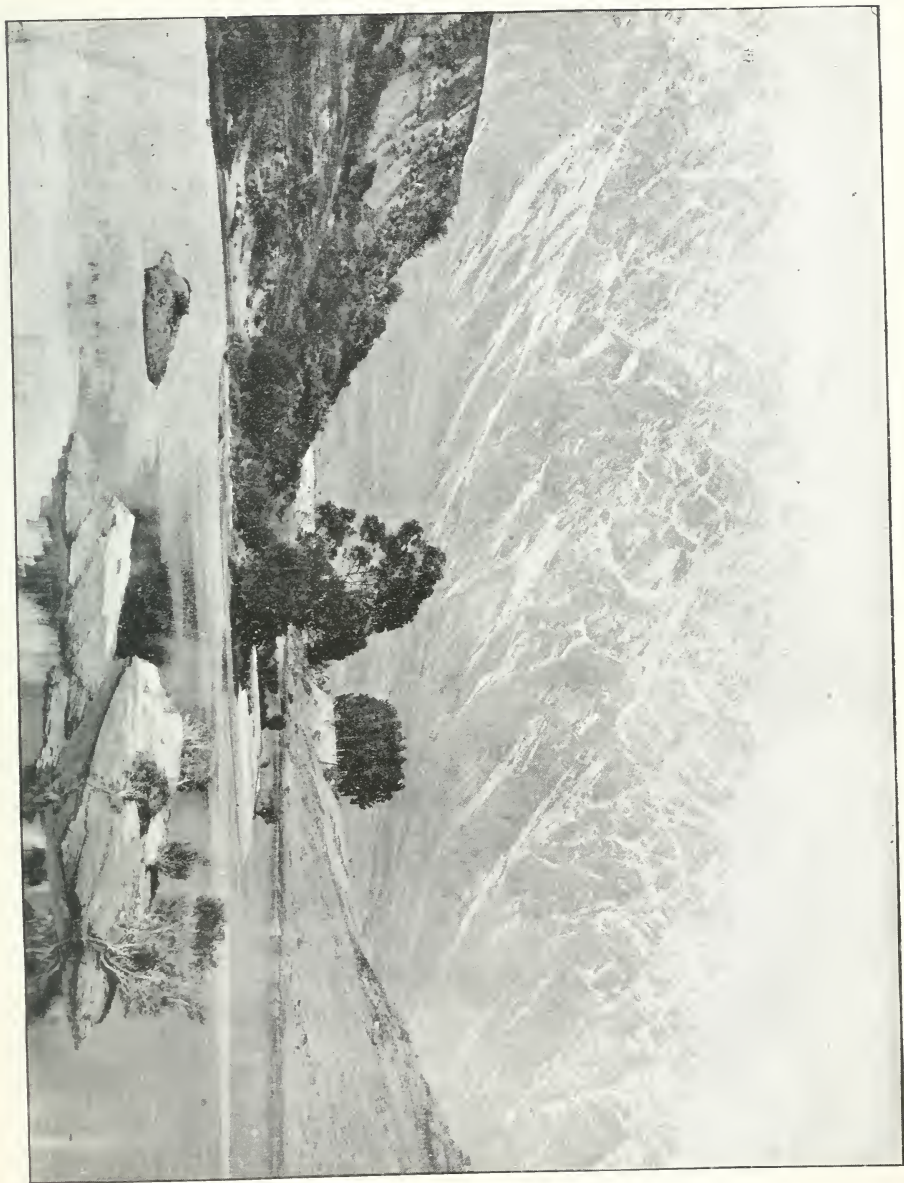
NEW ZEALAND IN THE PACIFIC.

NEW ZEALAND AND AN ISLAND FEDERATION.

BY SIR ROBERT STOUT, CHIEF JUSTICE OF NEW ZEALAND.

When we remember that the shores of the islands of New Zealand are bathed by the waters of the Pacific Ocean, we can understand why New Zealanders feel they should be in touch with the inhabitants of the other isles of the Pacific. Maoris and Pakehas alike consider that nothing concerning Polynesia is foreign to them. The annexation to Britain of Pacific Islands has ever met with the cordial approval of all parties in New Zealand. The aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand are

cousins to the people of the main part of Polynesia. There are three well marked aboriginal races in the Pacific, and they have been named by the Rev. W. Whitmee (see article "Polynesia" in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. xix.), the Sawaiori, the Parapon, and the Papuan. The Sawaiori include the Polynesians proper—the brown race. Mr. Whitmee took the three syllables of the name Sawaiori from the names "Sa"-moa, Ha-"wai'i and Ma-"ori," joining together syllables in those



The Remarkables, Queenstown, Otago.

syllables I have quoted. The Sawaioris are found in New Zealand, Samoa, the Cook group, Society Islands, Sandwich Islands, Tuamotu, etc., etc. Tonga also is the home of the Sawaiori, though there is in many Tongans a slight Papuan strain. The Paupans are in New Guinea, Aru Islands, New Hebrides, Fiji, etc. Whilst the Parapons—the Malaysans, with perhaps a slight mixture of Japanese and other races—occupy the Caroline, the Marshall, the Ladrone, and the Gilbert Islands.

Race Ties.

It will be seen from this statement of the distribution of the races that the Eastern Islands and New Zealand have one race as their inhabitants. The Maoris say they came from Hawaiki. Mr. Percy Smith, an able Polynesian scholar, has lately visited the Eastern Islands, and has obtained satisfactory evidence of the Maori migrations, and that their home, Hawaiki, was really the Island of Tahiti. That the Polynesians could undertake long voyages in open boats or canoes is proved by many voyages undertaken to-day. In 1892 a boat containing several men, women, and children arrived at Apia from Penrhyn, having voyaged a distance of nearly 800 miles.

All the Sawaioris speak one language, though there are many dialects. Malayan, and even Arabic, words are found in some of the dialects. The dialects are very closely akin; for example, the Rarotongan and the Maori are nearly alike. The Rarotongans can read Maori and speak Maori. The Samoan dialect, supposed to be that of the earliest migration from India or elsewhere, is akin to the Maori. The consonants are varied, for "ls" are used "rs" (the Maori has no l), and "f" is substituted for "wh." For example, a Samoan calls land "fanua;" the Maori says "whenua;" a Samoan says "langi," sky; a Maori, "rangi." A Samoan says "lakou," or, rather, la'au, for tree; a Maori, "rakau," and so on. Similiar words are used by the Maoris, Tahitians, Sandwich Islanders, etc., for many things. And as a further test of race, we find similiar customs—myths, religious notions and genealogies—amongst them. The physical appearance of all is much alike—though some islands show the traces of the intrusion of Papuans, Malaysans, etc. The Maoris trace their descent from certain persons who came in some of the canoes that brought their ancestors from Hawaiki, just as some English families trace their descent from followers of William, Duke of Normandy. Mr. Percy Smith found that, in some of the islands of the eastern archipelago he visited, the people there had ancestors common to the Maoris. Is it then to be wondered at that there is a feeling amongst the Polynesians for union and confederation with New Zealand?

Early Dreams.

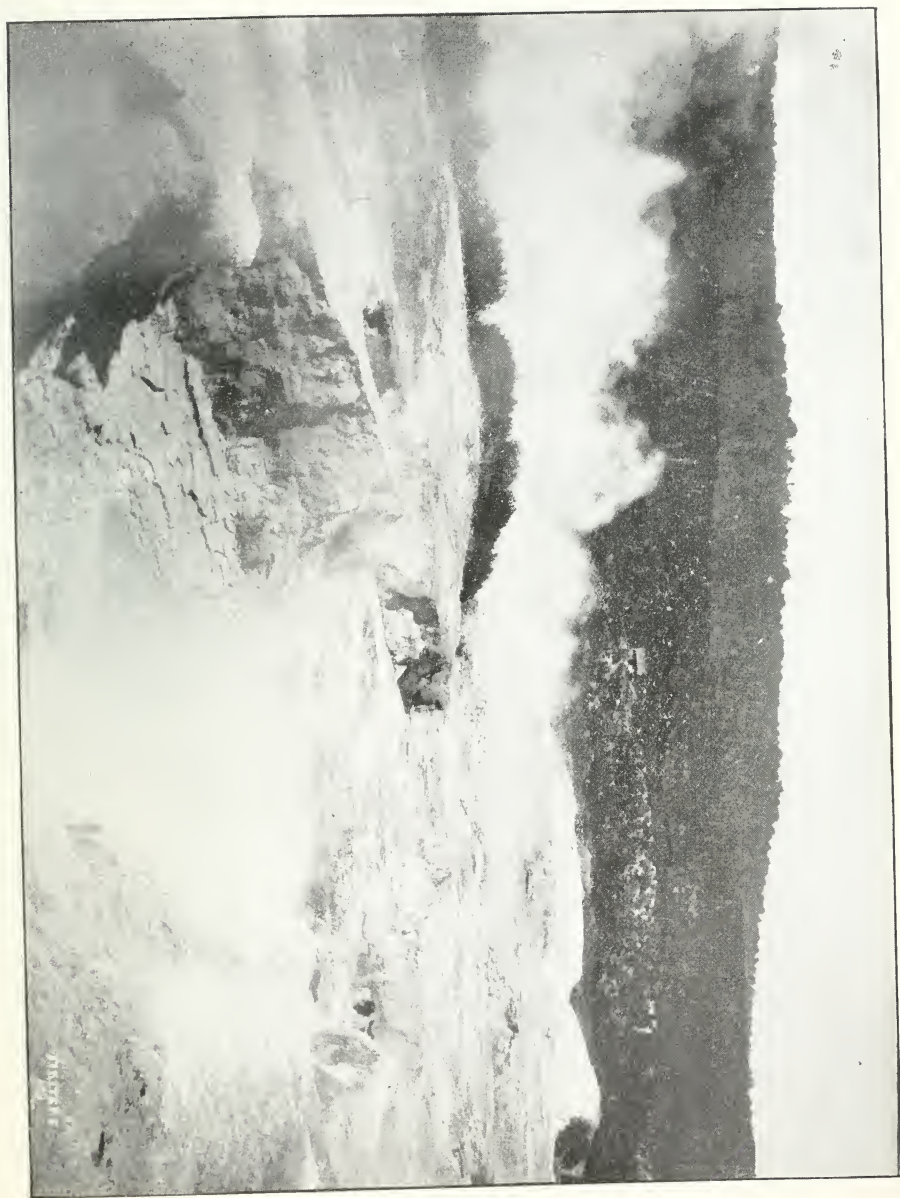
The early settlers of New Zealand ever had the idea of their colony playing a part in Polynesian civilisation. Many proofs of this can be given. There are now in the colony large and valuable reserves set apart by the Government, fifty years ago, for educational purposes, in which the trust, in the grant from the Crown, runs as follows: "In trust for the education of children of our subjects of all races, and of children of other poor and destitute persons being inhabitants of islands in the Pacific Ocean." It was thought that New Zealand was to be the civiliser of the Pacific, and that children of various islanders could be brought to New Zealand and educated, and then that they in their turn could pass on the torch of learning and civilisation to the people of other islands. The adaptability of the Polynesians as teachers has been found to be very great. Some of the most successful missionaries are Samoans, who, after having being educated at the Malua College in Upolo, have gone to New Guinea and other fields. The Sawaioris are fluent speakers, and many of them no mean orators. They are apt learners. A few have attended our University institutions with success, and many are well educated.

There is another consideration that should not be overlooked in dealing with the relation of New Zealand to the other Pacific Islands. The great geographer, Ritter (1779-1859), long ago pointed out that the earth might be divided into a continental or territorial hemisphere, and an oceanic or terraqueous hemisphere. His division was made by drawing a circle through the coast of Peru and the south of Asia. If that be done it will be found that one hemisphere will contain all the continents save Australia and a bit of South America, and the other only Australia, this bit of South America, and the Polynesian Islands. In Guyot's "Earth and Man," page 64, there is a map of these two hemispheres. If these maps be scanned, it will be seen that London is near the centre of the land hemisphere, and New Zealand about the centre of the water hemisphere.

We have, then, a geographical position that must ever make the islands question one for our consideration, even if the Maoris were not allied to the inhabitants of Eastern Polynesia.

The Logic of History.

It is assumed by many that some new policy has been inaugurated in New Zealand regarding the Pacific Islands. This is not so. For more than fifty years the public men of New Zealand have been pressing on the Colonial Office the duty of annexing the Pacific Islands. Had the request been acceded to, New Caledonia would not have been French territory, nor Samoa partly German



and partly American. It would take up too much space to give even a brief outline of all that has been done by New Zealand to extend the bounds of the Empire in Polynesia (see Appendix to Journals of Parliament, vol. 1, in years 1883 to 1890). It may be sufficient to point out that in 1883 the New Zealand Parliament passed a "Confederation and Annexation Bill," which was reserved for Her Majesty's pleasure. The preamble ran as follows:—

"Whereas it may from time to time become desirable for the Islands of New Zealand to confederate with or annex one or more islands in the Pacific not already belonging to or under the protectorate of any foreign Power or Powers." Be it, etc.

The Bill made provision for a Commission to deal with proposed federation or annexation, a report to the New Zealand Parliament, and a reference to the Imperial Government to give effect to the decision of the New Zealand Parliament in each case, by Imperial Statute or otherwise. Though the Imperial rights were thus guarded, and a veto power left to the Home Government, neither the Gladstone nor Salisbury Governments, and both were appealed to, would advise the Queen to assent to the Bill. From 1883 to 1887 was a period of unrest in Polynesia. Fiji, Samoa, the Cook group, etc., were all considering what their future government should be. The people of Fiji, through delegates, and by petitions, asked in 1884 and 1885 to be annexed to New Zealand. The present proposal for the confederation of Fiji with New Zealand is not therefore new. In 1884, the Hon. R. B. Leefe and other delegates waited on the Premier, then Major Atkinson, asking for the annexation of Fiji. In the end of March, 1885, the following resolution was carried at a public meeting in Levuka:—"That this meeting hails with unqualified satisfaction the action of the Hon. J. B. Thurston, C.M.G., in advocating the annexation of Fiji to New Zealand, and that while heartily concurring with him as to its extreme desirability, it pledges itself to every effort in the endeavour to effect this object." There were other resolutions to the same tenor passed, and large petitions were forwarded to New Zealand praying for absorption.

Popular Demands.

Then in 1885 two great Samoan chiefs came to New Zealand as delegates from their people seeking annexation—namely, Tuitelufuga Upolu and Seu Manutafa. They were much chagrined that the English Government turned a deaf ear to their people's requests. In the same year Queen Makea, of Rarotonga, came to New Zealand. She was afraid of French annexation, and wished for an alliance with this colony. During the period I

have referred to (1883-1887) New Zealand offered to undertake the responsibility of governing Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, and the Cook group; but neither political party in England would aid in the expansion of the Empire in Polynesia. The Colonial Office was warned that if they were not careful, Samoa would fall into Germany's hands. The warnings of 1886 were unheeded, and 1899 saw Savaii and Upolu German territory, and Tutuila American. I may here add that the late Mr. James Service, the Premier of Victoria, ably aided and co-operated with New Zealand in her efforts to give effect to the prayer of the islanders for British protection.

In 1890 the first step forward was taken, so far as the Cook group was concerned, by the appointment of a British Resident, selected by the New Zealand Government. Mr. F. J. Moss, an able, upright gentleman, was appointed. He was really Governor and Judge of the group. The natives were however allowed to govern themselves. They had their own Parliament and their own Courts. Mr. Moss' salary was paid by New Zealand, and this colony got no advantages from the group over any other colony or country. Mr. Gudgeon—formerly a judge of the Native Land Court, and an experienced man in Maori affairs and language—succeeded Mr. Moss, and is now British Resident in Rarotonga. What is now proposed is, I understand, the formal annexation of the Cook group, and of some adjacent islands that have been under British protection and management for some years.

From what has been said, it will appear how close the connection of New Zealand is with these islands, and that her present policy, a policy of about fifty years of age, is being now tardily given effect to by the British Government, but after the Navigator group has been lost to the Empire.

Australia's Attitude.

It may be asked what should be Australia's attitude? To enable the colonists of Australia to fairly consider that question, they should call to mind what New Zealand did regarding New Guinea. New Zealand has little concern with New Guinea. The part of New Guinea that became British territory is outside of New Zealand influence or trade. She had no concern with this Papuan territory. But her public men saw that it was good for Australia and the Empire that New Guinea should belong to England, and when the Colonial Office asked that the colonies should be at the expense of maintaining and governing the new territory, New Zealand agreed to pay her share according to her population compared with that of other colonies. And she fulfilled her undertaking. New Zealand is now undertaking at her own expense the government of islands in her range of

influence, and is it too much to ask Australians to assist her with kindly recognition? She has asked for no monetary contribution from Australia, and she has sought and seeks no special trade advantages. She is striving to fulfil her mission as a colonising power in the Pacific, and to keep the islands from the domination of foreign Powers; and Australia will, I am sure, be as generous now as her public men like Mr. Service and others were fourteen years ago.

As to Fiji annexation, that is for the Fijian people to consider and determine. If the Fijian people desire to join New Zealand, what right has any Australian colony to forbid the political banns? If the British Government had not blocked the way, Fiji and New Zealand might have been one colony sixteen years ago.

What the result of annexation may be no one can foretell. The dream of many of the early public men in New Zealand was one vast confederation of Polynesia. That dream cannot now be realised—France, Germany, and the United States now possess islands. But there may be a union amongst the islands that are British, and if there is, New Zealand must have potent influence in any such union.

The Right of Fitness.

I do not suggest that the foreign nations that have interests in the Pacific are not as philanthropic as we are. Two things must, however, be remembered. First, that the islands owe their first dawn of civilisation to the British people. It was British missions that civilised Samoa, Tonga, Fiji, the Cook group, etc., etc. Second, there has been introduced by the Germans into Samoa some of the Parapon and Papuan races that, were they to mix

with Samoans, would destroy the finest of all the Polynesian peoples.

We have in New Zealand tried to preserve the Maoris. Whether we will succeed or not, is not clear to my mind. The race is capable of much, but nature does not act by "leaps and bounds." And we cannot expect that our civilisation, the product of many centuries, can be assimilated by the Maoris in one century. If the natives in the tropical islands, however, are not crushed out by a yellow or black race, they will be able to maintain their position. Already there are thousands of Japanese in Hawaii, and had not the Chinese been prohibited from going to Samoa, numbers of them would now be there. The desire of New Zealanders is, whilst seeing the Empire extended, to deal kindly with the Polynesians, to preserve them, to civilise them. This is our mission. If we should fail, we believe foreign nations would not have succeeded.

We have trade interests with the islands; but, with what many would not hesitate to call a foolish unselfishness, we have demanded no special trade privileges. We have had for ten years the rule of the Cook group, and the duties on our goods are not lower than those of goods from Germany or America.

I think, in the short space at my disposal, I have shown that the policy being pursued in Polynesia by New Zealand is not new, nor an outcome of recent expansionist ideas. It is but trying to carry out what all political parties in New Zealand have striven for, and which a want of foresight in British statesmen has hitherto prevented being realised.

[The above article is reprinted from our October number by special desire.—Editor "Review of Reviews.]



The New Zealand Tour.

THE BEST TOUR SOUTH OF THE LINE, AND THE SEASON
HAS JUST OPENED.

HOT LAKES.

Rotorua, the Sanatorium of Australasia. A well-furnished town, healing waters, and all bathing appliances. The greatest Volcanic Wonderland in the World, and all necessary guides and accommodation.

HANMER PLAINS.

The Middle Island Sanatorium. One day's journey from and coach to Christchurch. Splendid baths, healing waters, abundant accommodation, grand excursions, and the best trout fishing in the Colony.

COLD LAKES.

The son Manapouri, the gloomy grandeur of Te Anau, the majestic Wakatipu—with the magnificent Alpine view at its head, Wanaka—one of the most picturesque lakes in the world. Hawea—with its fertile plain and rich forest. The chain is within easy reach by road and rail.

THE WESTERN SOUNDS.

The grandest combination of scenery in the world. A water picnic of ten days and 250 miles among thirteen

Sounds—a world apart, in vast scenic variety; tremendous precipices and loftily-wooded spurs, charming valleys; mountain wildernesses above, and calm blue water with idyllic beaches, contrasting with the black feet of the towering precipices, below.

SUTHERLAND WATERFALL.

The highest in the world—1,905 feet. It can be done in two days from Milford Sound, or from Te Anau. Steamer excursionists are given the opportunity.

SOUTHERN ALPS.

For grandeur they equal Switzerland, for variety they surpass it, and the glaciers are bigger. In the heart of the region lies the Hermitage, at the foot of Mount Cook—the Captain Peak, within easy reach of every point commanding the panorama of peak and glacier and range upon range. Good accommodation; a capital wine cellar; tracks and huts well supplied with blankets and provisions. Alpine guides and horses. Every facility for extended exploration and Alpine climbing.

DIRECTORY.

The Southern Alps—The Hermitage, Mount Cook.

The Hermitage is a well-built hotel, containing over thirty rooms. All the rooms are comfortable, and the bath-rooms are supplied with hot and cold water. Visitors can be supplied with quiet horses accustomed to the country. A good and competent guide is provided for persons who may be desirous of doing some mountain touring. The hotel charges are 10s. per diem; 10s. 7s. 6d. per diem; Guide 10s. per diem for one tourist, 15s. for two, £1 1s. for three, and £1 5s. for four other number. Railway Excursion Tickets for the through journey by rail and coach to Mount Cook Hermitage are—

From Dunedin	£5 5s. First Class.
From Christchurch	£4 15s. " "

Hanmer Plains Hot Springs.

A Sanatorium for invalids and resort for the hot days, contains some of the latest appliances, bathing machines, and steam swimming pools. The gardens are well equipped and contain tennis court, croquet ground, and cricket lawn. Baths, 1s. Swimming pools, 6d. Rheumatism, skin complaints and nervous debility are specially benefited. Visitors have a

choice of staying at private hotels, of which there are three in the vicinity, or at the Government Sanatorium. The charge at the latter is 7s. per day, or £2 per week, first class, and 2s. per week second class. The streams and rivers at Hanmer are well stocked with trout, and there is plenty of rabbit shooting to be had. Railway Return Excursion Tickets to Hanmer Plains, available for two months, are as follow:—

From Christchurch	£1 10s.
From Dunedin	£4 2s. 6d.
From Invercargill	£5 15s.

Rotorua—Thermal Springs, Boiling Pools, Mud Volcanoes.

The numerous bathing springs are valuable for their curative properties, particularly in cases of gout, rheumatism, and skin diseases. The Government Sanatorium is in charge of a Resident Medical Officer. Prices for admission to the Baths are reasonable. There are four hotels and six boardinghouses with tariffs varying from 2s. weekly. Accessible by rail from Auckland, or by coach from Napier and Wellington. Excursion Railway Tickets are issued throughout the year, available for two and three months from date of issue.

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS.

TOURIST EXCURSION TICKETS

(FIRST CLASS)

Will be issued on any day (Sundays excepted), throughout the year, as under:—

- (a) Available over Lines of BOTH ISLANDS for SIX WEEKS from date of issue - £8
 (b) " " NORTH ISLAND LINES for FOUR WEEKS " " £5
 (c) " " MIDDLE ISLAND LINES for FOUR WEEKS " " £6

These Tickets are available over Government Lines only, and are obtainable as follows: (a) and (b) at Auckland, Napier, Wanganui, New Plymouth, and Wellington; (a) and (c) at Lyttelton, Christchurch, Port Chalmers, Dunedin, Invercargill and Bluff Railway Stations.

THERMAL SPRINGS OF THE NORTH ISLAND.

Round-Trip Excursion Tickets are issued throughout the year as under:—

1. From Auckland to Thames by rail, Thames to Auckland by steamer, and vice-versa. First Class, 24s. 6d.; Second Class, 18s. 6d.
2. From Auckland to Rotorua, thence to Thames by rail, Thames to Auckland by steamer, and vice-versa. First Class, 41s. 6d.; Second Class, 30s.
3. Auckland to Hangatiki, Hangatiki to Rotorua and Rotorua to Thames by rail, Thames to Auckland by steamer, and vice-versa. First Class, 50s. 6d.; Second Class, 35s. 9d. These Tickets are available for three months from date of issue.

MOUNT COOK. Through Booking by Rail and Coach.

Return Excursion Tickets for the through journey by rail to Fairlie, thence by coach to Mount Cook Hermitage, returning via Kurow or Fairlie, or by rail to Kurow, thence by coach to Mount Cook Hermitage, returning via Fairlie, will be issued between November 1 and March 31, available for return for three months (subject to the coach portion of the journey being completed on or before April 30).

RETURN FARES.

From Dunedin	-	-	First Class, £5 5s.	Second Class, £4 12s. 6d.
From Christchurch	-	-	First Class, £4 15s	Second Class, £4 7s. 6d.

COLD LAKES.

Return Excursion Tickets, available for three months, will be issued between November 1 and March 31, as under:—

TO KINGSTON, LAKE WAKATIPU.

From	First Class.			Second Class.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Christchurch (via Waimea Line or Invercargill)	5	7	6	3	15	0
Dunedin (via Waimea Line only)	2	5	0	1	13	6
Dunedin (via Waimea Line or Invercargill)	2	12	6	2	0	0
Invercargill (via Kingston Line only)	1	6	6	1	0	0
Invercargill (via either Kingston or Gore and Waimea Line)	1	12	6	1	3	6

TO PEMBROKE, LAKE WANAKA.

Including Saloon steamer passage, Kingston to Queenstown and back, and coach (Queenstown to Pembroke and back).

From Dunedin (via Waimea Line only) First Class, 70s

By ORDER.



CORSETS

Are the latest triumph of the Corset-maker's art and are winning golden opinions everywhere. They possess a unique combination of excellencies:

Perfection of Shape.
Expert Workmanship.
Exceptional Comfort.
High-Grade Materials.
Daintiness of Finish.
Inexpensive Prices.

"FIT LIKE A GLOVE." Obtainable of all Drapers.

SJ WOODS

TAILOR,

AND

Importer of High-Class Woollens.

TELEPHONE 900.

44 Elizabeth Street,
Melbourne, Dec. 6, 1900.

Having established a reputation for **Superior Finish**, combined with **First-Class and Stylish Goods**, Patrons in Victoria and the various **States of the Commonwealth** may rest assured that the utmost attention will still be given to their commands.

Visitors to the Metropolis can have Orders Finished on the Shortest Notice.

Samples Free on application to any address.

Former Measures retained are sufficient Guarantee for Perfect Fit



You cannot have Better
than the Best.
This is it,

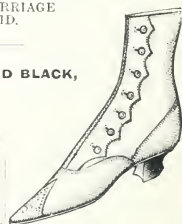
TAN WILLOW CALF

WILL WEAR WONDERFULLY.

25s. CARRIAGE PAID.

WE HAVE OTHERS IN TAN AND BLACK,
From 12/6.

Ladies' Glace Kid and
Patent Boots and Shoes
in great variety.



WHITELAW & CO.,
MAKERS,

155 SWANSTON ST., MELB.

CALL OR SEND FOR CATALOGUE. . .

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN AUSTRALASIA.

BY "AUSTRALIAN."

The celebrations of the Commonwealth Proclamation and the opening of a new century have absorbed the bulk of public attention during the month, yet items of financial and commercial interest have not been wanting. As far as the season is concerned for Australia as a whole, it is a distinct advance on any experienced since 1894. In Victoria, especially, it is proving satisfactory. Mild, cool weather has ruled throughout harvesting-time, and good crops of all cereals are being garnered. Grass is plentiful, dairy produce profitable, stock bringing good prices, and, generally, the lot of the agriculturist and workers in other extractive industries steadily advancing. This condition of affairs is reflected on the community as a whole; active trade is fostered, wages tend to improve, and prosperity is extended. In New South Wales the awful drought still rules in the north-west and western areas; but there are indications that its terrible sway is nearing the end. Otherwise, New South Wales is fairly prosperous; though for the past month ordinary indications have been obscured by the glamour of the Commonwealth celebrations. In Queensland the drought has partially broken, and it is to be hoped, is near its end. The coastal districts have had splendid rain, extending in isolated instances into the central areas; but, so far, the west has not been succoured. South Australia has had a good season, and the same applies to Western Australia. Tasmania is also prosperous. Interstate trade is improving steadily, and during the year just closed reached the highest point ever touched. General business is active, and improving, and the outlook, as a whole, satisfactory.

America and Australia.

In 1820 Sydney Smith's name appeared to an article in the "Edinburgh Review" relative to the growth of America. It is interesting to take the statistics given in the article, and compare them with those of Australia at the present day. The white population of America in 1800 was 4,422,913. The population of the Australian Commonwealth is, approximately, 3,800,000. In 1800 the exports of the United States were £18,800,000. In 1900 exports from the Australian Commonwealth were £70,000,000. In 1800 America imported goods to the value of £10,000,000, while in 1900 Australian Commonwealth imports were £60,000,000. The revenue of America in 1800 was £2,400,000; that of Australia in 1900 almost £30,000,000. In 1800 the States owed £14,000,000 as public debt, while Australia in 1900 had a public debt of £260,000,000! Will another hundred years bring an advance in Australia such as the past century has brought to the United States? The foregoing comparison is but an example of what does take place in a century, and, although at the moment Australia is yet staggering from the combined effects of the great drought and financial crisis, it is not too much to hope for a long and continuous advance in the welfare of its people.

Wanted—a Financier.

The local daily press and the Agents-General in London arose in their wrath, and struck a gentleman named Aickman a mighty blow for his temerity in attacking the public financial systems of Australia as rotten; and, in doing so, columns of foolish arguments

of a non-convincing nature were used. For ourselves, we have always held that these colonies were fast being loaded with an unwieldy and altogether uncalled-for debt. A century's reliance on Great Britain for financial help has assuredly killed all financial "mauliness" and self-dependence. In season and out, these colonies rush to London for more funds, and the now Federated States of Australia have a public debt of close on £52 5s. per capita, or, in the aggregate, over £200,000,000, without taking into account municipal and other debts. Of this huge total over £155,000,000 is directly "reproductive," having been expended on railways, tramways, water supply and sewerage, telegraphs, telephones, etc.; but the balance on unproductive works, or works which do not earn the full amount of interest payable on the capital expended, is stupendous. For years, when writing on the Great Australian Debt, the "Review of Reviews" has urged on politicians the necessity, first, of curtailing the expenditure of borrowed money, and, secondly, of electing to the position of Treasurer men who have some knowledge of finance. The day for electing the Premier-Treasurer is past. Look back through any State's history, and how many men are there who have had any financial experience, or who know anything above the easiest way to obtain funds to squander? Is there a colonial Treasurer of to-day

PHŒNIX



ASSURANCE CO.

Fire Losses Paid Exceed £23,000,000.

Premium Income Exceeds £1,100,000.

VICTORIAN BRANCH: 60 MARKET ST., MELBOURNE.

ROBERT W. MARTIN, Manager.

"FACILE PRINCEPS" THROUGHOUT THE
WORLD.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

Assets (June 30, 1900) ... **£64,067,813**
Surplus (June 30, 1900) ... **£11,526,190**

Issues every kind of Policy, including

INSURANCE.

ANNUITY.

INVESTMENT.

and TRUSTEESHIP.

Write for Particulars, stating Name, Address, and
Date of Birth, to

Z. C. RENNIE, General Manager for Australasia,
COMPANY'S BUILDING.

MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY.

Or to THE MANAGER at any of the undermentioned
BRANCH OFFICES:

VICTORIA—289 Collins Street, Melbourne.

QUEENSLAND—577-579 Queen Street, Brisbane.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA—73 King William Street, Adelaide.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA—St. Georges Terrace, Perth.

TASMANIA—38 Macquarie Street, Hobart.

who has ever brought forward any respectable financial proposal? Is it not a fact that all financial bills have been absolutely useless, from the fact that their framers knew nothing of finance? Verily, one, Aickman, did right in publicly expressing his views, and as long as the "Times," "Statist," "Financial Times," and other journals, continue to speak the plain, unvarnished truth re the Great Australian Debt, we can hope that the British investor is being educated upon the important question of our credit. The result will be that our borrowing will, of necessity, be curtailed. Debts are no better for States than for individuals. When will Australia redeem a loan? In this century?

More Loans.

In Victoria we are having quite an excited time with local loans (twelve months or so ago the now Treasurer could not look on the local demand for gilt-edged stocks as worthy of consideration). The loans forthcoming, or issued since the writing, and before the publication of this article are as follows:—

January 14, £25,000, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. at 100, Savings Banks.

January 22, £350,000, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. at 99, City Council.

February 1, £500,000, $3\frac{1}{2}$ T.B. at 100, N.S.W. Government (5 years).

February (end of), £100,000 (perhaps £50,000), $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. at 100, Savings Banks (ten years).

March, £250,000, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., Metropolitan Board of Works.

April, £500,000, 3 per cent., Victorian Government.

Total, £1,725,000.

In addition London loans to the extent of £3,000,000 will be floated in the same four months, and on July 1 Victoria has to meet £3,000,000 4 per cent. debentures, falling due. The negotiations for the conversion of the latter being complete.

Regarding the issue of loans locally, the system has so far proved an immense success; but there are indications that it is being overdone, and, sooner or later, there will be as strong a feeling against local borrowing as there now is in favour of it. This is but the outcome of the manner in which local borrowing has been carried on. It was never intended that borrowing should be as purely local an operation as the spending; but merely that all loans should be offered simultaneously in London and the colonies, the interest to be payable, and principal repayable, at the option of the stock, bond, or debenture holder, either here or in London. Were such a system carried out in a vigorous manner, any borrowing necessary for these States would entail much less loss to posterity, which eventually will have to pay for the squandered millions.

Cheap Money.

Money continues cheap in these colonies, and dear in London. 1900 proved almost a record for high rates in the latter centre, while here lenders were willing to advance at extremely low interest. At the time of writing first-class mortgages readily command 4 per cent., and $3\frac{1}{2}$ and $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. are not uncommon. Now, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and a shade more, is obtainable on Metropolitan Board of Works, City Council, and Government Treasury Bills, while some of the leading banks allow $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for deposits for two years and over, interest payable half-yearly. It will be seen that there is practically little difference between mortgage rates and rates for gilt-edged securities. This state of affairs cannot continue long—money will be absorbed by new loans, industrial activity will stimulate the demands in other directions, and rates will improve. At the same time, gilt-edged securities will drop in value. A point worthy of interest is that Bank shares are, in many instances, yielding comparatively high interest rates. With judicious discrimination, investors could profit materially by purchasing at present levels. Bank-

AUSTRALIAN

MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

HOLDS THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR BONUSES.

Cash Bonus for One Year, 1899 - £506,183

Cash Bonuses already divided £8,711,317

MOST LIBERAL POLICY CONDITIONS.

MOST ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT.

MOST STRINGENT RESERVES.

EVERY YEAR A BONUS YEAR.

DIRECTORS OF THE VICTORIA BRANCH:

THE HON. SIR W. A. ZEAL, K.C.M.G., M.L.C., CHAIRMAN.

JAMES GRICE, Esq., J.P., DEPUTY CHAIRMAN.

THE HON. A. DEARIN, M.L.A. JOHN COOK, Esq.

WILLIAM HENRY MILLER, Esq.

459 Collins Street,
Melbourne.

W. J. WALKER,
RESIDENT SECRETARY.

ing is improving rapidly, and soon further increased dividends should be noticeable.

The Commercial Bank of Australia Ltd.

This institution has notified its shareholders that it is now prepared to pre-pay the £330,000 deferred A deposits falling due at the close of the year. The bank is making excellent progress, and, with an improved market for real estate, should be able, shortly, to materially reduce the accounts of the Special Assets Trust Company. Mr. J. C. Syme has joined the board. Mr. Henry Cyles Turner will shortly resume the general manership, after a rest resulting in much improved health.

Goldsbrough, Mort Ltd.

The "Review of Reviews" was the first to publicly announce that this much-reconstructed concern was about to reconstruct again, and our early statement has since been confirmed by Sir Wm. Zeal's utterances, at the recent meeting of shareholders.

The trustees of the debenture holders of the foregoing company have issued the terms of a proposal, the object of which is to place the company in a sound position. Briefly stated, the proposals are as follow:

In order to enable the necessary adjustments to be made in the balance-sheet, it is now proposed that the following reductions on the liabilities side shall be made:—

There will be written off from the 240,700 ordinary shares the whole of the amount paid up £233,608

Note.—These shares will be cancelled, so that the preference shares will be the only shares existing.

There will be written off the existing 319,426 preference shares, upon which the sum of 4s. per share is paid up, the sum of 10s. per share 159,713

40 per cent. of the B debentures stock will be surrendered and cancelled 493,740

Total £887,061

The remaining £675 7s. 6d. will be provided by writing off part of the credit balance of £5,772 7s. 5d., appearing on the face of the balance-sheet of March 31, 1900.

For the convenience of adjustment among themselves, it has been arranged that each preference share, with 3s. paid up, shall be divided into seven shares, with 5s. paid thereon.

The debenture stock and share capital of the company will, if the proposal is carried out, stand as follows, viz:—

A debenture stock	£1,481,050	0	0
B debenture stock	740,610	0	0
2,235,982 preference shares of 5s. each, fully paid	558,995	10	0
Total	£2,780,655	10	0

The debenture stock and capital account, as proposed, compares as follows with that shown in the last balance-sheet:—

	As at present.	As proposed.
A debentures	£1,486,150	£1,481,050
B debentures	1,234,350	740,610
Paid-up capital	927,409	558,995
Total	£3,647,909	£2,780,655

The reduction is £867,254 10s., and this, we presume, will be applied to writing down the following assets:—

Advances on stock, produce and property	£1,557,326
Premises, lease and freehold	529,601
Foreclosed properties in possession	1,350,370
Total	£3,437,297

ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

Subscribed Capital	-	-	£1,200,000
Paid-up Capital	-	-	£144,000
Total Assets	-	-	£2,342,134

BRANCHES
AT
SYDNEY,
BRISBANE,
ADELAIDE,
LAUNCESTON.



AGENCIES
IN
ALL
PRINCIPAL
TOWNS.

HEAD OFFICE FOR AUSTRALIA, 406 COLLINS STREET,
MELBOURNE.

THOS. B. BELL, MANAGER.

UNION INSURANCE SOCIETY OF CANTON LTD.

(MARINE).

ESTABLISHED 1835.

Subscribed Capital	\$2,500,000
Paid-up	\$500,000
Reserve Fund	\$1,425,000
Accumulated Funds	\$5,115,956

Including £235,189 Sterling, Invested in London and Melbourne.

This Society offers special inducements and facilities for Marine Insurances, and has made a name for prompt and liberal settlements of all claims.

Bonus is paid annually out of profits to contributors of business, and for the last six years has averaged twenty-three per cent.

LOCAL COMMITTEE:
E. FANNING, ESQ. JAS. GRICE, ESQ. GEO. FAIRBAIRN, ESQ

BROKEN HILL CHAMBERS, 31 QUEEN ST., MELBOURNE
J. THOS. WOODS, Acting Agent.

Sydney and Brisbane: Messrs. Gibbs, Bright and Co.
Adelaide: Messrs. Nankivell and Co.

THE
COLONIAL MUTUAL
FIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED.

FIRE . . .
ACCIDENT . . .
EMPLOYER'S
LIABILITY . . .
FIDELITY
QUARANTEE.
PLATE-GLASS
BREAKAGE . . .
MARINE. . . .

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MELBOURNE—60 Market Street.

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BRISBANE—Creek Street.

PERTH—Barrack Street.

HOBART—Collins Street.

LONDON—St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, E.O.

WM. L. JACK,
MANAGER.

CITIZENS'
LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
LIMITED.

HEAD OFFICE—

COMPANY'S BUILDING, CASTLEREAGH AND MOOR STS.,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.

BRANCHES: Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth
(W.A.), Hobart, and Wellington (N.Z.)

With Superintendencies and Agencies in all the principal Cities and
Towns throughout the Colonies.

POINTS OF THE '99 REPORT.

Annual Premium Income, £291,759 Sterling.

New Ordinary Branch Assurances Issued,
£1,254,778.

(Exclusive of the Company's vast Industrial business.)

In the Company's Ordinary Branch Every Year
is a Bonus Year.

The fact that the Company's Policy Holders
Number Upwards of 206,000 attests
its popularity.

All kinds of Industrial and Ordinary Assurance transacted and the
most approved forms of Policies issued on the lives of men, women
and children.

Call or write to any of the Company's Chief Offices, as above, for
descriptive insurance literature.

Gold.

The production of gold in 1900 showed a considerable
reduction, as will be seen from the following estimate,
based on official figures:—

	1899.	1900.	
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
Western Australia	1,643,877	1,580,950	dec. 62,927
Queensland	948,894	950,895	inc. 4,001
Victoria	861,905	821,007	dec. 40,898
New South Wales	496,196	343,301	dec. 152,895
Tasmania and S.A.	107,115	110,500	inc. 3,385
Total	4,055,987	3,806,653	dec. 249,334

In round figures, the decline is equal to about
£1,000,000. The W.A. reduction is the outcome of the
foolish 1899 policy of "eve-picking," by which returns
were unduly swelled. Victoria's reduction is but the
reflection of our increased prosperity; but the N.S.W.
drop is a seemingly serious one, probably augmented
by an erroneous official estimate for 1899.

Notwithstanding the decline in production, gold ex-
ports from Australia have expanded during 1900. This
fact is due, first, to lower prices for our produce swell-
ing the debit trade balance against these colonies, and
necessitating remittances of greater extent being made;
and, secondly, to the accumulation of gold which took
place in 1899, due to the extremely high prices ruling
for wool, etc. The total exports for 1899 and 1900
compare as follows:—

1900	£12,457,000
1899	10,515,000
Increase	£1,942,000

Allowing for the decrease of £1,000,000 in production,
it will be seen that stocks of gold in these colonies
are lower by nearly £3,000,000, or, say, about the
level of 1898.

The operations at the colonial Mints during 1900
again show a very good gain in the aggregate. The
figures may be summarised thus:—

	RECEIPTS.	
	1898.	1899.
	Oz.	Oz.
Melbourne	1,555,996	1,513,601
Sydney	719,965	948,743
Perth	—	209,418
Totals	2,275,961	2,671,762

	ISSUES.	
	1898.	1899.
	£815,610	£5,835,269
Melbourne	2,618,210	3,372,445
Sydney	—	690,990
Perth	—	—
Totals	£8,433,820	£9,898,704

From the first table it will be seen that, notwith-
standing the smaller gold production, the gold received
at the Mint has advanced, thus showing that a much
larger percentage of the raw article is now being sent
in for treatment. The effect of the Perth Mint on
Melbourne's total is very marked; but, all things con-
sidered, the totals shown are satisfactory.

Coal.

Holidays and labour troubles at Newcastle, and a
combination among Melbourne shipping importers, have
led to a rise in the local price of coal, equal to 50 per
cent. All industries are affected, and consumers in
all directions are crying out, and the result is that
importers are not looked on kindly. They are killing
the goose of golden egg fame, and their action is in-
judicious, considering that shortly they will make an

effort to place the Australian coastal trade outside the pale of foreign competition, through the aid of the coal consumer—that is, the elector. The figures relative to the output of Newcastle are extremely interesting. Taking the official statement, the following comparison is interesting.

	1899.	1900.
	Tons.	Tons.
Victoria	613,100	760,376
South Australia	401,064	506,570
New Zealand	170,422	205,315
Western Australia	115,535	160,956
Tasmania	80,652	94,618
Queensland	43,083	45,035
Total, Australasia	1,423,865	1,773,431
Chili	335,497	454,207
Peru	33,952	61,031
Sandwich Isles	110,195	171,159
United States	170,047	148,597
Philippines	117,979	72,374

Other centres brought the total in 1899 to 2,478,397 tons, and in 1900 to 3,021,912 tons, or an advance of over 20 per cent. The increase was limited purely by the fact that the output of the mines could not be increased fast enough. The demands were practically unlimited.

Insurance News and Notes.

The total premiums of British Fire Insurance business for the year 1899 amounted to £20,175,893, an increase of nearly £900,000 as compared with the previous year. Losses totalled £12,559,493, a ratio to premiums of 62.25 per cent.; and expenses and commission to £6,954,537, the ratio being 34.47 per cent. The underwriting profit thus amounted to 3.28 per cent. only of the total premium income. Eleven offices actually lost on the year's underwriting.

* * * * *

It would, perhaps, surprise some of our readers to know the extent to which wealthy men invest in insurance. In referring to some of the largest policies issued by the British branch of the Mutual Life during the past thirteen years, we, in conformity with the English custom, abstain from mentioning the names of the insured. Were we at liberty to do so, we could compile a list of some of the most distinguished and capable men in the United Kingdom, men occupying the highest positions in political, social, and business life, each one of whom has shown by his own example that he believes in insurance, and pre-eminently in the Mutual Life of New York, as the office to insure in. The following figures are extremely suggestive of the magnitude of the British business:—

5 Policies insure	£179,000, an average of	£35,800 each.
10	280,500,	28,050 each.
25	589,500,	23,580 each.
50	1,062,500,	21,250 each.
One hundred	1,181,400,	19,890 each.

One hundred British policies represent a total of £1,581,400, an average for each policy of £15,814. It is a little difficult to grasp the full significance of these figures. There are few men, comparatively speaking, in a position to take policies for such large amounts, and that the Mutual Life, in so short a time as thirteen years, should have issued so many policies of such magnitude, speaks volumes for the confidence inspired by the Company.—"Australasian Budget."

* * * * *

On the last day of the old year a fire broke out in Messrs. Cofen and Co.'s warehouse and bonded stores, in Newcastle, N.S.W., involving damage es-

THE CITY MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED 1879.

HEAD OFFICE: HUNTER, BLIGH AND CASTLEREACH STS.,
SYDNEY.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

The Most Liberal and Progressive
Life Office in Australia.

GEO. CROWLEY, Manager.



Registered under the "Companies Act 1890" as a Company having secured Assets in Victoria. It has also deposits, as required by law, in Great Britain, U.S.A., Canada, and other parts of Australasia.

Examples Premium Rates.

The premiums, which may be paid monthly, quarterly, semi-annually, or annually, at the option and convenience of the policyholder, on a policy of £100, are as follows:—

Age.	Monthly Premiums.	Age.	Monthly Premiums.
18	1 7	40	3 6
20	1 8	50	6 1
30	2 5	54	8 1

I.O.F. Policies (premiums as above) secure

- (1) Assurance payable at death;
- (2) Payment to the member on Total Permanent Disability or half the sum assured, with
- (3) Other half paid to heirs on death of the member, and
- (4) Exemption from premium paying after such disability;
- (5) Termination of premium paying, in any event, at 70 years of age; and
- (6) A member disabled who lives on account of Old Age has the right to receive, so long as thus disabled, at month of the sum assured, annually, till exhausted in case of earlier death any balance is paid to the heirs with
- (7) The option of converting his benefit into the "Old Age Pension and Burial Benefit."

Men and women, between the ages of 18 and 54, both inclusive, are accepted on equal terms.

Prospectus on Application.

* * * * *

COMMONWEALTH LIFE ASSURANCE TRUST.

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Trustees:

THE TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, AND AGENCY
COMPANY LIMITED.

THE TRUST SECURES:—

Life assurance upon most advantageous terms.

A five per cent. simple interest investment to all members who do not survive the closing of the trust in twenty years.

A fund for the advancement of the members of a family.

A handsome cash division at the end of the trust period.

A solid investment.

A really negotiable security.

THE TRUST is formed by the members insuring their lives, or those of their nominees, under a Special Table, Mr. 20, in the NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED, and transferring these policies to the Trust, which terminates in twenty years. At the end of that time the existing members have the Accumulated Funds divided between them, and their Policies, upon which there are no further premiums to pay, transferred to them; meantime those members, or their nominees, who do not survive the twenty years, have repaid to them all premiums paid, with 5 per cent. simple interest added.

For prospectus and all particulars apply to

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timated at £60,000. The fire originated in the fifth story, where large quantities of very inflammable material, including matches and sulphur, were stored. The brigades were soon in attendance; but, from want of water, and in the absence of proper organisation and appliances, their efforts to stay the progress of the flames were almost futile. It is stated that an hour after the alarm had been raised there were only about twenty volunteer firemen on the spot, of whom not more than six were actively engaged. There are seventeen volunteer fire brigades in the district, numbering 300 men, and it is explained that about 200 of them had left the district, to take part in a fire brigade competition. In an important district such as Newcastle, volunteer brigades are useless, and a trained force of permanent men, supplied with the latest fire fighting appliances, should be formed without any delay. The building was valued at £10,000, and contents at £50,000, and which were partly insured in the United Insurance Company.

* * * * *

We are notified by Mr. B. Goldsmith, attorney for the China Traders' Insurance Co. Ltd., and the Union Insurance Society of Canton Ltd., that, from January 1, 1901, the above companies have arranged to work their businesses together. From that date all business accepted by either company on bonus terms is accepted subject to bonus at the average rate declared by the two companies, i.e., bonus will be paid on half of such business by the China Traders' Insurance Co. Ltd., and on half of such business by the Union Insurance Society of Canton Ltd. Running contracts will be subject to bonus as hitherto, until terminated by notice or expiry.

* * * * *

Mr. Percy Edward Welsh has been appointed accountant to the Atlas Assurance Co., at Melbourne, in succession to the late Mr. W. T. Taylor. Mr. Welsh has been in the service of the Company at the head office for the past ten years.

* * * * *

The North British and Mercantile Insurance Co. have removed their Melbourne offices to No. 381 Collins-street, corner of Queen-street.

* * * * *

A disastrous fire occurred in the middle of December at the Chateau de Beloeir, in Belgium, the residence of Prince de Lique. A priceless collection of pictures, including many works of Van Dyck, Rubens, and Velasquez, were burnt. The Chateau and contents were insured for £400,000.

* * * * *

An international exhibition of appliances and arrangements for protection against fire will be held in Berlin in the months of June and July, 1901. All parts of Germany are to be represented, and the British government has been communicated with, with a view of the appliances of English Fire Brigades being exhibited. The object of the exhibition is not only to give manufacturers of every country an opportunity to notify others of the present state of the development of appliances against fire, but also to bring the representatives of the fire brigades of different nations in closer contact with one another. Municipal authorities, fire brigade associations, national unions, manufacturers, millowners, and interested parties of every country are cordially invited to compete, and to promote the object in view, especially by exhibiting suitable apparatus and the like.

* * * * *

The Melbourne offices of the Lion Insurance Co. have been removed to No. 30 Queen-street, two doors south from Flinders-lane.

During the hot weather in Victoria in December and January, bush fires have been very prevalent. The most serious occurred in the Thoona district, in the north-east of the State, where a tract of country twelve miles long by six miles wide has been devastated. Destructive fires have raged, also, round the Corowa, Albury, and Wangaratta districts.

* * * * *

The R.M.S. Ormuz came into collision with the British India Co.'s Ismailia on the night of the 11th ult., near Port Phillip Heads, both vessels sustaining serious damage. The Ormuz was outward bound for London, the Ismailia being on her voyage from Sydney to Melbourne. The night was clear and fine, but a strong tide was running in the Rip, and the vessels met almost stem to stern in the narrow channel. Both vessels stood by after the collision; but neither showed signals of distress, and they proceeded on their respective voyages. The captain of the Ormuz found, however, that the stem plates of his vessel were so bent by the collision as to interfere with her steering, and he decided to return to Melbourne, where she was docked and repaired.

* * * * *

During the Commonwealth celebrations in Sydney No. 2 Fire Station, situate in George-street, near the Redfern railway station, was burnt out. The station, which was four stories high, had been elaborately decorated for the festivities, and the outbreak was caused by a Chinese lantern taking light, and firing the foliage used in decorating the building. The fire spread with great rapidity, three horses and the large ladder being destroyed. In addition, one of the fire engines was considerably damaged.

* * * * *

By a London cable of 28th ult., news was received of a disastrous fire at the East India Docks. Great efforts were made to extinguish the flames, thirteen fire engines and three floating engines being employed for the purpose. Despite all efforts, however, a large warehouse, having a frontage of 450 feet, and its contents, chiefly jute and hemp, were destroyed.

"Gentleman's" for December is full of piquant and curious matter. Mr. Lowry's "Faiths of Tsarland" asks for separate notice. Mr. Allingham's "Weather Causerie" introduces the staple topic of English conversation into "Magazinedom" very pleasantly. Mr. Harold Bretherton treats of dialects as they are allowed conventionally to appear in literature, from Shakespeare to the Kailyard school, and says some things that are smart and biting and true. Miss Emily Hill makes the alarming announcement that "we are threatened with a revival of snuff-taking," and goes on to tell many stories of snuff and snuff-takers. There are other very readable papers.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave £5,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 500 N, The Nicholson Institute, Longcott, Gunnersbury, London, W.

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13,500 PACKETS were SOLD DURING THE YEAR 1901. This fact, we venture to say, speaks very eloquently for the good value of our packets. We have received a great number of unsolicited testimonials from clergymen, doctors, lawyers, ordinary and advanced collectors, and ladies—as to the cheapness and variety of the Stamps on our Approval Sheets. We can form no exact estimate of these loose stamps sold last year, but the number ran into many TENS of THOUSANDS. On our Approval Sheets, at Half-penny each, are stamps of Bulgaria, Venezuela, Tunis, many Argentine, Guatemala, &c.; a great variety at 1d., 1½d., upwards.

We are sold out of the following Special Lines:—50 and 100 Africa and 50 Asia. We cannot replenish these lines till about Easter.

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THE NEW SCHOOL IN INSURANCE.

A FRATERNAL ORDER EXPLOITING FOUR CONTINENTS.

There is, and, so far as one can foresee, there always will be, an irreconcilable conflict between the disciples of the "old line" life insurance and the believers in what is now called fraternal insurance. These two "schools"—as both may be called, the old and the new—reason from totally different premises. The former may be said to take the pessimist's view of life insurance—that is to say, it looks at the worst average possibilities attending the contract, unilluminated by any of the chances, which are almost invariably favourable to amelioration, such, for example, as surrenders or lapses, and abnormally light mortality. The "old liner" fixes his dates accordingly, and, finding, as he always does, that these are, in practice, in excess of the actual risk, he accumulates the excess for the benefit of the policy-holders and the shareholders. On the other hand, the fraternal society takes to heart the lessons of experience, and as its foundation principle is to give insurance at its net cost, asks why it should exact from its members payments which have been proved by experience to be more than adequate. The votaries of the new system fail to discover any reason why, in fixing their rates, they should begin at the same starting point as the others, and pass through a similar experience.

We need not remind our readers that we have never professed a blind belief in the fraternal system; but its steady progress and the vast proportions it has attained entitle it to serious consideration. It is true that to an ordinarily constituted mind it may appear inconceivable that so large a consensus of opinion in the world of insurance should be opposed to it—should, in fact, regard it with a kind of pious horror—as though it were the offspring of deceit and dishonesty. But, after all, there is nothing startling or irrational in the arguments used by the advocates of the new system. They are, on the contrary, so plausible that one can hardly wonder at the vast and rapidly increasing number of converts to the system. And those converts are not, by a very long way, confined to the ranks of the ignorant or easily duped. The reverse is the fact. Anyone who takes the trouble to investigate the matter will find that the membership of some, at least, of the fraternal societies embraces a large proportion of highly

educated and cultured men, professional and commercial, with more than a sprinkling of practical philanthropists and statesmen, and even of insurance experts, members of the Institutes of Actuaries of Great Britain. Actuaries of the old school, we presume, are quite entitled, if it pleases them, to regard themselves as the depositaries of orthodoxy, beyond the pale of which there is nothing but heresy of the most fatal kind. But it will certainly not tend to facilitate the progress of their principles to hide their heads like the ostrich, and refuse to see what is passing around them. The fraternal system is, to-day, a great fact; and those who ignore its work, whether for good or evil, are in danger of being left behind.

Our motive in dealing with the subject of fraternal societies at the present time, therefore, is simply that of drawing the attention of life insurance managers to the increasing prevalence of the system all over the civilised world. So far from checking its growth, the anathemas which have been hurled at it for years—as often as not by writers deplorably ignorant of the real merits of the question—appear to have supplied it with an irresistible impetus. The leading societies in the United States and Canada have recently been taking counsel together, and the "National Fraternal Congress, representing over 2,500,000 policy-holders," which assembled in the city of Boston during the last week of August, gives promises of such permanent cohesion as cannot fail to improve the basis upon which these societies work, and, in doing so, to benefit the position and prospects of their members.

A report of the proceedings at the said Congress, which has come into our hands, is so full of interest, and discloses facts of such obvious importance to the provident world, that we make no apology for giving it more than a passing glance. The congress, which was held on August 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st, was presided over by Dr. Oronhyatekha, the Supreme Chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Foresters, than whom, we assert without hesitation, it would be impossible to suggest a more appropriate representative of the fraternal system, nor one equally well fitted by ability, education, enterprise, and contagious enthusiasm to take the lead. We should like to re-

commend the flippant scribes who with so much gusto and unction have indulged so long in jibes and sneers at the Independent Foresters, to read the address of the president on this occasion. There are some things in it which are calculated to make them rub their eyes, and inwardly acknowledge their kinship to Rip Van Winkle. While they have been dreaming of safety in their castles of sand, behold, the tide has been surrounding them unperceived, and threatens to obliterate their fortress.

So far as the Independent Order of Foresters is concerned, the record of its progress of late reads more like a fairy tale than a dry statement of facts. The Order, as is well known, has its headquarters in Toronto, Canada, where, in a palatial structure, is to be found the presiding genius, Oronhyatekha, the founder of the society, which, under his indefatigable auspices, has become great within the marvellously short period of two decades. We say the Supreme Chief Ranger is to be found there; but we hasten to qualify the statement with one condition—when he happens to be at home. For Oronhyatekha is one of the most ubiquitous of men; in America one week, in Europe the next; soon thereafter heard of in India, and, after a short interval, seen in Australasia. Should the question be asked, why this wide-world roving? a very simple answer can be returned. Having established itself in Canada, where its membership last year numbered not far short of 80,000, and in the United States, where it exceeds 90,000, the order, led by the indomitable enterprise of its chief, overflowed into Europe, and in the British Isles it already counts its adherents by the thousand. It is now rapidly establishing itself on the Continent; Sweden and Norway are already contributing largely to its membership; a "High Court" has been constituted in Paris, under distinguished auspices; and steps are being taken to obtain authority for its entry into Germany. But this is not all. It would seem as though the time will soon come when, like Alexander, the head of the order will sigh for fresh worlds to conquer; for, during the last few months, the organisation has extended itself to our Indian Empire, planting its "courts" successfully in Calcutta and Lucknow, and has begun work in Madras, and even in Ceylon. It was natural that it should thence soon find its way to Australia and New Zealand; and we now hear that, in the antipodean continent, its progress amongst the people has been remarkable. Queensland is, so far, the one exception; but probably before the ink in which our narrative is expressed is dry that colony will be included in the Order's sphere of activity.

This is a great record, indicating emphatically the vigour and ability, the earnestness and faith, which distinguish the executive of the Indepen-

dent Order of Foresters. We have a double purpose in calling to it the attention of life insurance men in this country. We want them to take this remarkable society seriously; and, to that end, we invite them to study its methods, and to satisfy their consciences no longer with a mere superficial condemnation. If this be done, and done seriously, it may lead eventually to considerable reductions in the cost of assurance all along the line, to the great benefit of the people who are most concerned—those who pay, pay, pay.—Reprinted from the "Index," London, September, 1900.

The Independent Order of Foresters,

familiarly styled the I.O.F., was founded in 1874 as an "assessment" society—that is, a society wholly dependent on "assessments" or levies for funds from which to pay claims, the frequency and amount of these levies being consequent upon the number of deaths occurring amongst the members. In 1881 this system of living upon assessments or levies was departed from, and in lieu thereof tables of premiums, payable in advance, and regularly graded according to age and occupation, as practised by the ordinary old-line companies, was adopted. The I.O.F., being A FRATERNAL ASSOCIATION formed for the purpose of GIVING SUBSTANTIAL ASSURANCE AT COST PRICE, was not called upon, however, to follow the scale of premiums set down by old-line companies, all of whom exist primarily to make a profit out of the insurances. The I.O.F. are not traders in insurance like these companies. After considerable research and a close study of the lessons of insurance history generally, the I.O.F. became satisfied that a very much lower rate of premiums could provide and pay for all the assurance which was being given by those old-line companies. The ability to reduce the rate of premiums without jeopardising the safety of the assurance was still further apparent when the certainty of more economical management was secured, as it is at the hands of a fraternal body. In point of fact, assurance will always be cheaper in a fraternal society than in an old-line company. These companies must charge higher premiums because of their higher cost of management, which always, large or small, comes out of the premiums. The elimination of the ordinary "bonus" which is directly CHARGED FOR IN ADVANCE by an excess payment in the premium, and the non-collection of other "loading" from which to pay a "surrender value," are also cheapening inventions of the I.O.F. These three excellencies of the I.O.F. system make quite practicable for the I.O.F. the giving of pure and simple assurance at their notably low

rates. At the end of a twenty years test of the sufficiency of these low premiums, they still find two-thirds of the premium income sufficient to pay all claims, although these claims are equal to £1,000 for each work day in the year. The aggregate of claims paid is coming near £2,000,000, but even with this accomplished there is a surplus remaining of £897,734. The surplus is increasing more rapidly to-day than ever before in their history, so that the conviction is strengthening, rather than weakening, that the REAL COST OF ASSURANCE IS UNDER THE RATES CHARGED BY THE

I.O.F., and it does seem as if the governing assembly of the Order could lessen the powers which it has placed in the hands of the executive, if not altogether remove the right, to call for an extra premium, but should the necessities of the Supreme Court ever require it, then this provision ensures that the I.O.F. can never fail to meet its obligations. With this condition retained in its laws it is clear that the Order is resolved to build on a sure foundation, and it is proof of its determination to give assurance that is at once safe and permanent. and still at cost price. * * *

The Independent Order of Foresters

(Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.)

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George Morland

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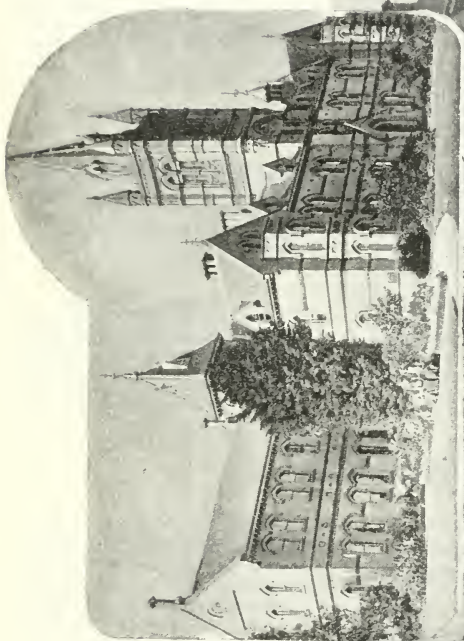
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METHODIST LADIES' COLLEGE, HAWTHORN, VICTORIA.

"The Methodist Ladies' College, Hawthorn, Victoria, is a fine example," says the "Leader," "of what is being done for the best education of girls. It has achieved an almost unequalled success. Its managers claim, with a natural pride, that it has more resident students under its lofty roof, on its green lawns, and in its busy class rooms, than any other girls' college in Australia. And its reputation attracts to it girls from all the seven colonies, from Fiji, etc. The teaching quality of its staff may be judged from the fact that it includes six University graduates and experts in every branch of art. If college life is bright, happy, and stimulating anywhere, it certainly enjoys all these conditions under the roof of the Methodist Ladies' College."

The policy of the College is:—

- (1) No cramming; honest work in every branch of study.
- (2) Care of character as well as training of the intellect.
- (3) Comfort, refinement, and perfect health conditions in household life, wise training in social habits.

The University results of the Methodist Ladies' College are of the highest order. Many of its students have taken degrees in Medicine, Art, and Science. Fourteen students passed out of seventeen officially "sent up," by it in the last Matriculation, and two of the unsuccessful missed by only one point. This is the highest proportion of passes secured by any college. There were no failures in Greek, Algebra, French, German, Botany, Geography, and Music, and only one in English and Physiology. Further, thirteen "Honours" were obtained in English, French, and German.

Girls of every Church are entrusted to the Methodist Ladies' College, and the trust is regarded by the College authorities as one of great sacredness and honour. Each girl attends the church to which her parents belong, and, wherever practicable, is put in personal relations with the minister of that church.

AREA OF INFLUENCE.

There is a remarkable flow of students to the Methodist Ladies' College from every colony in Australasia, a result due to the reputation for care and management, purity of tone, high quality of teaching, and the perfect comfort of its domestic arrangements which the M.L.C. enjoys.

It may be added that the Methodist Ladies' College offers special advantages to girls from the semi-tropical colonies. The change to the cooler air of Melbourne and life under the orderly and perfect health-conditions of the College never fail to put new vigour into the blood, and a new glow upon the cheeks of girls who come from Northern, Western, or Central Australia.

TESTIMONIES.

Almost every week brings to the College letters of thanks from grateful parents, or from old students, expressing the warmest admiration for the methods of

the College, and the gentleness and care of its administration. These testimonies are quite spontaneous. They are sent with no idea of publication, and are the more valued for this reason. Here are some recent samples:—

From a parent visiting Europe:

"Your well-conducted College alone makes it possible for me to thoroughly enjoy my trip. I must ever gratefully remember your kind attention to my dear girl. I thank you again and again."

From a parent in New South Wales:

"If there is a College in Australia that trains its girls to be ladies, it is the Methodist Ladies' College."

From another parent in New South Wales:

"We are very well pleased with the progress of our girls. Our friends are astonished at their improvement."

From a Victorian parent:

"The best praise of the College is that it trains its girls in character. This is what a parent values."

"The Young Man" (London) says:

"British readers will probably have but little idea of the national importance of this institution. It has earned the reputation of being one of the best High Schools for girls not in Australia only, but in all the world. Its students are drawn from all the seven colonies. The gardens and grounds in summer are like a fairy vision; the art studios, drawingrooms, schoolrooms, baths, and tennis courts combine culture, recreation and refinement, with homeliness and comfort."

JUNIOR PUPILS.

The President's report for 1900 says:

"The work of the College is made harder, and the progress of our students in many instances is made slower, because parents are careless about the earlier stages of their children's education. They seem to think that any teaching, no matter how crude and imperfect, is good enough for 'a mere child,' so long as it is 'cheap.' But bad teaching is always dear; and it is most costly for the very young. It might almost be said that, for educational purposes, the years betwixt six and twelve in a girl's life are of more importance than those betwixt twelve and sixteen. Inadequate teaching is bad at all stages; but it is most deadly in the first years of a girl's life. There is no reason why a girl should not matriculate, without cram or strain, by the time she is sixteen, if only she is wisely taught from the beginning."

"The fees in the M.L.C. for very young girls are on the most moderate scale; yet on the teaching of its youngest classes it expends the utmost care and skill. To send a girl late to college life is unfair both to the college and to the girl; and parents may be urged to fashion their children's education from the very first on one plan, and that the very best and most scientific available."

To secure the whole training of its students from their earliest years the fees in the Junior School (under 10) have been for the present year greatly reduced.

An allowance of half tram or train fare for day students from the suburbs.

New Term begins February 12, 1901.

Send a Post Card for College Handbook, with Photographs.

A PERSONAL LINK BETWIXT THE PRINCE AND THE PEOPLE.

When the German Emperor recently visited the East, his movements were connected with private citizens at home by an ingenious chain of post-cards. Arrangements were made by which, on payment of a small sum covering a little more than the actual cost, persons were allowed to register their names and addresses; a series of picture post-cards was prepared, and a card was posted, from each city on the Emperor's route, and on the very day of his arrival, to each person whose address was registered. All subscribers to the scheme, in a word, received a series of picture post-cards, with the post mark of the country the Kaiser was visiting—the post-mark on the card showing the date of the Emperor's arrival. No detail of the Emperor's Eastern tour awakened more popular interest than this.

A NOVEL SCHEME.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Australia supplies the opportunity of carrying out a similar scheme which will interest the whole Empire. A prominent English magazine and the proprietors of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" have organised a scheme which takes in both Great Britain and these colonies. A series of Twelve Picture Post-cards has been prepared, which will serve as a record of the Duke's visit, and will be a personal connection betwixt that visit and every subscriber to the scheme.

The first will be a "Good-bye Card," with portraits of the Duke and Duchess, and their autographs. This will be posted to every subscriber on the day the Royal party starts from Southampton.

The second will be a card with a view of Gibraltar, to be posted from the Rock the day the Royal party leaves the great fortress.

The third will give a map of the route from Gibraltar to Aden, showing Malta, Cyprus, and Suez Canal, and will be posted from Aden.

The fourth will give a view of Ceylon, and will be posted from Colombo.

The Australasian section will consist of six cards, one to be posted from each of the six Colonies visited by the Duke and Duchess of York, with the prettiest and most typical view of each Colony.

The eleventh will be posted on the day

the Commonwealth Parliament opens, and will give a typical picture of the scene.

The twelfth, with an appropriate design upon it, will be a farewell card, posted on the day the Royal party leaves Australia.

It will be seen that the series of post-cards will be of great artistic interest; while the dates they bear, and the places from which they are posted to subscribers, will give them an historical—and what may be called a "stamp"—value, and will be a personal link connecting each subscriber with the movements of the Royal party.

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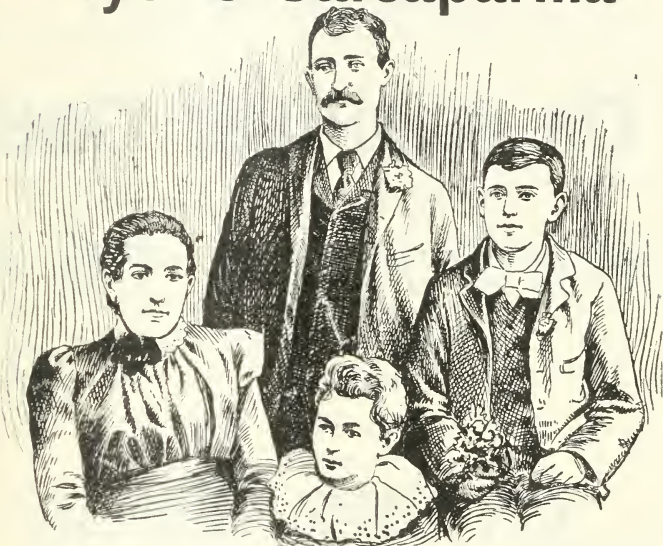
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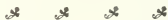
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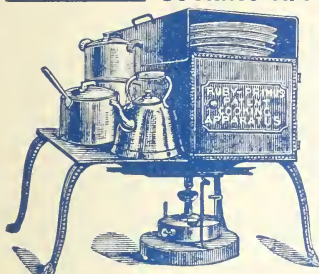
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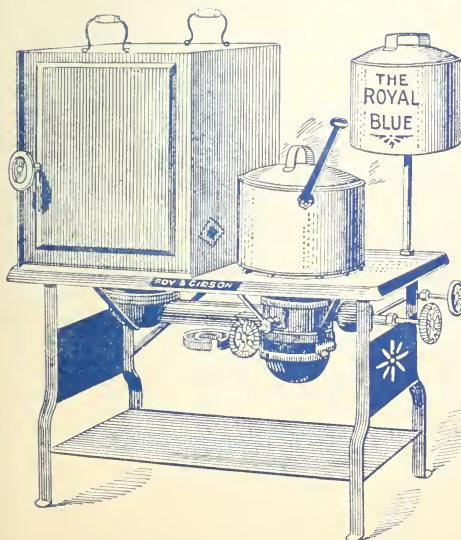
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